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RECREATIONS OF

A RECLUSE



RECREATIONS

OF

A RECLUSE.

"——Not a Recluse by choice? then how?
By doom
Of doctors,—broken health and shattered nerves;
Or, if by choice, because he chose the less
Of dual evils, a sequestered life,
Mid books, companions of his solitude,
To escape the greater, else inevitable,
Insana mens in corpore insano."

NICIAS FOXCAR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

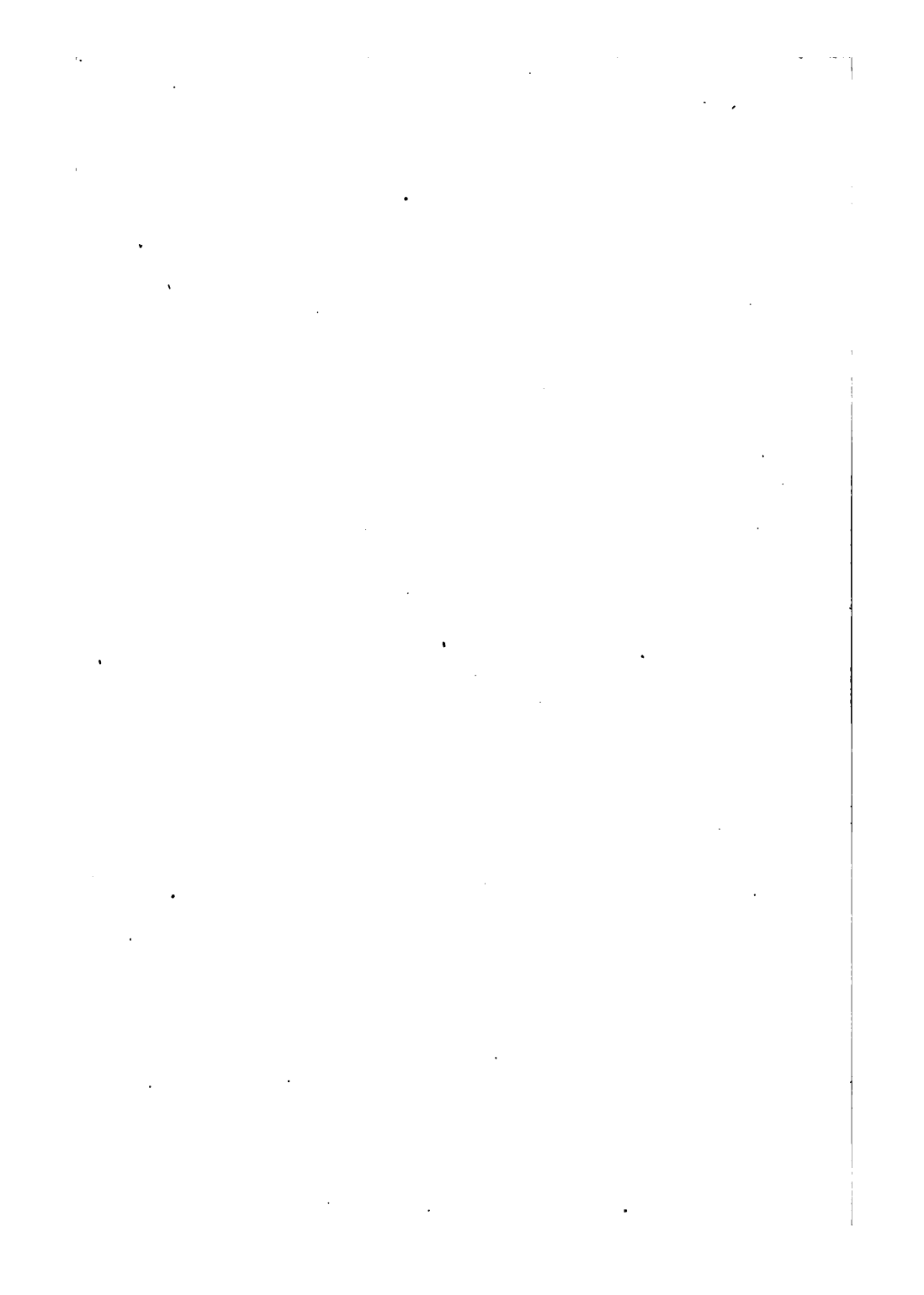
VOL. I.



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1870.

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PREFATORY.

THE wish that one's enemy had written a book is, perhaps, in these latter days, scarcely gratified to the full unless he has also written a preface. A preface is, in the nature of things, more or less deprecatory and apologetic. And we all know the sharp edge of the saw, *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. If, therefore, a preface be indited at all, brevity is the soul of wit in it; for the less said, the sooner mended.

How the present Recluse came to be one,—is not his excuse, that is to say his self-accusation, intimated in certain lines on the title-page? Being a Recluse, he had need of his recreations. And here they be—some of them; more to follow, if the reader have a mind thereto. But only a reader who cares for themes with variations—the themes from some

one composer, the variations from very many—and who likes to compare accent and tone, and characteristic phrasing in the parallel passages: only such a reader, perhaps, will be capable of understanding what there is of recreation in such pages; to say nothing of understanding what it is to be a Recluse.

F. J.

LONDON,
March 31, 1870.

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RECREATIONS OF A RECLUSE.

THE LOGIC OF SMITH THE WEAVER.

A Cue from Shakespeare.

WHEN Jack Cade, the insurgent leader of "rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent," sought to prove himself rightful heir unto the crown, his genealogical arguments found a powerful backer in Smith the Weaver. Villain, Sir Humphrey Stafford tells Jack, at the *émeute* on Blackheath, thy father was a plasterer, and thou, thyself, a shearman, art thou not? Jack Cade is not in a position, nor indeed in the mind, to deny either the plaster or the shears. Tacitly he admits the double impeachment. But what of that? Granted the plastering parent, and welcome. Granted, too, his own antecedents in the way of shearing, mowing, hedging, and ditching, or what you will. All that, by Jack's contention, touches not his prerogative, impugns not his pedigree. The Pretender's averment is, that Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, marrying the Duke of Clarence's daughter, had by her two children at

one birth—the elder of whom, being put to nurse, was by a beggar-woman stolen away; and, ignorant of his birth and parentage, became a bricklayer, when he came of age. “His son am I,” asserts Cade; “deny it if you can.” One of Mr. John’s enthusiastic followers, known, if not respected, as Dick the Butcher, is prompt forthwith to ratify the allegation of his chief:

Dick. Nay, ’tis too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Dick the Butcher contents himself with a very general statement, resulting incontinently in a very triumphant *ergo*. But Smith the Weaver has a pronounced genius for dialectics. His *ergo*, his triumphant *therefore*, shall not depend on so vague a premiss as that of his friend and confederate the Ashford Butcher. Smith the Weaver will leave generals to Dick, and will argue from particulars himself. He will syllogize; and his syllogism shall be satisfactory to the meanest capacity. Mark you, now, the method and the manner of the man. Reverting to the plastering progenitor, Smith the Weaver thus brings his logic to bear upon, and to summarily dispose of, the vexed question:

“Sir, he made a chimney in my father’s house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.”

One can fancy something of the complacent effect of Smith’s logic upon himself, and the jubilant appreciation of the crowd. When was *ergo* more convincing? When was ever a *therefore* more unan-

swerable? When was ever a *Quod Erat Demonstrandum* more complete? Surely, if Cade the Shearman was born to kingship, Smith the Weaver was born to better things than mechanical woof and warf, and was meant by nature to weave major premiss and minor premiss into sublime conclusions.

In his pious work of rebuilding the Cabala, on the precise site of the tabernacle of clouds, Ishmael is said to have been assisted by his father Abraham—a miraculous stone serving Abraham for a scaffold, and rising and sinking with him as he built the walls of the sacred edifice: it still remains there, an inestimable relic. Is proof positive needed, on the surface of this stone, for the irrefragable truth of this story? The East has its logicians of the clan Smith; and there being the print of a foot on the stone in question, that footprint is appealed to by true believers as a clear ocular demonstration of the patriarch's feat.

The North American Indians say, or used to say,—for they seem pretty well to have had their say, as the saying is,—that the noise of thunder is caused by immense birds fighting in the air, and by the straining efforts of an old man to vomit a fiery flying serpent. Do you ask for proof, physical proof, before you commit yourself to this hypothesis in natural philosophy? The Indians have it ready at hand. They point to trees on which lightning has scorched the figure of a serpent. “En preuve de cette assertion, il vous montrent des arbres où la

foudre a tracé l'image d'un serpent." And however it may be with your too sceptical self, such a proof for confirmation is to them an end of all strife.

The clergy of Loreto, on one occasion, we learn from Mr. Hutchison, in his quasi Answer, or queer sort of Answer, to Dr. Stanley,—wished to place an old crucifix upon a handsome new altar; but every morning it was found to have been miraculously carried in the night to its former place. In respect to this eminently clerical marvel, as a Saturday Reviewer calls it, we are seriously informed that "the altar, and the place intended for the crucifix, *are still pointed out* in the church." And this is all that our author has to produce in the way of evidence of the wonderful crucifix.*

Plutarch tells us that when Remus was taken prisoner before Numitor, and related to him the story of Romulus and himself, suckled by a she-wolf, and, as the worthy Brothers Langhornæ render it, "fed by the attentions of a woodpecker," as they, the brothers aforesaid (Romulus and Remus, not Langhorne), lay in a trough by the river-side,—the young man appealed to the still extant trough, as *though* in triumphant attestation of his tale. "The trough is still preserved, bound about with brass bands, and inscribed with letters partly faded." The young man's appeal would scarcely hinder

* See *Saturday Review*, vol. xvi. p. 432; the reviewer's moral being, on the whole question of Loreto, "Such is the fabric of Continental supernaturalism, and such the basis of proof on which it professes to rely."

latter-day sceptics from suggesting for Wolf and Woodpecker,—Cock and Bull.

There is what Dean Liddell calls "a mysterious story" in the annals of ancient Rome under the patricians, to the effect that Nine Tribunes were burnt alive. "It cannot be a fiction," argues the Very Reverend Doctor, "for the names of the unfortunate men are given by a trustworthy writer, and the place of their martyrdom was (he tells us) marked by a slab of marble." The proof may not be held satisfactory by a more exacting school of historical critics.

Would the late Sir G. C. Lewis, for instance, labouring more laboriously in the same field of history, have accepted the names and the slab of marble as unanswerably demonstrative? Never, perhaps, was man less apt than that lamented Minister to draw conclusions after the sort of Smith the Weaver's. In his incidental yet elaborate discussion, for instance, of the question whether the Persian institutions and customs described in the *Cyropædia* may or may not have really originated with Cyrus, as founder of the Persian monarchy, Sir George characteristically observes that Xenophon's explanations, in order to be correctly understood, must all be read backwards. "*The subsisting custom is the starting-point, and the origin is an illustrative story invented by Xenophon himself.*" There were certain political institutions, certain usages, or local peculiarities which Xenophon found existing in the Persian empire in his own day, and which he inter-

wove into his fiction, either by tracing them to imaginary incidents in the life of Cyrus, or by assigning the reasons for them, in the form of motives which had actuated that prince in their establishment. The subsisting custom would no more convince Sir George that Cyrus originated it, than the existence of the Lacus Curtius, a reservoir of water in the forum at Rome, would convince him that M. Curtius actually leaped into the chasm, on horseback; from which event the prevailing belief deduced the origin of the name, and for the truth of which event the existence of the lake was, to that prevailing belief, an all-sufficient voucher.

When the German traveller, Herr J. G. Kohl, visited Chester, he was, to his astonishment, shown the tomb of one of his German sovereigns, no less a potentate than the Emperor Henry IV., whom the good folks of Chester profess to have received, when wearied and worn out with the vexations of this troublesome world, to have nourished and cherished him till death did them part, and to have buried him in their cathedral, where they erected a monument to his memory. Kohl told his guide that he very much doubted the truth of his tale. The man replied that there *were* some people in Chester who doubted it; "but," said he, "I have no doubt on the subject, else why should they put it in the books?" Nay, was not the monument there to speak for itself?

We are told in German legend that when Sir Eppo of Eppstein rid his afflicted country of the

giant that, among other misdoings, had recently battered Eppo's fine castle to fragments with his iron mace,—the grateful people immediately commenced rebuilding the castle, which, when completed, yielded to no Schloss in Deutschland for beauty and strength;—and that in order to remind future generations of the wonderful circumstances which led to its erection, the bones of the giant were fixed over the entrance-gate. When these mouldered away, effigies of them were carved in stone, as undeniable testimony to the truth of the story—"evidence, I think," says one commentator and eye-witness, "as irrefragable as was the brick in the chimney to prove the identity of Jack Cade's house."

The two false witnesses engaged to prove a case against Rebecca the Jewess, accused of witchcraft, were largely indebted for success to the demonstrative logic favoured by Smith the Weaver. A credulous assembly greedily swallowed the deponent's affirmation that Rebecca, when tending the wounded knight, at the castle of Torquilstone, did make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he blessed God he understood not,—whereupon the iron hand of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was staunched, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. It was "difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as in order to produce real evidence

in support of his verbal testimony, he drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had been miraculously extracted from the wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvellous."

When John Locke was a tourist in France, he records his inspection, "about half a league from St. Vallier," of a house a little out of the way, "where they say Pilate lived in banishment. We met the owner, who seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but told us there was mosaic work very ancient in one of the floors,"—and what more would you have, if only you were a weaver, of the clan Smith?

Mr. Locke's gravity is unimpeachable under any circumstances. It is quite otherwise with lighter travellers, of the style, say, of my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, in her gaiety, that perhaps trenches on irreverence, thus reports one item of her sight-seeing in the Convent of St. Lawrence at Vienna: "But I could not forbear laughing at their showing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they [the nuns] assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bade me mark his mouth, which had been open ever since." This practical ensample of the perennial force of Smith's logic, must have been a deal too much, at any time, for her very lively ladyship's sense of the ludicrous.

One is reminded of the closing stanza of Southey's metrical legend of the Holy Thumb

which miraculously subdued the fierce young Dragon of the abyss :

But at Constantinople
The arm and hand were shown,
Until the mighty Ottoman
O'erthrew the Grecian throne.
And when the Monks this tale who told
To pious visitors would hold
The holy hand for kissing,
They never fail'd, with faith devout,
In confirmation to point out
That there the thumb was missing.

In Mr. Froude's history may be read how the Nun of Kent used to relate many startling stories, not always of the most decent kind, of the attempts which the devil made to lead her astray ; the devil and the angels being, in fact, alternate visitors to her cell, where the former, on one occasion, burnt a mark upon her hand which she exhibited publicly, and to which the monks were in the habit of appealing, when there were any signs of scepticism in the visitors to the priory.

Something of a parallel passage—all question of delusion or honest conviction apart—may be suggested from Coleridge's psychological analysis of Luther's temptation in the Warteburg. All at once the reformer sees the arch-fiend coming forth from the wall of the room, from the very spot, perhaps, on which his eyes have been fixed vacantly in perplexed meditation : the inkstand which he had at the same time been using, becomes associated with

it; and in the struggle of rage, while yet both his imagination and his eyes are possessed by the dream, he hurls the inkstand at the intruder. "Some weeks after, perhaps, during which interval he had often mused on the incident, undetermined whether to deem it a visitation of Satan to him in the body or out of the body, he discovers for the first time the dark spot on his wall, and receives it as a sign and pledge vouchsafed to him of the event having actually taken place."

It is related in the biography of Saint Catherine of Sena, that one day while she was praying to God to give her a new heart, her "Eternal Spouse" came to her, opened her side, removed her heart, and carried it away with Him. So literally was this done, that for several days she declared herself to be literally without a heart. Impossible, objected common sense and physical science. With God nothing is impossible, answered the saint. After some days, He to whom she was spiritually "married," returned to her, bearing in his hand, "what seemed a human heart, red and shining;" and having again opened her side, He put the new heart in, and closed the aperture. "And as a proof of the miracle, there remained evermore in her side, the scar, as she herself, and her female companions, often assured Father Raymond." How St. Catherine of Alexandria (third century) was convinced of her divine betrothal by the ring on her finger, after the visions, may be read in the ninth chapter of Mr. Peacock's *Gryll Grange*.

If we may credit the biographer of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that lady was finally impelled to accept the hand of the Prince of Wales by an unroyal if not unlikely stratagem. Four gentlemen arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, to tell her that H.R.H. had stabbed himself, that his life was in imminent danger, and that only her immediate presence would save him. After a deal of persuasion she was induced to go to Carlton House, with the Duchess of Devonshire in company. She found the prince pale, and covered with blood. He told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife. So she promised. "Mrs. Fitzherbert being asked by me," writes her biographer, "whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not the blood of his royal highness, answered in the negative; and said, she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself." One would fain hope it need not imply an evil heart of unbelief to be sceptical as to the genesis of the scar, though one can at once, and *ex animo*, assent and consent to the brandy-and-water. H.R.H., by all accounts,—at any rate by some accounts,—had a genuine kindness for that stimulant; not but that he liked it better without the water.

The story of the lunatic patient who swallowed the poker—all but a bit—at Dr. Fox's asylum near Bristol, has, in the course of it, a turn which looks temptingly like an example of Smith's logic. Dr.

Fox one morning found one of his patients unusually dejected, and another in the same room unwontedly excited. What was the matter? the doctor asked. Matter! cried the excited one—why, he has done for himself; he (the depressed one) has been and swallowed the poker. Was that all? Well, then, as *that* was quite out of the question, the doctor would ask Penseroso himself what ailed him. Penseroso thereupon endorsed the statement of his fellow—who next detailed the circumstances of the ferri-rous feat. Dr. Fox showed by his manner that he gave no credit to the tale; so the narrator added, “O, you can see that it is true, for there is the rest of the poker.” There, sure enough, in the grate, *was* the rest of the poker. And if the story did but rest here, it might serve our purpose pleasantly enough. But no such thing; the man had done what he alleged; and a deal of drastic stuff it cost the physician to exhibit and the poker-patient to take, before the iron was recovered—in an almost digested condition, deeply honeycombed by the gastric juices. Not Samuel Butler himself, surely, ever contemplated this sort of ensample of his Hudibrastic reflection,

“Ah me, what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!”

Peiresc, hearing of a Tarragonese shepherd who had fallen into a sloe-tree, a sharp point of which ran into his breast, took root, grew up, and in due time bore both blossoms and fruit,—“would never be quiet,” says his biographer, Gassendi, “till Cardinal

Barberino procured the Archbishop of that place to testify the truth of the story ; and Putean the knight received not only letters testifying the same, but also certain branches thereof, which he sent unto him." So far as the branches thereof went, let us hope the knight, in an age of faith, was not disposed, as we might be, to class them in the same category with the Cade bricks and chimney.

When Johnson and Boswell made an excursion to Bristol, they consorted with "George Catcot, the pewterer," as acute a logician as Smith the Weaver, in his arguments for the authenticity of old Rowley. "Honest Catcot," says Boswell, "seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted, as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary, Redcliff, and view with our own eyes [*italics in orig.*] the ancient chest in which the manuscripts were found. To this Dr. Johnson good-naturedly agreed ; and, though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wondrous chest stood. 'There,' said Catcot, with a bouncing confident credulity, 'there is the very chest itself !' After this *ocular demonstration* [again Boswell's italics], there was no more to be said." No more to be said. So thought honest Catcot ; and so, too, thought Samuel Johnson—with a difference.

What further proof needed France, of the sublime story of the sinking the *Vengeur*—the deathless suicidal *Vengeur*, "in a mad whirlwind of fire, and

shouting, and invincible despair," as Mr. Carlyle phrases it, going down into the ocean depths,—than that wooden Model of the ship, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, which beckoned figuratively from its peg, "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante.*" Doubts were indeed more than once started by sceptics, even among the French. But the "solemn Convention decrees," and notably the wooden "*Modèle du Vengeur*" hanging visibly there, the "glory of France," what Frenchman could gainsay or resist? "Such doubts were instantly blown away again," in the presence of proof patriotic and demonstrative like that. Seeing is believing. So men *saw* the wooden Model, and believed.

An attaché to Lord Strangford's embassy at Constantinople describes his having witnessed a rising of a Greek suburb, on the discovery in the Bosphorus of the corpse of a lad who had been missing for some days. The body—which was found tied hand and foot, and stabbed in various parts—was that of a Greek merchant's son; and "the Greek population unhesitatingly regarded him as having fallen a victim (*la riguardò indubitatamente*) to the Jews, *whose Passover had taken place a few days before.*" Therefore deny it not.

There is a passing reference to Smith the Weaver's grand finale of a Q. E. D., in Mr. de Quincey's picturesque monograph on the Spanish Military Nun, Catalina de Erauso,—that strange eventful history, in which, as narrated with his abrupt transitions and alternations of impassioned earnestness and gleeful

whim, the extremes may be said to meet of tragedy and farce. It is where the Alférez is implicated in a murder at Tucuman, and a witness testifies to having seen the Alférez—who is Kate in disguise—take a flying leap from the balcony of the house where and when the crime was committed. "Evidence like this was conclusive; no defence was listened to, nor indeed had the prisoner any to produce. The Alférez could deny neither the staircase nor the balcony; the street is there to this day, like the bricks in Jack Cade's chimney, testifying all that may be required."

Leigh Hunt had an anecdote of a perfervid Scot, who claimed to be a direct descendant from the Admirable Crichton; and who, in conclusive proof of his claim, used to mention that he had "a grit quantity o' table-leenen in his possession, marked A. C., Admirable Creechton."

Sir Bernard Burke exposed himself to a hit from the reviewers for seeming more inclined to believe than to disbelieve a wonderful story, in which the remarkable docility of certain brindled bulls is a small miracle compared with the existence (said they) of a family named Shobington before the Norman Conquest. An Ælfric or an Eadric riding the bull in A.D. 1066, is supposable enough, but who can believe in a Shobington of that date? "Whenever he lived, or whatever he rode, you may be quite sure that there was no Shobington of Shobington, on a bull's back or off it, in the year 1066." But observe now the evidence appealed to by the Ulster King-at-

Arms in favour of Shobington and the bull :—"The truth of this story is said to be confirmed by long tradition in the family, by several memoirs which they have remaining, and by the ruins of the works that are to this day to be seen in the park of Bulstrode." Well might Sir Bernard's reviewers inquire, how can any ruins, of whatever date or kind, prove that a man was called Shobington, or that he rode upon a bull ?

M. Ampère will have it, in his Roman History at Rome, that no one who has actually seen the Eternal City, and taken the trouble to observe the connexion between the alleged events of the primitive, or "pre-historical" period, and the localities said to be their theatre, can hesitate to admit the substantial accuracy of the stories to which the historians have given currency concerning the kings and the early republic. But, as one of M. Ampère's English critics reminds him, that a legend should possess plausible local colouring, proves nothing as to its truth. It is likely *à priori* that it would possess it. Among all the sources of fable there is none more prolific than an ancient monument or a marked local feature connected with a particular name. Half a hundred remarkable places in Scotland are connected with Thomas the Rhymer. But what would be thought of an author who should argue for the truth of Thomas the Rhymer's legend on the ground that the acts attributed to him corresponded with the hill, valley, or ruin, stated to be their theatre ? Everybody would answer, with the au-

thority we are quoting, that the pretended events were invented to explain the connexion between the place and the name. Probably there was such a person as True Thomas, who once lived in the valley of the Tweed, and the Eildon Hills have certainly three summits; but the coincidence does not establish the story as to the mode in which the Eildons were "cleft in three."

Captain Gronow, in the Second Series of his Recollections, repeats, as from personal observation, the old fallacy about Wellington and Blucher meeting at La Belle Alliance, on the evening of the battle of Waterloo.* He escapes, however, committing himself to the logic which half amused, half exasperated Wellington—on the part of those who had seen the very chair on which the Duke sat down in the farm-house; and seeing's believing, you know.

The street patterers of London, and those who buy their wares, would seem to be facile followers of our Smith the logician. For evidence of this, consult *passim* Mr. Mayhew's "London Labour." One man, for instance, sold narratives of the appearance of Rush the murderer, after death, to Emily Sandford,—"as is shown in the Australian papers;" how he "threatened her, took her by the neck, and there's the red marks of his fingers to be seen on her neck

* Wellington himself distinctly disposed of this story as a "falsehood," and a "remarkable" one, in a letter of his, dated June 8, 1816, to be found in vol. x. of his Supplementary Despatches. It was at Genappe, after ten at night, that the meeting actually took place.

to this day!" Another man sold narratives of Mrs. Manning's misdoings, attracting customers by a faithful likeness of the murderess on his show-board: "There's the board before them when I runs on that line of patter, and when I appeals to the 'lustration, it seems to cooper the thing. They *must* believe their eyes."

As one other specimen from the streets, take the glib vendor of corn-salve, who displays a little box containing a large corn drawn by this salve from "the honourable foot of the late lamented Sir Robert Peel." The corn from the "honourable foot" of Sir Robert Peel, or any one else likely to interest the audience, has been scraped and trimmed from a cow's heel, Mr. Mayhew tells us, and may safely be submitted to the inspection and handling of the credulous. "There it is," the corn-salve seller will reiterate—"it speaks for itself."

Mr. Dickens has a story of one Gabriel Grub, sexton and grave-digger, whom the goblins were supposed to have carried away one night—some very credible witnesses not being wanting who had distinctly seen him whisked through the air on the back of a chestnut horse, blind of one eye, with the hind quarters of a lion, and the tail of a bear. All this was at last devoutly believed in the village where he was missing; and the new sexton used to exhibit to the curious, for a trifling emolument, a good-sized piece of the church weathercock which had been accidentally kicked off by the aforesaid horse in his aërial flight, and picked up by himself in the church-

yard a year or two afterwards. He were a bold man that would venture to controvert a material guarantee like that.

So again in the same author's description of the old Maypole Inn, on the borders of Epping Forest: a legend is mentioned of Queen Elizabeth not only having slept there one night, while on a hunting excursion, but of her having, next morning, while standing on a mounting-block before the door, with one foot in the stirrup, boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty. The matter-of-fact and doubtful folks, of whom there were a few among the Maypole customers, as unluckily there always are in every little community, were inclined to look upon this tradition as apocryphal; but whenever the landlord of that ancient hostelry appealed to the mounting-block itself as evidence, and triumphantly pointed out that there it stood in the same place to that very day, the doubters never failed to be put down by a large majority, and all true believers exulted as in a victory.

Fielding's *Partridge* clinches his argument for evil spirits being in the habit of carrying away people bodily, by "a true story I could tell you" of such a preternatural deportation, in which instance the man was conveyed through the keyhole of the door. And let no one hint disbelief of this conveyance, for "I have seen the very house where it was done, and nobody hath lived in it these thirty years." Here be proofs, I hope.

When Clive Newcome becomes acquainted with

Cousin Ethel, he takes care, in his pride of pedigree, to question her as to her belief in their common ancestor, the Barber-Surgeon. "Do you believe in him?" asks Clive. "Why should we disown our family?" Miss Ethel answers, simply. (There is a noble lord listening and looking on.) "In those early days I suppose people did—did all sorts of things, and it was not considered at all out of the way to be surgeon to William the Conqueror." "Edward the Confessor," interposes Clive, correcting her. "And it must be true, because I have seen a picture of the Barber-Surgeon: a friend of mine, Mr. Collop, did the picture, and I dare say it is for sale still."

In an earlier work of the same author's there is a case of arson—the calamity of the conflagration being attributed to the drunkenness of a scoundrelly Irish watchman, who was employed on the premises, and who upset a bottle of whisky in the warehouse of Messrs. Shadrach, and incautiously looked for the liquor with a lighted candle. The Insurance office requiring proof, proof was brought, and such proof as would have satisfied the exacting logic of Smith the Weaver. The man was taken to the office by his employers; "and certainly, as we all could testify," confesses a convinced and the most conspicuous clerk, "was *even then* in a state of frightful intoxication."

But a more direct illustration of the subject occurs in a less known production of Mr. Thackeray's, his *Great Cossack Epic*, in twenty books, which tells,

inter alia, how the statue of Saint Sophia, at Kioff, wrought miracles on a walking expedition upon the very waters of the Dnieper. The twentieth book of the Epic comprises two lines, and these the poet prints in capitals; nor, in honour to him, and to the subject, can we do less:

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU;
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE.

ABOUT SECOND AND THIRD READINGS.

REFERRING to the instance of a man who made it a law for himself never to read any book again which had greatly pleased him on a first perusal, lest a second reading should in some degree disturb the pleasurable impression which he wished to retain of it, Southey remarks that the person in question must have read only for his amusement, otherwise he would have known that a book is worth little if it deserves to be perused but once; and, moreover, that, as the same landscape appears differently at different seasons of the year, at morning and at evening, in bright weather and in cloudy, by moonlight and at noon-day, so does the same book produce a very different effect upon the same reader at different times, and under different circumstances.

Schleiermacher, in one of his love-letters to "dearest Jette," tells her he has just been re-perusing some of hers; and that, strange to say, on this re-perusal several of the passages seemed to him quite new: how could this be, as he had certainly never been guilty of overlooking anything in her letters? "It is true," he says, "that the same thing happens to me in regard to the books I like the best; each time I read them over again the chief im-

pression which I receive is determined by some special passage or other, and the rest remains as it were in the background." Every re-perusal, in such a case, involves, therefore, not merely the refreshing of old impressions, but the production of new ones.

The studious man who, at forty, as Southey's Doctor has it, re-peruses books which he has read in his youth or early manhood, vivid as his recollections of them may be, finds them new because he brings another mind to the perusal. "Worthless ones with which he may formerly have been delighted, appear flat and unprofitable to his maturer judgment; and on the other hand sterling merit which he was before unable to appreciate, he can now understand and value, having in his acquired knowledge and habits of reflection the means of assaying it."

That is at once an amusing and a suggestive story told by Sir Walter Scott, of a grand-aunt of his, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, who lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age, and enjoyed reading to the last of her long life. One day she asked her grand-nephew, when they chanced to be alone together, if he had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels? He confessed he had. Well, could he get her a sight of them? He said, with some hesitation, he believed he could; but that he did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles the Second's time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the old lady, "I remember them being so much admired, and being so much interested in

them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So Walter sent Mrs. Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to his gay old grand-aunt. The next time he saw her afterwards, she gave him back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she added, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?" This of course, as Sir Walter observes, was owing to the gradual refinement of the national taste and delicacy.

A. K. H. B. is right enough in describing the "something like indignation" with which we occasionally re-peruse a volume which enchained us in our boyish days. For, having now burst the chain, we have somewhat, he says, of the feeling of the prisoner towards the gaoler who held him in unjust bondage: what right had that bombastic rubbish to touch and thrill us as it used to do? "You sit by the fireside and read leisurely your *Times*, and feel a tranquil enjoyment. You like it better than the 'Sorrows of Werter,' but you do not like it a twentieth part as much as you once liked the 'Sorrows of Werter.'" The Country Parson who now hails from St. Andrew's had harped on the same string in

his essay Concerning Scylla and Charybdis, and the Swing of the Pendulum; for that Common-place Philosopher loves to remind us how curious it is to look over a volume which we once thought (to use his own diction) magnificent, enthralling, incomparable, and wonder how on earth we ever cared for that stilted rubbish.

There are works, as Goethe's English biographer remarks—adverting to the general disappointment felt on a first reading of Faust—which, on a first acquaintance, ravish us with delight: the ideas are new; the form is new; the execution striking:—in the glow of enthusiasm we pronounce the new work a masterpiece: we study it, learn it by heart, and somewhat weary our friends by the emphasis of enthusiasm. “In a few years, or it may be months, the work has become unreadable, and we marvel at our ancient admiration. The ideas are no longer novel; they appear truisms or perhaps falsisms. The execution is no longer admirable, for we have discovered its trick. In familiarising our minds with it, our admiration has been slowly strangled by the contempt which familiarity is said to breed, but which familiarity only breeds in contemptible minds, or for things contemptible. The work then was no masterpiece? Not in the least. A masterpiece excites no sudden enthusiasm; it must be studied much and long, before it is fully comprehended; we must grow up to it for it will not descend to us.” Directly in the teeth of most “intellectual tea-circles,” it may be asserted, and by

Mr. Carlyle it is asserted, that no good book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first; nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of Art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment.*

Plus cette bibliothèque est restreinte, mieux elle vaut, writes M. de Sacy, when discussing the works of which "les gens de bon goût et les honnêtes gens composent leur bibliothèque choisie."—When there were few books, Mr. Mill has said, and when few read at all save those who had been accustomed to read the best authors, books were written with the well-grounded expectation that they would be read carefully, and if they deserved it, would be read often. But now the world "gorges itself with intellectual food, and in order to swallow the more, *bolts* it. Nothing is now read slowly, or twice over. Books are run through with no less rapidity, and scarcely leave a more durable impression, than a newspaper article." It is to this among other causes, that Mr. Mill attributes the production of so few books of any value.

If to Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, expatiating on the unspeakable pleasures that attend the life of

* "A number of years ago, Jean Paul's copy of Novalis led him to infer that the German reading world was of a quick disposition; inasmuch as, with respect to books that required more than one perusal, it declined perusing them at all. Paul's Novalis, we suppose, was of the first edition, uncut, dusty," &c. —Carlyle, *Critical Miscellanies*, ii.

a voluntary student, the first time he reads an excellent book, it is to him just as if he had gained a new friend,—so, when he reads over a book he has perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

So advantageous, argues Hume, is practice to the discernment of beauty, that before we can give judgment on any work of importance, it will be indispensable more than once to peruse that individual performance, and survey it in different lights with attention and deliberation. There is, he goes on to say, a flutter or hurry of thought which attends the first perusal of any piece, and which confounds the genuine sentiment of beauty. “The relation of the parts is not discerned: the true characters of style are little distinguished: the several perfections and defects seem wrapped up in a species of confusion, and present themselves indistinctly to the imagination. Not to mention, that there is a species of beauty, which as it is florid and superficial, pleases at first; but being found incompatible with a just expression either of reason or passion, soon palls upon the taste, and is then rejected with disdain, at least rated at a much lower value.” In another of his essays Hume casually informs us, that, as regards Martial, the first line of an epigram recalls the whole, “and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth

reading, is as fresh as at first." A fiftieth reading of Parnell! What per-centage of the reading world's present population has vouchsafed Parnell a first?

Talking of fiftieth times, here is a fragment from Byron's diary at Ravenna; written on a day when snow was on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky: "Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all W. Scott's novels at least fifty times), of the third series of 'Tales of my Landlord'—grand work—Scotch Fielding," &c. A really good novel will bear, as a really good critic has affirmed, to be read again and again, to be thought over in various connections, to be meditated upon in various moods, to be discussed and commented on. There are second-rate novels—and he takes an example—the merits of which are almost certain to strike us at a first reading, and quite sure to escape us at a second. "We liked the spirited narrative yesterday—to-day it seems poor, for we know what we are going to be told." The characters, it is added, seemed not amiss at first, for we were always expecting a new insight into them: but on a second reading we can scarcely endure them, because we know that this insight into their essence is never to be given us, and that the delineations will be sketchy and external to the last page. "If you are pleased with a common acquaintance," we have been warned, "be rather careful not to see him again." If you have read a common novel with pleasure, the warning of criticism is never to open it again.

Sir Walter Scott's journal shall furnish us with

examples from his experience. In 1826 we find him reading over for a second time Lady Morgan's novel of O'Donnel, in which he indulgently recognises some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, with not a little that is "very rich and entertaining" in the comic part. "I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas, poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*." That would bear, and reward, the third reading, and a fourth. But one finds it harder to go along with Scott in another of his enjoyable third readings. Some twenty years before this we find him writing to Robert Southey: "As I don't much admire compliments, you may believe me sincere when I tell you that I have read *Madoc* three times since my first cursory perusal, and each time with increased admiration of the poetry." The world seems in no hurry to ratify Scott's confident prediction, that (although Southey might have to content himself for a while with the applause of the few whom nature has gifted with the rare taste for discriminating in poetry, yet) "the mere *readers of verse* must one day come in, and then *Madoc* will assume his real place at the feet of Milton. Now this opinion of mine was not that (to speak frankly) which I formed on reading the poem at first, though I then felt much of its merit." It reads almost

like irony, the earnest hope expressed by Scott in conclusion, that Southey neither has parted with, nor means to part with the copyright.

Complimenting (notwithstanding Scott's disavowal) an author by telling him how many times you have read his last book, is quite of the Chesterfield type of politeness. That noble earl, for instance, writes to Monsieur de Voltaire at Berlin, to thank him for the pleasure and instruction his lordship had received from the *Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV.* True, my lord has only read it four times at present, but that is only because he wants to forget it a little before the fifth reading—which, however, he finds, after all, to be impossible. “Je ne l’ai lu encore que quatre fois, c’est que je voudrois l’oublier un peu avant la cinquième, mais je vois que cela m’est impossible.” Not that Chesterfield was white-lying. He *had* read the book four times, and tells his son so,—though in a letter that was probably meant to meet Voltaire’s eye. “I have lately read over all his works that are published, though I have read them more than once before. I was induced to this by his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, which I have yet read but four times. In reading over all his works, with more attention, I suppose, than before, my former admiration of him is, I own, turned into astonishment.” Horace Walpole is another of the astonished admirers and re-perusing students of Voltaire. “I have been reading again, as I have often done, Voltaire’s *Universal History*,” he tells the Countess of Orrery. “I admire it more than

ever, though I always thought it his *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a marvellous mass both of genius and sagacity, and the quintessence of political wisdom as well as of history I wish you would read it again, Madam; there are twenty passages that look as if written within these six months," though Walpole was writing in 1789. He liked to recommend his own meritorious practice of re-perusals. Thus, to Mason he says in 1775, "Let me tell you, you have no more taste than Dr. Kenwick, if you do not like Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Read them again; they are one of the very few books that, like Gray's Life, improve upon one every time one reads them." If any indirect persuasive could induce Mason to comply, that dexterous compliment "like Gray's Life" ought to have done so.

Walpole's panegyric on the quintessential wealth of Voltaire's History, reminds us of what *on raconte* of Sièyes and M. de Tracy,—namely, that they "lisaient perpétuellement Voltaire; quand la lecture était finie, ils recommençaient; ils disaient l'un et l'autre que tous les principaux résultats étaient là." Jean Paul, who for the re-perusal of Lichtenberg, professes to have commonly waited but one year, for the re-perusal of Voltaire waited a clear ten.

Bayle, who read everything, preferred reading Plutarch and Montaigne over and over again. This was the case with him at nineteen; and in him, as in Father Prout, was exemplified the durableness of first attachments, as regards the *liaisons* of literature. The odes of Horace were Father Prout's earliest mis-

tresses in poetry, we read; and as they took his fancy in youth, so their fascinations haunted his memory in old age. *L'on revient toujours à ses premières amours.* Goethe declared in his eighty-first year, that the "Vicar of Wakefield" was his delight at the age of twenty, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end—with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the boon it had been to him in early and in middle life.

It has been said to be very hard to preserve a relish for poetry after middle life has begun. Fortunately, however, as the same observer has shown, almost all persons read good poetry at first much too quickly, and therefore, by taking a far larger time to study it, they can see meanings in it which escaped them in their younger days. A dull time in the country enables and disposes them to do this. "There is plenty of time at a deplorable little seaside village to think what the poet meant;" and "thus we get an after-harvest of youthful impressions, and although the second harvest has little of the pleasure of the first, it is much better than having no crop at all, and acquiescing contentedly in the decay of all poetical excitement."

Lord Lytton, in one of his essays, prescribes it as a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievements, to take every year some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conned, studied, brooded over; to go into the country with it, travel with it, be devotedly faithful to it, be without any other book for the time; com-

pulling oneself thus to read it again and again. "Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?"

There are some books, observes M. de Sainte-Beuve, *que les cœurs oisifs et cultivés aiment tous les ans à relire une fois, et qu'ils veulent sentir refleurir dans leur mémoire comme le lilas ou l'aubépine en sa saison.* Among books thus to be read once a year, by readers so qualified, he accounts the "Edouard" of Madame de Duras: which very few readers now living, on this side the Channel at any rate, have read once in their lifetime even.

Huet was a *si fervent adorateur* of Theocritus, that, in his earlier days at least, he made a point of reading through the Sicilian poet once every year, appropriately selecting the Spring quarter for that purpose.

Sainte-Beuve adverts to this pretty practice in the closing paragraph of his essay on Mdme. de Staal-de-Launay. "Huet (l'Evêque d'Avranches) nous dit qu'il avait coutume, chaque printemps, de relire Théocrite sous l'ombrage renaissant des bois, au bord d'un ruisseau et au chant du rossignol. Il me semble que les Mémoires de Mdme. de Staal pourraient se relire à l'entrée de chaque hiver, à l'extrême fin d'automne, sous les arbres de Novembre, au bruit des feuilles déjà séchées."

Boswell professes himself to have been not satisfied if a year passed without his reading *Rasselas*

through ; and at every perusal, his admiration of the mind which produced it was, he affirms, so highly raised that he could scarcely believe he had the honour of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

Charles Nodier is said to have made a practice of *relisant* (or at least of *refeuilletant*) the "Mascarat" of Gabriel Naudé once every year at the least—a book which a leading French critic describes as still remaining the delight of not a few *érudits friands*. ' So Henri Beyle (De Stendhal) *relisait sans cesse* the French *grands prosateurs* of the seventeenth century.

Sir Walter Scott at one time of his life made it a practice to read through the "Orlando" of Boiardo and the "Orlando" of Ariosto once every year. Lord Macaulay did the same with "Gil Blas." John Galt's biographer, in his panegyric on that author's "Entail," hails the "curious coincidence" that it is known to have been thrice read through by Lord Byron and by Sir Walter Scott. Of what book could the same be said ? asks *Delta*. Professor Aytoun professed to read all Scott's novels once a year.

Worthy of being prison-companion to M. Dumas's wonderful Monte Cristo in the Château d'If, is that wonderful Abbé Faria, who, having had five thousand volumes in his library at Rome, discovered, by dint of reading and re-reading them, that a student may learn all that is necessary for man to know, by carefully perusing about a hundred and fifty well-selected works. "I devoted three years," says the Abbé, "to reading these one hundred and fifty

volumes over and over again, so that when I was arrested I knew them almost by heart. With a very slight effort of memory I can beguile my prison hours by recalling them nearly word for word."

But to recur to the prescription or the practice (*c'est différent*) of re-perusals once a year. Voisenon places the "Mémoires de Grammont" at the head of those works that ought to be regularly re-perused once a year. "Cet ouvrage est à la tête de ceux qu'il faut régulièrement relire tous les ans." Gibbon in his autobiography quotes the Provincial Letters of Pascal as a work "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure." Further on again he says: "According to the wise maxim, *Multum legere potius quam multa*, I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and English, the Latin and Italian classics." Not but what Gibbon read *multa* as well as *multum*. Few men were ever so capable of doing both.

In a fly-leaf of one of the volumes of a copy of Lessing's works, which belonged to Coleridge, the latter entered this record: "Year after year I have made a point of re-perusing the *Kleine Schriften* as masterpieces of style and argument." Napoleon seems to have read "Werther" almost oftener than once a year. At any rate, he told Goethe that he had read it seven times, at the time of their meeting at Erfurt, and that he took it to Egypt with him. Werther and Ossian—strange predilections on the part of Napoleon the First.

The late Lord Abinger drew up a list of books for

a law-student, at the head of which stands "Cicero *de Officiis*, once, twice, thrice; once a year." How often, M. de Sacy tells us of himself, has he, on a fine day in Spring or Autumn, when all was smiling, youth, health, the present and the future, read over again, in his walks, this same treatise *De Officiis*, that most perfect *code de l'honnêteté*, written in a style as clear and brilliant as the sky at its purest!

Saint Evremond declares that he could read "Don Quixote" all his life, without being disgusted one single moment; and that his favourite Latin authors he could read a thousand times over without being cloyed. He declined making indiscriminate acquaintanceship with untried authors, and preferred tying himself up, as he styled it, to certain books in which he was sure of meeting satisfaction. In much the same tone the late Lord Dudley, in his letter to Dr. Coplestone, tells the Bishop how he differs from him in taste for new publications. "I read them unwillingly. You abstain from them with difficulty, and as a matter of duty and self-denial. Their novelty has very little attraction for me; and in literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time." If his lordship heard of a new poem, for instance—and those were the days in which

Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Southey, were bringing out so prolonged a series of new poems,—he asked himself first, whether it was superior to Homer, Shakespeare, Ariosto, Virgil, or Racine ; and, in the next place, whether he already had all these authors completely at his fingers' ends. And when both questions were answered in the negative, he inferred that it was better (and, to him, it was avowedly pleasanter) to give such time as he had to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer and his peers,—and so of other things.

The re-perusal of one's own productions ought not to be forgotten in a retrospective review like the present. When a king of old displayed his wealth and magnificence before a philosopher, the philosopher's exclamation was, "How many things are here which I do not want!" Does not the same reflection, asks Petrarch in Landor's *Pentameron*, come upon us, when we have laid aside our compositions for a time, and look into them again more leisurely ? Do we not wonder at our own profusion, and say, like the philosopher, "How many things are here which I do not want!" It may happen, he adds, that we pull up flowers with weeds ; but better this than rankness. "We must bear to see our first-born despatched before our eyes, and give them up quietly." When Byron read over again his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," nine years after publication, he wrote on the first leaf of the copy now in Mr. Murray's possession, "Nothing but the

consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the flames." Napoleon, in the height of his power, happening one day to mention his having written a prize essay while at Valence, Talleyrand made search for the forgotten manuscript among the archives of the Academy of Lyons (which had adjudged the prize), and presented it to the author. But Napoleon, after reading a few pages of it, threw it into the fire. "Every one," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "whose mind is progressive, or even whose opinions keep up with the changing facts that surround him, must necessarily, in looking back to his own writings during a series of years, find many things which, if they were to be written again, he would write differently, and some, even, which he has altogether ceased to think true." Dr. Boyd apostrophises "you clever young student of eighteen years old when you wrote your prize essay,"—and goes on, "But now, at five-and-thirty, find out the yellow manuscript, and read it carefully over,"—and "you will feel now little sympathy even with the literary style of that early composition; you will see extravagance and bombast where once you saw only eloquence and graphic power," &c., &c. But these re-perusals have in some cases their complacent aspect too. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, five years after "Rokeby," writes to Miss Edgeworth that he has not read one of his poems since they were printed, excepting last year (1817) the "Lady of the Lake,"

which, he owns, "I liked better than I expected, but not well enough to induce me to go through the rest—so I may truly say with Macbeth—

I am afraid to think of what I've done—
Look on 't again I dare not."

But of more importance alike to himself and to the world was Scott's casual re-perusal of the Ashestiel fragment of "Waverley," which his eye chanced to light on when looking into an old cabinet for fishing-tackle: "He read over those introductory chapters—thought they had been undervalued—and determined to finish the story." Hence the *Waverley Novels*.

Thomas Moore, in 1827, journalises himself, one "wretchedly wet" day, as employed in correcting some sheets of a new edition of "Lallah Rookh," and remarks: "The first time I have read it since it was published; accordingly, it came quite fresh to me, and more than one passage in the story of Zelica filled my eyes with tears."

Lord Lytton makes a study of Leonard Fairfield looking over his manuscripts,—lingering over a collection of verses, that were as a diary of his heart and his fancy. "And those first desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the Immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing

on his last effort, Leonard felt that there, at length, spoke forth the Poet."

The mortifying thing, it has been said, is when your own taste and judgment say worse of your former productions than could be said by the most unfriendly critic; and the dreadful thought occurs, that if you yourself to-day think so badly of what you wrote ten years since, it is probable enough that on this day ten years hence (if you live to see it) you may think as badly of what you are writing to-day.

Cowper says he had this peculiarity belonging to him as a rhymester—or rhymist, as he phrases it—that, although charmed to a great degree with his own work while it was on the anvil, he could seldom bear to look at it when once finished. The more he contemplated it, the more it lost its value, till he became at length disgusted with it. He then threw it by, took it up again, perhaps ten years after, and was as much delighted with it as at the first.

Montaigne tells us that his works were so far from pleasing him, that when re-tasted they disgusted him. Like Ovid—

Cum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.

Francis Horner journalises a holocaust of his literary offspring on this wise. "This morning a bundle of my own works fell into my hands, essays on imagination, the dramatic unities, the marvellous, imitation, national character, the opposition party in

parliament, &c., the offspring of former labours, the nurslings of former self-applause; but I was so mortified with them, that I committed them without mercy to the flames." More tenderly does T. Lovell Beddoes discuss his first-fruits on a re-perusal. "I know not what the creator of a planet may think of his first efforts, when he looks into the cavernous recesses which contain the first sketches of organised beings;—but it is strange enough to see the fossilised faces of one's forgotten literary creatures, years after the vein of feeling in which they were formed has remained closed and unexplored."

With a few miscellaneous addenda on re-perusals in general, let this chapter of instances come to a lingering end. Fontenelle records with some complacency his having accomplished a fourth reading of the masterpiece of Madame de la Fayette: "Je sors présentement d'une quatrième lecture de la *Princesse de Clèves*, et c'est le seul ouvrage de cette nature que j'aie pu lire quatre fois." M. Cuvillier Fleury, in the same tone, records his having thrice read Madame d'Arbouville's novel, entitled "*Une Maison Hollandaise*," and his quasi-intention of emulating Fontenelle, by reading it for a fourth time. Happy the author, happy the readers, of a book which can claim *de jure* the epigraph of one of Henry Stephens's—

De moi auras profit sitôt que me liras;
Grand profit, grand plaisir, quand tu me reliras.

The same Henry Estienne, by the way, in dedicating

a second edition of his Thucydides to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, invites him, in a preliminary epistle, to read this historian as many times as Demosthenes had transcribed him with his own hand.

Madame de Sévigné, like the sensible woman she was—whether as regards sense or sensibility—often counsels her daughter to follow her example in re-perusing a work of merit. Thus of the *Morale* of Nicole. If you have not read it yet, read it at once, she advises; and if you have, then read it again, with new interest and attention. Nicole is again on the *tapis* a month later: “Devinez ce que je fais, je recommence ce traité; je voudrais bien en faire un bouillon et l’avaler.” Some twenty years afterwards we have madame rejoicing in the fact that her son delights to read a second time, and a third, whatever he thinks really fine in literature. “Il le goûte, il y entre davantage, il le sait par cœur, cela s’incorpore; il croit avoir fait ce qu’il lit ainsi pour la troisième fois.” She can enter into his taste for these second and third readings, and cordially joins him in them: “Je relis même avec mon fils de certaines choses que j’avais lues en cousant, à Paris, et qui me paraissent toutes nouvelles. Nous relisons aussi, au travers de nos grandes lectures, des *rogations* que nous trouvons sous la main,” &c. And ever as they come upon some familiar beauty in their favourite classics, *il ne faut point dire, Oh! cela est vieux; non, cela n’est point vieux, cela est divin*. Madame almost breaks out into pæans of

thanksgiving, which she may be said to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also. As indeed she reads; for her re-perusals are not of the sterile sort satirised by Tristram Shandy, where he says: "You must read Longinus,—read away:—If you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over, never fear, read him again. Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's metaphysics forty times through apiece, and never understood a single word."

It is but the smaller number of books, as Mr. Carlyle observes, that become more instructive by a second perusal; the great majority being as perfectly plain as perfect triteness can make them. Yet, he adds, if time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all. A profound thinker of our time has said: "*Je ne lis plus, je relis.*" Quoting which *mot*, M. Nisard professes for his part, "*Je suis de cette humeur-là. Le plaisir qu'on goûte à lire les chefs-d'œuvre, n'est-ce pas celui de l'absent qui rentre chez soi? On relit pour se retrouver. Et le cercle n'est pas si étroit qu'il paraît être.*" A man may read "*Lear*," says Mr. Roscoe, ten, twenty, and a hundred times; and if his mind be awake, he will every time find something fresh, something he did not before know was there said or implied, or hinted at. "*Pour la centième fois*," writes Béranger in his autobiography, "*je me mis donc à relire mes auteurs favoris.*" And such centenarianism may be said often to pay cent per cent.

M. de Sacy tells his readers in the Preface to his collected essays and reviews, that having never had time enough to read as much as he would, he made a point of reading only *des livres excellents*. "Je les ai relus sans cesse," he adds. His essays themselves repeat the avowal, again and again. "Je l'ai relu avec tant de plaisir!" he exclaims, of a favourite passage he transcribes from Bossuet. And on an after page, asserting his discovery, in mature age, of new beauties in the same author, he adds: "Vieillir est donc bon à quelque chose!" Even the best writers of the second class he pronounces it sufficient to have read once with care. "Si on les lit deux fois, c'est beaucoup; trois fois c'est trop." In an article on M. Saint-Marc Girardin, he has a gentle hit at that critic as a traveller, who sees much and sees rapidly, a reader who devours an immensity of volumes, and seldom indulges in a second reading. M. de Sacy refers in various other essays, now to his delighted re-perusal of Plato (the Laws), in the bad times of 1848;—now to his re-iterated studies of La Bruyère; "Combien de fois je l'ai lu, et que de fois encore je le relirai s'il plaît à Dieu de me laisser vivre!"—now to Barante's *Tableau de la littérature Française*, of which he says, "Je l'ai relu bien des fois; je l'aime comme on aime ses meilleurs souvenirs de jeunesse;"—and now to Burigny's Life of Erasmus: "J'ai lu ce livre bien des fois; je le relirai encore." So again his best compliment to M. Jules Janin, on his history of dramatic literature, is, with regard to Plautus, that he gives you a longing

to read that old classic "Grand mérite, but suprême de la critique : inspirer l'envie de lire et de relire les maîtres." And so again in the instance of M. Lefèvre and Fénelon : "Pour ma part," exclaims M. de Sacy, "je sais gré à M. Lefèvre de m'avoir fourni l'occasion de relire le *Télémaque*, bien qu'à vrai dire il ne me faille pas d'occasions très-pres-santes pour relire un bon livre. Un prétexte me suffit. Je me passerais même de pretextes." One is reminded, however, of Macaulay's being fain, at the close of his Boswell essay, to part in good humour with even Mr. Wilson Croker, as the editor who, ill as he, on his adversary's showing, had performed his task, had at least this claim to that adversary's gratitude—that he of the *Quarterly* had induced him of the *Edinburgh* to read Boswell's book again.

ABOUT THE WHITE HAIRS THAT COME OF CARE OR TERROR.

THERE was villanous news abroad, Falstaff had one day to tell Prince Hal—who ought not, being his father's son, and the kingdom's heir, to have first heard it from such a quarter—news had reached the court of an alliance in rebellion between “that mad fellow of the north, Percy,” and Owen Glendower, and “that sprightly Scot of Scots, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,” and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester, adds Sir John, in his exciting narrative, “is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news.”

If the hyperbolical knight, in his rhetorical way, said the thing that was not, he yet said nothing but what might have been. Such sudden changes of colour in hair and beard are a common-place in world-wide biography; while the more gradual but still premature conversion of black and brown to white or grey, is of course a greatly more common experience:

Danger, long travel, want or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—

For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair.

Care does its bleaching work at comparative leisure, by a chronic process: it anticipates time, but it takes its own time in doing so. Whereas terror attacks in the acute, not chronic, form; effecting its wicked will by one midnight frost, at one fell swoop. In citing variegated illustrations and exemplifications of either process, let us take the milder and slower one first.

Chaucer writes, in a rather obscure passage, that

—Who that getteth of love a little blisse,
But if he be alway therewith ywis,
He may ful soone of age have his haire.

Which the commentators take to mean, "He may full soon have the hair which belongs to age," *scil.* grey hair, the proverbial product of anxiety, and of what Wordsworth finely calls those "shocks of passion:"—

That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

Still more effective is, or should be, the blanching process, when *not* without the owner's crime; as in the case, for instance, of Southey's Roderick—the Royal Goth, sunk was whose eye of sovereignty, and on whose emaciate cheek had penitence and anguish deeply drawn their furrows premature,

—forestalling time,
 And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
 Than threescore winters in their natural course
 Might else have sprinkled there.

Didactic Doctor Armstrong, physician as well as poet—or, at any rate, physician, if not poet—warns in blank verse against the penalties of wild debauch, one result of which is to bring about “that incurable disease, old age, in youthful bodies more severely felt.” For know, he says, whate’er beyond its natural fervour hurries on the sanguine tide,

—spurs to its last stage tired life,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow.

Another didactic doctor of the same generation, James Beattie, commemorates for no such reason the premature winter that crowned his own brow,

Where cares long since have shed untimely snow.

The cause, in his instance, was of the kind suggested in a poem of Mr. Matthew Arnold’s, referring to loss of wife or child,

And grievous is the grief for these :
 This pain alone, which *must* be borne,
 Makes the head white, and bows the knees.

Many a younger poet than Dr. Beattie has left the like personal memorial of untimely grey hairs. Shelley seems to have pictured himself under more than one semblance :

There was a youth, who as with toil and travel,
 Had grown quite weak and grey before his time.

In another of his poems he speaks of "a killing air, which pierced like honey-dew into the core of my green heart, and lay upon its leaves

—until, as hair grown grey
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown pride
With ruins of unseasonable time."

Hartley Coleridge, as we read in his brother's memoir of him, acquired in early life the gait and general appearance of advanced age: "his once dark, lustrous hair was prematurely silvered, and became latterly quite white." It is no uncommon thing, writes an old friend and neighbour of Hartley's, to see an old man with hair as white as snow; "but never saw I but one—and that was poor Hartley—whose head was mid-winter, while his heart was as green as May." The miscellaneous poems—the exquisite sonnets especially—of this remarkable man afford frequent references to his grey hairs, and very touching is the sadness they beget in his self-communing spirit:

—Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May.

Another sonnet, commencing "Youth, thou art fled," and ending with "I thank my God because my hairs are grey," is followed by one that repeats and italicises that pregnant line:

I thank my God because my hairs are grey!
But have grey hairs brought wisdom?

A mournful note of interrogation in close and qualifying sequence upon the note of exclamation that went before. In yet another of his sonnets, Hartley designates himself, in graphic phrase,

Untimely old, irreverently grey.

Byron ended one of some presentation stanzas to Lady Blessington with the avowal at thirty-five, "And my heart is as grey as my head." And five years or so before that, he had written of himself,

But now, at thirty years, my hair is grey
(I wonder what it will be like at forty ?
I thought of a peruke the other day),
My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May.

How mournfully different in the process, though like in one, and only one, part of the result, to Mr. Tennyson's picture of a life-progress which

—all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair.

D'Artagnan, at his first introduction to Richelieu's presence, and ours, in *Vingt Ans Après*, has this descriptive touch given him by French fiction's Alexander the Great: "His hair was beginning to be grey, as always happens when life has been too good or too bad, particularly when the complexion is dark." Wordsworth moralizes on the history of one whose

—temples, prematurely forced
 To mix the manly brown with silver grey,
 Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
 Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped
 The natural crown that sage Experience wears.

Mrs. Browning, in her vehement invective, from the Casa Guidi windows, against "false Duke Leopold," spares not a side-blow at what was delusive in his premature grey hairs; for

—men had patience with thy quiet mood,
 And women, pity, as they saw thee pace
 Their festive streets with premature grey hairs:
 We turned the mild dejection of thy face
 To princely meanings, took thy wrinkling cares
 For ruffling hopes, and called thee weak, not base.

Fouché, we are told by the late Earl Stanhope, accounted for the snow-white state of his hair, by saying that he had "slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years." One can fancy there were in France many heads untimely white, that might have been better off had his slept *under* the guillotine, early in the first year of those five-and-twenty.

They who had not seen the king in a year's time, writes Clarendon of Charles I. in 1648,—dating from the time of his leaving Hampton Court—found his countenance extremely altered: from the time that his own servants had been taken from him, he would never suffer his hair to be cut: "His hair was all grey, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow." When the

woe-worn Mariana, in John Webster's sensation-tragedy, upbraidingly asks Bosola, "Am I not thy Duchess?" that subtle schemer replies, in his outspoken way, "Thou art some great woman, sure; for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in grey hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's."—"The Duke of Guise is *triste*," writes home an envoy from Florence to Paris in 1588: "he has lost his wonted gaiety. Scarcely thirty-five years old, he already has white hairs on his temples." And then the Italian envoy sets himself to speculate whether this blanching process is due to disappointment at the frustration of past designs, or to solicitude in the formation of new projects. "Je ne m'étonne pas s'il blanchit," says Michelet, in reviewing past and present causes for the duke's disquiet.

Columbus, in his youthful days, had hair of a light colour; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it grey, and by the time he was thirty years of age, it was quite white. Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, as Lord Lytton observes in one of his early writings, suspense is the one which most gnaws and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, we are told, "is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in the face of a convict of five-and-twenty—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white." And, indeed, there needs no convict come from the cells to tell us that. Fair lady shall tell us the same from her boudoir, in tuneful

verse : if we read month for year, the verse might be none the less true :

Pass thy hand through my hair, love ;
 One little year ago,
 In a curtain bright and rare, love,
 It fell golden o'er my brow.
 But the gold has passed away, love,
 And the drooping curls are thin,
 And cold threads of wintry grey, love,
 Glitter their folds within ;
 How should this be in one short year ?
 It is not age—can it be care ?

When Mr. Lockhart rode out to Abbotsford with John Ballantyne in the spring vacation of 1819, his companion warned him of a sad change in Scott's appearance ; but the reality was far beyond anticipation. "His hair, which a few weeks before had been but slightly sprinkled with grey, was now almost literally snow-white." Walter Savage Landor breathes a sigh in regard of Southey's discoloured locks :

Alas ! that snows are shed
 Upon thy laurel'd head,
 Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs !

The most *gracieux* compliments may be, and have been, made to heads (particularly if crowned heads) untimely bleached. One of Voltaire's impromptus (*faits à loisir* ?) is addressed to Maupertuis on the occasion of their "assisting" together at the toilette of Frederick the Great, when old Fritz that should be was yet in the flower of his age, and their atten-

tion was drawn by him to the fact of his having
des cheveux blancs on his head :

Ami, vois-tu ces cheveux blancs
Sur une tête que j'adore ?
Ils ressemblent à ses talents ;
Ils sont venus avant le temps,
Et comme eux ils croîtront encore.

We have seen that Byron more than once adverts in rhyme, and with reason, to his precociously grey head. In another of his poems he refers to what we have called the acute form, as well as the chronic, of those mental agitations which result in white hairs. The prisoner of Chillon commences the story of his life with these words :

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.

Sir Henry Holland, in one of his medical essays, cites the remarkable case of a robust young German who suffered under various symptoms of cerebral disorder, and who was so severely affected by the continuance of spectral illusions, of a very painful kind, and the associations attending them, "that his hair, in the course of about ten weeks, changed its colour from being nearly black to a greyish white of which latter colour it grew again after being shaved." But suppose the agony involved in the spectral illusion to be acutely intensified, or suppose the robust young German patient to be less robust,

and then one night might amply suffice to do what was thought so hurriedly done in ten times seven. Considerably more miraculous, and not a little ludicrous, is what Colman the Younger tells us of his father's friend, George Keate, the editor of Prince Lee-Boo's memoirs. He had been at a play, in a side-box of one of the London theatres, when there was a cry of "Fire!" "I was excessively frightened," said Mr. Keate; "so much so, indeed, that when I had got home, and, thanks to Providence, had escaped, though the alarm was a false one, I found that my eyebrows and eyelashes had dropped off, through apprehension; and they never, as you may perceive, sir, have grown again." George Colman professes to have heard much of the effects of fear, such as the hair standing on end, and even turning grey on a sudden; but of its causing eyebrows and eyelashes instantly to vanish, in the side-box of a theatre, unless they were false ones, and shaken off in a squeeze to get out, he owns to having never before or since met with an example. There is almost as much of the preternatural about this story, as in that of Ænobarbus, or Yellow-beard, in Plutarch—the man, namely, whom Castor and Pollux met with in the market-place, fresh from victory in battle, and whose beard they stroked as he listened with surprise to their recital—which said beard incontinently and *ex ipso facto* turned from deep black to flagrant yellow. The credibility of which legend would, to popular logic—the logic of Smith the Weaver—be amply guaranteed by the existence

in Rome, ages later, of a family of *Ænobarbi*: how else could they have come by such a name?

Montesquieu, in the *Persian Letters*, introduces the story of Mahomet summoning Japhet from the grave, to convince an inquiring Jew upon certain vexed questions. "Il fit sur sa main, avec de la boue, la figure d'un homme; il la jeta à terre, et lui cria: Levez-vous. Sur le champ, un homme se leva, et dit: Je suis Japhet, fils de Noë. Avais-tu les cheveux blancs quand tu es mort? lui dit le saint prophète. Non, répondit-il; mais, quand tu m'as reveillé, j'ai cru que le jour du jugement était venu; et j'ai eu une si grande frayeur, que mes cheveux ont blanchi tout-à-coup." Not more instantaneous the transformation of *Odysseus*, as operated upon by *Athenè*, when, soon as she touched him with her powerful wand, not only a swift old age o'er all his members spread, but

A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head.

Physical exhaustion has been known to result in the same issue as mental excitement. When Robert Story, the well-known minister of Roseneath, was in his sixteenth year, he one day walked to Edinburgh from Kelso, with his fast friend and companion, Thomas Pringle,—an author still of repute in Scottish literature. Story was "nearly blind with fatigue," by the time they reached the capital, and "next morning his hair was here and there streaked with grey." His biographer adds that, "by the time he reached the meridian of life, his

'locks, divinely spreading,' were 'white as snow in Salmon.'

But let us pass on to some noteworthy samples of the white hairs that come of overwhelming terror and affright.

Describing the course of events in France during the year which witnessed the treaty of Nemours (1585), M. Michelet tells us, repeating the *on dit* of the time—a troublesome time—that when the poor King of Navarre heard of that treaty, the effect of which was to put Henry III. into the hands of the *Ligue*, his moustache turned white before next morning, and all because of that bit of bad news. "On dit que sa moustache en blanchit en une nuit. Il se croyait perdu."—Montaigne records of his intimate friend D'Andelot, Governor of Saint Quentin, that one part of his beard was white, and one of his eyebrows,—the change having come upon him all in an instant, "one day that he was sitting at home full of grief at the death of a brother of his, whom the Duke of Alva had put to death as an accomplice of the Counts Egmont and Horn: he had been leaning his head on his hand, at the place where the hair was now white, and when he rose, those who were with him thought the changed colour was flour, which by some chance had fallen upon those parts. It had remained so ever since."

When the Duke of Nemours was seized, by order of Lewis XI., in 1477, he was "first thrown into a tower of Pierre-Scise; so horrid a dungeon that his hair turned white in a few days."

Perils by water would supply many a parallel passage. Captain Marryat is almost unduly moderate when he makes his veteran from the whale fishery say of one voyage, which furious gales and crushing icebergs made exceptionally dangerous, "That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and turned one-third of my hair grey." Had the captain had any notion of being or becoming a sensation novelist, the preservation of two-thirds of the old salt's hair in its original colour would never have been possible.—But, fiction apart, take an example from stern fact, of what the agony of endurance, in perils of adventure, has been known to effect. Madame Godin's attempt, in 1769, to descend the Amazon to its mouth in an open boat—which Mr. Prescott justly pronounces "an expedition more remarkable than that of Orellana"—involved, in its disastrous sequel, an incidental illustration of our subject. The boat was wrecked, and the crew, eight in number, including Madame and her two brothers, endeavoured to "foot it" the rest of the way; but it was her fate to see her companions perish, one by one, till she was left alone in that desolate region. "Though a young woman, it will not be surprising that the hardships and terrors she endured turned her hair perfectly white."

Leigh Hunt, in the journal he kept of his stormy and perilous voyage to Italy in the winter of 1821, makes this entry (Dec. 15): "The captain told us to-day how his hair turned white in a shipwreck."

It was on the day after the *Fox* had been slowly

boring out under steam for eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice—which more than once stopped the engines by choking the screw—that Captain McClintock wrote in his Arctic journal, “After yesterday’s experience I can understand how men’s hair have turned grey in a few hours.” He could understand that such an incident may be something more than a poetical licence when signalised in verse, as in some lines by the late Alexander Smith :

Ye winds ! when like a curse ye drove us on,
 Frothing the waters, and along our way,
 Nor cape, nor headland, through red mornings shone,
 One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,
 One howled, “Upon the Deep we are astray.”
 On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight :
 In one short hour my hair was stricken grey,
 For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
 As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

Sceptics will, perhaps, never be wanting to hint a fault in the narrative, and hesitate dislike to the marvel ; applying a line of Racine’s,

Croirai-je qu’une nuit a pu vous ébranler,

to such an extent as *that* ?—There is an essay of Addison’s in which the propriety of overshooting long-bowmen with their own bow is discussed ; and the essayist illustrates his argument by telling how a company of talkers were discoursing on the effects of fear ; and how upon one of them asserting that

it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him, "another, taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them." Indeed, if they were true, it seemed hard how any one who ever felt the passion of fear, could, on this gentleman's showing, escape so common an effect of it. The company at length grew tired of his long-bow practice, and some of them showed an inclination to question his accuracy; "but one rebuked the rest, with an appearance of severity, and, with the known old story in his head, assured them that they need not scruple to believe that the fear of anything can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it."

But the *reductio ad absurdum* in this particular case is only meant by way of *argumentum ad hominem*—that particular *homo*, namely, who brought it upon himself. The truthfulness of some stories of suddenly blanched hair is not discredited by the palpably fictitious make-up of others. And so, though fiction delights in examples of the kind, it is generally allowed to be fiction founded upon fact.

The hero in one of Gerald Griffin's novels opens a critical chapter of his autobiography with these words: "Sitting down before the mirror I started back in a transport of sudden fear and astonishment. Not more lively was the amazement of the young prince in Hawkesworth's tale, who dis-

covered upon his own shoulders the head and features of his rival, than was mine at the alteration which had taken place in my own appearance. My hair, a cluster of jet-black close-fitting curls, of which I was once not a little proud was now a grey and grizzled mass, well suited in expression to the fierce and violent lineaments which it overshadowed." In the agitating experiences of previous pages is to be found the clue to this portentous revolution.

Of Captain Dodd, the middle-aged maniac in Mr. Charles Reade's *de lunatico* romance, we are told, that "with his recovered reason came his first grey hair, and in one fortnight it was all as white as snow." Agolanti, the tyrant-husband, in Leigh Hunt's Italian play, suffers an all but mortal stroke of mortification to his pride; and in after days he is pictured to us,

His haughty neck yet stooping with that night,
Which smote his hairs half grey.

To her sister Theo, says Mr. Thackeray's Hetty, pining for her absent George, who is fighting for his king across the seas, "Haven't you heard of people, Theo, whose hair has grown grey in a single night? I shouldn't wonder if mine did—shouldn't wonder in the least." And she looks in the glass to ascertain if that phenomenon be an accomplished fact.

Chante fleurie, the desolate mother, in Victor Hugo's romance of Notre-Dame, is convinced of having

reason to believe her lost child—all that she loved upon earth—to have been stolen by the gipsies, and feasted upon by these accursed Egyptians, in company with Beelzebub their master, on a heath near Reims, where the remains of a large fire are discovered, with bits of ribands which belonged to the child's dress, and several drops of blood. "When Chantefleurie heard these horrid particulars, she did not weep; she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The day after, her hair was quite grey." From a much later and equally remarkable work by the same author, take the appearance in court of Monsieur le Maire—alias (and alas!) Jean Valjean—after that escaped and reformed convict has determined to denounce himself to justice, and save an innocent man. "He was very pale, and trembled slightly; and his hair, which had been grey when he arrived at Arras (the same evening), was now perfectly white—it had turned so during the hour he had passed in the court." The following chapter of M. Hugo's great romance has this significant heading: "M. Madeleine looks at his hair." The inspection occurs in the infirmary where Fantine, nursed by Sister Simplice, lies a-dying. The good sister utters an exclamation as she raises her eyes to the visitor's face: what can have happened to him? his hair, she tells him, is quite white. "'What?' he said.—Sister Simplice had no mirror, but she took from a drawer a small looking-glass which the infirmary doctor employed to make sure that a patient was dead. M. Madeleine took this glass, looked at

his hair, and said, 'So it is.' He said it carelessly and as if thinking of something else, and the sister felt chilled by some unknown terror of which she caught a glimpse in all this."

Mr. Wilkie Collins elaborates his description of the aspect of Sarah Leeson, with especial reference to the unnatural change that had passed over the colour of her hair: thick and soft, and growing as gracefully as the hair of a young girl, it was as grey as the hair of an old woman—seeming to contradict, in the most startling manner, every personal assertion of youth that still existed in her face. "What shock had stricken her hair, in the very maturity of its luxuriance, with the hue of an unnatural old age? Was it a serious illness, or a dreadful grief, that had turned her grey in the prime of her womanhood?" That is a question put in the first chapter of the story; and of course the answer is not forthcoming then and there. Not until the antepenultimate chapter, or thereabouts, is it explicitly explained, that the shock caused by her lover's violent death, is the cause of Sarah Leeson's young grey head; that when she got up from her sick-bed, all her youth was gone, all her hair was grey, and in her eyes the "fright-look" was fixed that never left them since.

And as with loss by death, so with loss by lapsed affection—once real, or never more than assumed. Witness the stanza in one of Hood's poems:

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to grey,

Once they were black and well-beloved,
But thou art changed—and so are they!

Or again take an instance of a curiously more partial effect, in some narrative verses by Wordsworth's son-in-law: they relate to the abrupt communication to a deceived girl of her deceiver's perfidy:

—The rose

Was stricken out for ever from her cheek,
For ever and at once; and in a night,
Strange freak of suffering, and yet true, one look
Of her rich hair, and one alone, was blanched,
And gleam'd among her auburn tresses dark
In signal contrast, like the first snow-flake
That nestles on a copper beech-tree's bough.

Being among the Lake Poets, or near them, for if Mr. Quillinan *n'est pas la rose, il a vécu près d'elle*; and if there is a school of Lake Poets, he belongs at any rate to one of the forms—a pertinent stanza of Southey's must not be forgotten in his story about Eleémon's transaction with the Evil One, and what came of it—and how he looked in the morning when good Bishop Basil found him:

Well might the Bishop see what he
Had undergone that night;
Remorse and agony of mind
Had made his dark hair white.

But to the lady who became Southey's second wife we owe the most noteworthy contribution to the literature of this general subject. Her poem of "The Young Grey Head" relates the progress to school, in a storm, across a wild waste of country,

of two little peasant girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, and the other seven. They are lost in the storm; and day blackens into night before traces of them are discoverable. At last, "one little voice" answers the father's agonised cry: 'tis Lizzie's, as she crouches, white as death, beside a swollen stream within which her sister lies dead: the eyes of the poor survivor fixed like stone on that "dark object underneath, washed by the turbid water"—"one arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown, grasping as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock." Conveyed home, and put to bed, the child deliriously dwells on the horrors of the bygone day:

All night long from side to side she turned,
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move."
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
Shone on that pillow—passing strange the sight—
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

ABOUT DUNCES AT SCHOOL, WHO BECOME PRIZEMEN IN AFTER LIFE.

A Chapter of Instances.

IT is an old remark, as Hazlitt says, that boys who shine at school do not make the greatest figure when they grow up and come out into the world.

Lord Chesterfield received with considerable gratification from his "Dear Boy" a theme in three languages—which performance his lordship, with paternal complacency, showed to some men of letters at the Bath, at the same time telling them the composer's age and standing: of course they expressed a high degree of pleasurable surprise; and said that if the lad went on at this rate for but four or five years longer, he would distinguish himself extremely. "But then they added (for I must tell you all)," the earl writes to his son, "that they observed many forward boys stop short on a sudden, and turn out great blockheads at last." Poor young Stanhope, in after life, is commonly believed to have been one of these.

Hazlitt accounts for the decline and fall, in many such cases, by contending that, in point of fact, the things which a boy is set to learn at school, and on

which his success depends, are things which do not require the exercise either of the highest or the most useful faculties of the mind. Memory (and that of the lowest kind), he argues, is the chief faculty called into play, in conning over and repeating lessons by rote in grammar, in languages, in geography, arithmetic, &c., so that he who has the most of this technical memory, with the least turn for other things, which have a stronger and more natural claim upon his childish attention, will make the most forward schoolboy. A lad with a sickly constitution, and no very active mind, Hazlitt goes on to say,—one who can just retain what is pointed out to him, and has neither sagacity to distinguish nor spirit to enjoy it for himself, will generally be at the head of his form. “An idler at school, on the other hand, is one who has high health and spirits, who has the free use of his limbs, with all his wits about him, who feels the circulation of his blood and the motion of his heart, who is ready to laugh and cry in a breath, and who had rather chase a ball or a butterfly, feel the open air in his face, look at the fields or the sky, follow a winding path, or enter with eagerness into all the little conflicts and interests of his acquaintances and friends, than doze over a musty spelling-book, repeat barbarous distichs after his master, sit so many hours pinioned to a writing-desk, and receive his reward for the loss of time and pleasure in paltry prize-medals at Christmas and Midsummer.” There is, indeed, Hazlitt allows, a degree of stupidity which prevents children from

learning the usual lessons, or ever arriving at these puny academic honours; but what passes for stupidity he asserts to be much oftener a want of interest, of a sufficient motive to fix the attention, and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school-learning. "The best capacities are as much above this drudgery, as the dullest are beneath it. Our men of the greatest genius have not been most distinguished for their acquirements at school or at the university."

Dunce Walter Scott was, and Dunce he would ever remain, was Professor Dalzell's estimate and prediction of young Walter's powers and promise. The Greek Professor took the deepest interest in the progress of his class, one of whom came to call on Scott in St. George's-square, to remonstrate with him on the "silliness of his conduct" in professing contempt for Greek, and resolving not to learn it; and told him he was distinguished by the name of the *Greek Blockhead*. Scott once handed to the Professor a composition, in which, weighing Homer against Ariosto, he pronounced him wanting in the balance; which heresy he supported by what he calls a profusion of bad reading and flimsy argument. "The wrath of the professor was extreme, while at the same time he could not suppress his surprise at the quantity of out-of-the-way knowledge which I displayed. He pronounced upon me the severe sentence—that dunce I was, and dunce was to remain—which, however, my excellent and learned friend lived to revoke over a bottle of Burgundy, at our

literary Club at Fortune's, of which he was a distinguished member."

A writer in "that authentic record" called the "Percy Anecdotes," having ventured on the statement that Scott had been distinguished at Musselburgh school as an absolute dunce, and that only Dr. Blair, seeing further into the millstone, had pronounced there was fire in it,—Sir Walter, in 1826, denied that he was ever at Musselburgh school in his life, or that he had ever, to his knowledge, attracted the attention of Dr. Blair; and adds: "Lastly, I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him." Though, on the whole, he made a brighter figure in the *yards* than in the *class*, at the Edinburgh High School, and commonly disgusted his kind master, Luke Frazer, by his negligence and frivolity, he seems to have as often pleased him by flashes of intellect and talent.

Tom Moore's first schoolmaster, the well-known Samuel Whyte of Dublin, had had a boy entrusted to his care in 1758, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be "a most incorrigible dunce." This boy, says Moore, was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and the worthy schoolmaster, so far from being ashamed of his mistake, had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children.

Moore, by the way, tells us of himself, when at college, that after some unavailing efforts (solely to please his anxious mother), and some mortification on finding himself vanquished by competitors whom he knew to be dull fellows, *intus et in cute*, and who, indeed, proved themselves such through life, he resolved in the second year of his course to give up the struggle for honours, and confine his reading to such books as he had a taste for, otherwise learning only just enough to bring him through without disgrace.

Mistress Elizabeth Delap, the Irish school dame, of hornbook associations, made it the pride and boast of her declining days, when nearly ninety years old—for she flourished in the capacity of hornbook dame fifty years and more—that she was the first that had put a book into the hand of Oliver Goldsmith. Apparently he did not much profit by it, observes one of his biographers, “for she confessed that he was one of the dullest boys she had ever dealt with, insomuch that she had sometimes doubted whether it was possible to make anything of him : a common case with imaginative children, who are apt to be beguiled from the dry abstractions of elementary study by the picturings of the fancy.”

The enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever.*

* “Gray and Collins were among the instances of this wayward disposition. Such persons do not think so highly of the advantages, nor can they submit their imaginations so servilely to the trammels, of strict scholastic discipline. There is a

In preparing for the university, Goldsmith was at school first at Athlone, and afterwards at Edgeworthstown; and at neither does his proficiency appear to have been brilliant. "He was indolent and careless, however, rather than dull, and, on the whole, appears to have been well thought of by his teachers." So much depends on the teachers, and on the mode of teaching. In accounting for his brother Dr. Andrew Combe's backwardness at the High School, the late George Combe—of course with special reference to his pet doctrine—remarked on the importance of attending to the predominance, respectively, of the observing and the reflecting organs; the consequence of neglecting which distinction was, that "some boys of profound intellects and fine moral dispositions sat on the benches dreary and desolate, without acquiring ideas or gratification. They were considered as irretrievably dull, and left the school stupefied and demoralized rather than improved." The correctness of this representation is not, Mr. Combe maintains, contradicted by the fact, that of the recorded "dunes" at the High School, some "stand registered in the country's history as men of superior powers; for these will be found to have had an ample development of certain observing organs which in Andrew were deficient, and also to have enjoyed the aid of private tutors, an advantage which to him was denied." Lord Cock-

certain kind and degree of intellect in which words take root, but into which things have not power to penetrate."—Hazlitt, *Table-talk Essays*, vol. i. No. v.

burn, in his autobiography, treating also of this High School, observes, that the same powers which raise a boy high in a good school make it probable that he will rise high in life; but that in bad schools it is nearly the very reverse: even in the most rationally conducted, however, superiority affords only a gleam of hope for the future. "Men change, and still more boys. The High School distinctions very speedily vanished; and fully as much by the sinking of the luminaries who had shone in the zenith, as by the rising of those who had been lying on the horizon. I have ever since had a distrust of duxes, and thought boobies rather hopeful." As for himself, "Harry" Cockburn doubts whether he ever read fifty pages voluntarily, while at the High School; and he tells us that out of the whole four years of his attendance there were probably not ten days in which he was not flogged, at least once. Yet he never entered the class, or left it, without feeling perfectly up to the work. "But I was driven stupid. Oh! the bodily and mental wearisomeness of sitting six hours a day, staring idly at a page, without motion and without thought, and trembling at the gradual approach of the merciless monster. I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination." At this period the beauty of no Roman word, or thought, or action, he says, ever occurred to him; nor did he fancy that Latin was of any use except to torture boys.—When he rose to be under Dr. Adam, however, matters seemed to have improved with young

Cockburn; and he lays stress upon the "sensible and affecting address" that venerable rector made to him and other of the boys on leaving—in which Dr. Adam pointed out the opposite tendencies of early eminence, and of early obscurity, upon school lads; warning those who had been distinguished, against presumption, and those who had hitherto been unnoticed, against despair, and explaining to both, that, even in the very next stage, he had often known them change natures; the one from fancying that nothing more required to be done, the other from discovering that they had everything to do.

Smollett introduces a judicious pedagogue, by whose careful tendance young Perry Pickle is redeemed from the pains and penalties of irretrievable duncedom. The absurd discipline to which the boy had been previously subjected, had strangely perverted the bias of his disposition. The new master "found him in a state of sullen insensibility, which the child had gradually contracted, in a long course of stupefying correction,"—and by discriminating treatment and observant tact, enabled him soon to acquit himself of the imputation of dulness. Like Cymon, in Dryden's adaptation from Boccaccio, he studied lessons he before abhorred :

Thus the man-child advanced, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd ;

which is the way with so many when, and only when, they have left school—for good.

pesanteur d'imagination, est la masque d'un bon jugement à venir." Only the *à venir*, sometimes, as in the instance of Thomas Diafoirus, is *toujours à venir*. For it is not every irreclaimable dunce at school that walks off with first-class prizes in the prime of life. It is possible not to know one's letters at nine years old, and yet to be void of common sense at nine times five.

Affright at the irresistible progress of the Civil Service and universal Examination system prompted the perplexed inquiry, some time ago, what is to become of the Stupid Men in the next generation, when the system will be in full play? The question, said the querist, is a dreadful one for parents and guardians; insomuch that if a boy under twelve develops a "healthy animalism," the best thing that can be done with him is to put him quietly out of the way—like the weakly babies of Plato's ideal community. "Any taste which calls him off from his books is as bad as scrofula. A fondness for hard-bake is dangerous, but a passion for pony equitation is nearly fatal. In such cases, the strongest remedies of the intellectual pharmacopoeia must be applied, and everything sacrificed to the great object of bringing the patient to decimals by eight, and to longs and shorts by nine and a half at the latest." A consummation not too devoutly to be wished for—any more than a reproduction of the early Jesuit colleges depicted by Michelet—who tells us their success was so great that the Protestants themselves entrusted their children to teachers so capable: "En moins de

rien, vous verrez leurs écoliers, Cicérons improvisés, faire la stupeur de leurs parents; ils jasant, ils latinisent, ils scandent, *docteurs à quinze ans, et sots à jamais.*" A truly great man generally has the reputation of a dull boy, is Hartley Coleridge's deliberate dogma on this topic at large. Goethe's biographer observes that the fathers of poets are seldom gratified with the progress visible in their sons; that only your perfectly stupid young gentlemen uniformly delight their parents. *They*, he says, "tread the beaten path, whereon are placed mile-stones marking every distance; and the parents, seeing how far their sons have trudged, are freed from all misgivings. Of that silent progress, which consists less in travelling on the broad highway, than in development of the limbs which will make a sturdy traveller, parents cannot guess. Rousseau declares that nothing is more difficult than to distinguish real stupidity in childhood from that *apparente et trompeuse stupidité*, which, says he, is *l'annonce des âmes fortes*. Young Cato, he reminds us, during his childhood, seemed an *imbécille* in the house. And Jean Jacques refers to a contemporary, Condillac, who passed *chez ses amis* for one of very limited capacity. "Oh, que ceux qui jugent si précipitamment les enfants sont sujets à se tromper!"

In this medley of samples and examples, types and instances, we let red spirits and white, black spirits and grey, mingle, mingle, mingle as they may. —Giraldus Cambrensis, in the history of his life, professes or confesses that in early youth, at St.

David's, he was negligent of study and over-given to sport. But he adds, that his uncle, the bishop, together with his masters, remonstrated so sharply with him on this score, that, turning over a new leaf he became as diligent as he had been lazy, and soon headed the classes of which he had hitherto been the tail.

Cortes is said to have sorely disappointed his parents by the little fondness he showed for books, when sent at fourteen to Salamanca. Edmund Waler, at the Grammar School of Market-Wickham, was dull and slow in his tasks. Dean Swift, says Goldsmith, was long considered an incorrigible dunce; and Goldy could write feelingly touching that same.

Isaac Barrow at the Charterhouse "gave but little promise of excellence," his principal delight being in fighting, and his general habits so negligent, that his father is reported to have wished, that if it pleased God to take any of his children, it might be Isaac.*

That marvellous boy, Chatterton, the sleepless soul who perished in his pride, marvellous as he was in his teens—in the sixth of which he died†—was no marvel when at the age of five years he was put to school under his father's successor, Mr. Love: here his progress was so slow, that after his master, we read, had exhausted his patience in attempting to

* After leaving the Charterhouse, Isaac went to the Grammar School at Felstead, in Essex; and here he seems to have turned over a new leaf.

† That is to say, not at the age of sixteen—for that would be but the fourth of his teens—but at that of seventeen years and nine months; well on in his eighteenth year.

teach him, he sent him back to his mother as a "dull boy, and incapable of further instruction."

Sir Joseph Banks, as a schoolboy at Harrow, was, by his tutor's account, so immoderately fond of play that there was no getting him to mind his book. Byron, again, at the same school, is said to have been much more anxious to distinguish himself by prowess in the playground than by advancement in learning. Moore says that, though quick, when he could be persuaded to attend, or had any study that pleased him, he was in general very low in the class, and seemed noway ambitious of getting higher. The highest and lowest boys were sometimes made to change places; and on such occasions the master would banter Byron, now at the top, by saying, "Now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot again." At Harrow, too, Sheridan got on no better than we have seen him do in Dublin: an impenetrable dunce, they styled him, with whom neither severity nor indulgence could avail. He could not spell when he left Harrow, and wrote "think" for "thing." Yet at eighteen he joined his friend Halhed in translating the Epistles of Aristænetus. So that he could scarcely be one of those who were in the mind's eye of Sydney Smith when he assigned "Too much Latin and Greek"—especially verse-making—as the reason why boys who make a considerable figure at school, so very often make no figure in the world;—and why other lads who are passed over without notice, turn out to be valuable important men. "The test established in the world

is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a public school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into perfect insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard, but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language."

Of another Harrow celebrity, Sir Robert Peel, Byron, his schoolfellow, seems to have given a correct account, according to Sir Lawrence: the poet nowhere speaking of Peel as a genius, though neither does he describe him as a boy of moderate capacity, made superior only by dint of fagging. A younger brother, William Yates Peel, was thought to have naturally the quicker parts. But nothing, as Sir Lawrence Peel remarks—who says of Robert that "he was no prodigy, certainly;" and that "his parts and his promise were such as many boys have and give,"—nothing is more deceptive than the early promise of a child: "A girl commonly beats all her brothers in their early lessons, and I have seen no young people so quick of apprehension as the young Hindoo, but the after-progress is not proportionate to the early excellence." Casca's "bluntness," in the sense of tardiness, dulness, heaviness,—as noted with a note of exclamation by Shakspeare's Brutus, is a common-place in its natural development:

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

When the Princess Wilhelmina says of her brother, Frederick the Great, that he was "slow"

in learning, Mr. Carlyle presumes her to mean idle, volatile, not always prompt in fixing his attention to what did not interest him.—One is reminded of George Eliot's account of Tom Tulliver—as altogether not a youth of whom you could prophesy failure in anything he had thoroughly wished: the wagers are likely to be on his side, notwithstanding his small success in the classics: "For Tom had never desired success in this field of enterprise; and, for getting a fine flourishing growth of stupidity, there is nothing like pouring out on a mind a good amount of subjects in which it feels no interest."

Of the late Mr. Angell James, so eminent among Congregationalists for his "pulpit-power," his biographer tells us, that at school he was backward in school-hours: that when, in after years, a school-fellow was told he had become an illustrious preacher, it elicited the exclamation, "What, *thick* thick-headed fool! why he was fit for nothing but fighting!"—The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone, accepted in popular literature as one of Our Indian Heroes, seems to have learnt little at school—"for he was not a studious boy, but one delighting in manly exercises, and somewhat addicted to mischief."—Dr. Chalmers was long remembered by his schoolfellows as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school; whose lessons were often only half learnt, sometimes not learnt at all.—Sir Charles Bell, at the High School of Edinburgh, bore the character of a slow coach; and he, at one time, in the words

of his French biographer, *désespérait modestement des efforts des son application*, and inclined to believe himself doomed by nature to an "industrial career" of the vulgar sort—"ne se doutant pas que même sur les bancs inférieurs de la classe l'enfant reçoit des leçons qui se développeront un peu plus tard dans son intelligence."—Of another boy at the same school, Patrick Fraser Tytler, his father, Lord Woodhouselee, used to say to those around him, "You do not understand the boy. . . . You tell me he never opens an improving book. . . . I am much mistaken if he does not read grave enough books by-and-by." Goldsmith delivers himself of a caution against deciding too hastily upon the natural capacity of children, before we have maturely considered the peculiarity of disposition and the bias by which genius may be strangely warped from the common path of education. A lad incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the least knowledge of the classics, may nevertheless make great progress in mathematics—nay, he may have a strong genius for mathematics, Goldsmith contends, without being able to comprehend a demonstration of Euclid; because his mind conceives in a particular manner, and is so intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. "We have known an instance of a boy, who, while his master complained that he had not understanding to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually in private, by the power of his genius,

formed a mathematical system of his own, discovered a series of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of surprising construction."—Hartley Coleridge, it has been said, might have been pronounced a universal genius, but for one deficiency—he never, for the life of him, could demonstrate that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. He bears witness of himself, "I was very dull at school, and hated arithmetic: I always had to count on my fingers."

There is no concealing the fact, John Howard's biographer tells us of that philanthropist as a schoolboy, that John made little progress in his studies for a very long time. "Whether this arose from dulness in the pupil, or want of skill in the master, has been much disputed"—and may be still by the disputatiously disposed in such matters.—Of Schubart (Schiller's friend—not Schubert), we read, that at school, for a while, he lay dormant: at the age of seven he could not read, and had acquired the reputation of a perfect dunce; but all at once "the rind which enclosed his spirit started asunder," and Daniel became the prodigy of the school. His after life seems to have proceeded in much the same way, as if by fits and starts.

Neither at school or college was Lord Eldon one of those demure boys who, as Mr. Hayward says, after Falstaff, never come to any proof. He was always fond of frolic, and had no particular liking for work.—Alexander Humboldt's childhood was the reverse of brilliant: a weak constitution, it appears,

prevented serious application, and even the growth of the mind seemed uncertain and slow. Dr. Channing, as a boy, though patient and diligent, was not remarkable for quickness of perception: "Indeed, like many men afterwards distinguished for intellectual power, he was thought dull;" and the story goes, that he found the Latin Grammar a *pons asinorum*, until a clerk in his father's office, taking pity on the plodding boy, said to him one evening, "Come, Bill, they say you're a fool, but I know better. Bring me your grammar, and I'll soon teach you Latin," which this friendly adjutant is accordingly said to have done. The late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton "does not appear to have made much progress in his studies" under Dr. Charles Burney at Greenwich: by his own account he was of a daring, violent, domineering temper—of which, however, his mother always augured the best. Horace Twiss used to do his Latin lessons for him; and he, "Elephant Buxton," as the big, kindly fellow was called at school, did what fighting might be wanting for Horace Twiss.

Indolent and rebellious—this is the character Balzac bore at school, and bore away with him from school. Remembering how Balzac worked between 1821 and 1850, one is at a loss to think of indolence and him together.

Theodore Hook, as a schoolboy of nine or ten, at Mr. Allen's "academy," was a "dull little boy, affording no promise of future distinction." At another school, as a bigger boy, he *did* distinguish himself,

by regularly playing truant, and devising plausible excuses to satisfy his master. Nor did he, so far as we can learn, when "subjected to the stricter discipline of a public school, and pitted against the young *athletes* of the land, apply himself to study with much increase of diligence, or even exhibit any great compensating capacity for acquiring learning without the usual exertion."

Ebenezer Elliott was regarded as a dull child: at school he could never master his grammar, or scale the low heights of vulgar fractions; he "seemed to be a confirmed dunce, and eventually, out of sheer hopelessness, was sent by his father to work in the foundry," where himself, the ultra-Calvinistic Berean, was clerk.

John Constable, R.A., though regarded by his master (at the Dedham Grammar School) as a boy of genius, showed excellence in penmanship only, with a pronounced fondness for painting. Long pauses, it is said, would often occur during his lessons, which his master would be the first to break, by saying, "Go on; I am not asleep. Oh! now I see, you are in your painting-room!"

Mr. de Quincey tells us of his sometime associate and friend, the celebrated Peripatetic, John Stewart, commonly called "Walking Stewart," that at school—as he would often himself relate with high glee, and even with something of gratified vanity in the avowal—no boy except himself was considered an invincible dunce, or what is sometimes called a Bergen-op-Zoom; that is, a head impregnable to all

teachings and all impressions that could be conveyed through books. "Like many a boy before him, he obtained the reputation of a dunce, merely because his powers were never called into action, or tried among tasks in which he took any genial delight." Yet this same scoffing-stock of the school, when summoned away to the tasks of life, dealing with subjects that interested his feelings, and moving in an element for which his natural powers had qualified him, displayed the energetic originality of genius.

Archbishop Whately illustrates the same thing by a number of examples, in his annotations on one of Bacon's essays. For instance, he cites the case of a literary man's son who had a perfect hatred of literature, was a mere dunce at his book, and was, to all appearance, turning out a "ne'er-do-weel." As a last resource, he was sent out to a new colony. "There he was in his element; for, when at school, though dull at learning, and soon forgetting what he had read, he never saw a horse or carriage once that he did not always recognise; and he readily understood all that belonged to each. In the colony he became one of the most thriving settlers; skilful in making roads, erecting mills, draining, cattle-breeding, &c." As we, in the words of Mr. Lewes, call both the child "clever" who learns his lessons rapidly, and the child "clever" who shows wit, sagacity, and invention, this ambiguity of phrase has led to surprise, when the child, who was "so clever" at school, turns out a mediocre man; or, inversely,

when the child, who was a "dunce" at school, turns out a genius in art.

Well and wisely writes old Roger Ascham, of schoolboys and the way to treat them in school, that if one by quickness of wit take his lesson readily, another by hardness of wit taketh it not so speedily, and the first is always commended, the second commonly punished, whereas a wise schoolmaster should rather consider discreetly the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For of this Roger Ascham is thoroughly convinced, not only by reading of books in his study, but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that "those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, the best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep. Some are more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far, even like unto over sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned." It has been suggestively remarked, however, on the general subject of youthful promise, that one great secret of the exaggerated notions entertained about promising youths is the confusion of conduct with capacity, of goodness with power—the grounds on which a lad earns a reputation for promise being, in an ordinary way, exclusively moral grounds; industry, perseverance, docility, good manners; the always knowing his lessons, and never being insolent or quarrelsome. People are accord-

ingly said to form their judgments of a man's future from one or two moral qualities, which in truth have much less to do with the kind of future they are thinking about than the intellectual qualities which they have scarcely any trustworthy means of measuring. "We nearly always find in the biographies of distinguished men, that at school or college they gave no remarkable sign of their future power; and even where this is not the case, the predictions of greatness may commonly be traced to a time after the greatness had been achieved." The child may, it is owned, be father of the man, in a certain sense—nor will anybody of judgment deny that we are born with peculiar temperaments and our own individual predispositions. But, character being the compound product of predispositions and experience, "you cannot predict anything of the product until you know something of the second of these factors." Hence the impossibility of being quite sure how a boy or a young man will turn out after he has stepped into the world beyond the class-room.

"Some whom, on account of their schoolroom virtues, their friends insisted on raising aloft on pedestals, no sooner get fairly out into the big world than they seem to be scared by the size of things, and to be utterly lacking in that intrepidity of the intellect which is so needful for great successes." Others, again, it is added, whose intellectual energies have hitherto passed for second-rate, and of whom nobody entertained very sanguine hopes, have their imagination excited, their faculties braced,

all their powers stimulated, by the novelty and bustle, and Brobdingnagian dimensions of the new scene to which they are introduced. If not the same essayist, another of the same school, dilates on the comparative non-success in after-life of the pattern boy who always obeys his masters when at school, and his aunts when at home for the holidays, and is altogether pronounced a paragon of a school-boy,—who, nevertheless, is doomed so often to see the scapegrace gain the front and keep it, when both are fairly started on the race of life. For a long time the paragon may go on comforting himself with the reflection that the success of his aggravating contemporary is an accident and a mistake; but as years wear on, it becomes more and more difficult to keep up this innocent little piece of self-delusion. “A cold perspiration breaks out on the paragon’s forehead one fine morning, when the newspaper informs him at breakfast-time that the wicked scapegrace has attained celebrity and greatness.” Mrs. Gore’s Marquis, who owns to having been a monstrous stupid dog at Eton, and to have studied nothing at Cambridge but smoking and snipe-shooting, comforts himself with the conviction that your precocious heroes often fail in the proof; and “a young Roscius sometimes dwindles into a scene-shifter.” Mr. Caxton perplexes his wife and Mr. Squills by complacently asserting his little boy, Pisistratus, to be now, at eight years old, as great a blockhead as most boys of his age are: what else did he go to school for? Infant prodigies are Mr.

Caxton's abhorrence. "These *thaumata*, or wonders, last till when, Mr. Squills?" The richer a nature, says Mr. Carlyle, by way of moral to a fable of his composing, the harder and slower its development. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar school: John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time, John became Bailie John of Hunter-square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe." The quickest and completest of all vegetables, Mr. Carlyle pithily adds, is the cabbage.

Mr. Thackeray illustrates in the boyhood of John James Ridley the seeming dunce who will turn out a genius. "At school he made but little progress," and his own father "thought him little better than an idiot," though shrewder Miss Cann prophesies the world will hear of that boy, who has got more wit in his little finger than Ridley senior in all his big person. "That boy half-witted! . . . I tell you that boy is a genius. I tell you that one day the world will hear of him." As it has done. In another and lighter work Mr. Thackeray declares himself—at least, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh does—to have always had a regard for dunces. Those of his own school-days, he bears record, were amongst the pleasantest of the fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, "is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew."

TOUCHSTONE'S VERY OWN.

A Cue from Shakspeare.

THERE is an expressive phrase in use with children, when, flushed with an exultant sense of exclusive ownership, they call a thing their "very own." It rejoices them to be consciously, and confessedly, absolute proprietors. Their personality is real property. The object in possession may be a mere trifle; a bit of cast-off finery, or a broken toy; but in the fact that it has been made over to them, conveyed to them, authoritatively recognised as theirs, and henceforth to be unconditionally theirs by fee simple—consists a feeling of complacent pride, combined with a growing fondness for this their very own—their own particular.

Identical with this cherished sense of proprietorship is Touchstone's self-assertion as lord and master of Audrey. That most courtly of Shakspearean jesters is half ashamed of himself, perhaps, in having taken to wife so uncouth a rustic. She is hardly presentable to the dukes and nobles with whom he associates. He feels this when introducing her to them, and deprecates adverse criticism on their part,

while privately nudging and whispering the ungainly damsel to "bear her body more seeming," and not look so consummate a boor. Still, there is gratification in his regarding her as his very own. No court beauty, granted; not one of the three Graces, or of the nine Muses. Audrey is a female oaf, lout, clodhopper, of the roughest grain. But for all that, Touchstone has made her his own, and evinces a proper partiality accordingly.

So, to the Duke and his companions in the Forest of Arden, Touchstone's introduction of Audrey is: "A poor virgin, Sir, an ill-favoured thing, Sir, but mine own."

Sua regina regi placet, Juno Jovi, says Plautus. And if Jupiter is pleased with Juno because she is his own, *sua*,—so is Jack with Jill, John Thomas with Sarah Anne, Touchstone with Audrey. An ill-favoured thing, may be; and that's a pity; but still, his own. *Meus mihi suus cuique est carus*, says Plautus, in another place.

Touchstone's phrase was a favourite quotation with Sir Walter Scott, as readers of his Life may have noticed. Leslie the painter supplies a corroborative example, in his delightful autobiography. Scott wished that for a background to the portrait Leslie was taking of him, Thomas the Rhymer's Glen, one of his favourite haunts, should be introduced; and he took the artist accordingly to see the spot. "The glen was beautiful," writes the latter; "and as he rested himself in his favourite seat near a little succession of waterfalls, he said, with a

strong emphasis of satisfaction on the two last words, 'a poor thing, but *mine own*.' " The phrase appears to have been in use too with the author of "The Rent Day" and "Black-eyed Susan,"—who of domestic drama was wont to say, "A poor thing—but mine own."

The pride of Mrs. Stowe's Tiff in a singularly composite waggon, of his own construction, is typical enough: the body consisting of a long packing-box—the wheels all odd ones—the shafts hickory poles—the harness, of old ropes—the horse, a gaunt and one-eyed "object." But no millionaire, we are assured, ever enjoyed his luxuriously-cushioned coach with half the relish of Tiff's exultation in his home-made equipage. "It was the work of his hands, the darling of his heart, the delight of his eyes. To be sure, like other mortal darlings, it was to be admitted that it had its weak points and failings" (for instance, the wheels would now and then come off, the shafts get loose, or the harness break;)—but so had Audrey: a poor virgin, sir; an ill-favoured thing, sir; but—and there may be much virtue in a but, as well as many disappointments—but, Touchstone's own. Tiff's partiality is only a parallel passage to the poet's couplet about

—one whose story serves at least to show
Men loved their own productions long ago.

Not that they always adopt Touchstone's modest tone of deprecation. Some people's geese are all swans, and they will allow of no trace of a Michael-

mas fowl about their peerless bipeds. It is one of the truisms so fluently enunciated and so copiously illustrated by A. K. H. B., that most human beings fancy themselves, and all their belongings, to be quite different from all other beings, and the belongings of all other beings. "I heard an old lady, whose son is a rifleman, and just like all the other volunteers of his corps, lately declare that on the occasion of a certain grand Review, her Tom looked so entirely different from all the rest. No doubt he did to her, poor old lady, for he was her own."*

Even Scott's Antiquary—caustic, sarcastic, satirical Monkbarns—though shrewd and acute enough in estimating the variety of plans formed by others, has a very natural, though rather disproportioned, good opinion of the importance of those which originate with himself: hence the fond stress he lays on the completion, by his young friend Lovel, of an epic to be called "Caledonia"—the suggestion merely of the name and subject being due to himself; but that suffices to enlist his paternal pride in its completion: a poor thing, perchance, when (by Lovel) completed,—but, as regards the original idea and planning of it, Mr. Oldbuck's very own.

The author of "Adam Bede" makes the Miller on the Floss ask an opinion of his friend Mr. Riley, as

* "But the irritating thing was that the old lady wished it to be admitted that Tom's superiority was an actual fact, equally patent to the eyes of all mankind."—*Leisure Hours in Town: Concerning Things Slowly Learnt.*

to the best schoolmaster to send his boy to; and though Mr. Riley has in reality no opinion to give on such a subject, yet he takes upon him to recommend a certain Mr. Stelling—and having recommended him, takes great pride and interest in the nomination. The philosophy of all this is sagaciously expounded by the novelist: Riley's friend Tulliver had asked him for an opinion; it is always chilling in friendly intercourse to say you have no opinion to give: and if you deliver an opinion at all, it is mere stupidity not to do it with an air of conviction and well-founded knowledge. "You make it your own in uttering it, and naturally get fond of it. Thus, Mr. Riley . . . had no sooner recommended Stelling than he began to think with admiration of a man recommended on such high authority, and would soon have gathered so warm an interest on the subject, that if Mr. Tulliver had in the end declined to send Tom to Stelling, Mr. Riley would have thought him a thoroughly pig-headed fellow.

Lord Cockburn, in his life of Jeffrey, comments on the "ludicrous and miserable weakness" proceeding generally he considers from "professional selfishness," which drives some counsel to identify themselves with every client, and to fancy that truth and justice are always on their side.* The cause may

* Of one distinguished advocate Lord Cockburn says: "Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk."—*Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. i. p. 202: ii. p. 240.

be in itself a poor one ; but to them it becomes all-important from the moment they have professionally made it their own.

When a so-called "highly scientific" gentleman came to the conclusion, so far in favour of Spiritualism, that there is a mysterious power running through and affecting all nature, and productive of spirit-rapping phenomena,—he called this occult force Mary Jane, out of compliment, as supposed, to some dear female friend, and in so doing claimed it as in some sort a discovery and property of his own. One of the reviews that quizzed this gentleman's eureka and nomenclature, remarked, justly enough, that the appellation of Mary Jane not only showed a very slight respect for the Spirit of the Universe, but also showed that the philosopher thought he might fairly appropriate to himself, and mark with the stamp of household property, a great power in nature which he himself had, or thought he had, discovered. And the reviewer added, that this turn for going a little way into deep things and then coming to some little conclusion which pleases and attracts because it seems personal to its framer, is one that prevails widely in the British isles. "In religion, in politics, in political economy, there is an endless crop of people who go just far enough into the subject to have an opinion which they themselves have formed, and who then give it out to the world as peculiarly theirs, and find unfailing happiness in doing this to the end of their days. They are practically indifferent to its relation to other

opinions, and are not anxious to see whether it has not long ago been anticipated and rejected. It is theirs, and so they love it and stick to it."

Hazlitt, in one of his innumerable essays, in which he seldom failed to have a fling at Coleridge and others of his old associates, whenever an opportunity occurred,—tells of a "long tirade" uttered by S. T. C., soon after his return from Italy, about the amazement of the Italians at the gullibility of the English nation in admiring Master Betty, and for one moment supposing that a boy could act the characters of men without any of their knowledge, their experience, or their passions. Some of the company to whom *de monologue* of De Staël thus discoursed, made some faint resistance, but in vain. Anon, however, Coleridge changed the subject, and began what Hazlitt calls a "laboured eulogy" on some promising youth, the son of an English artist, whom he had met in Italy, and who had wandered all over the Campagna with him;—this boy's talents, he assured the company, were the admiration of all Rome, and his early designs had almost all the grace and purity of Raphael's. At last some one interrupted the panegyric, by saying a little impatiently, "Why, just now you would not let us believe our own eyes and ears about young Betty, because you have a theory against premature talents; and now you start a boy phenomenon, that nobody knows anything about but yourself—a young artist that, you tell us, is to rival Raphael!" This brusque objector must surely, from the manner of him, have been Hazlitt himself; who,

at any rate, goes on to observe, that the truth is, we like to have something to admire ourselves, as well as to make other people gape and stare at; but then it must be a discovery of our own, an idol of our own making and setting up;—if others stumble on the discovery before us,—why, then it is a *very* poor thing, being not our own.

In this respect, as in so many others, men are but children of a larger growth. Let Dr. Wolcott illustrate the remark with which this paper commenced :

Thus have I seen a child with smiling face
A little daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its favourite flower ;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,
And pay a visit to it every hour.

* * * *

Then, staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting ;
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all itself.

Quite in his own style was Benvenuto Cellini's address to certain visitors to his studies—including a cardinal, and more than one potent signor: "Gentlemen," the superb Florentine says that he said, "do but consider of what importance the sons of kings and emperors are, and what a wonderful splendour and emanation of the Godhead is conspicuous in them; yet ask but a poor humble shepherd which he has the greatest love and affection for, these children of emperors and kings or his

own; he will, doubtless, answer you that he loves his own offspring best: in like manner, I have a strong paternal affection for the child of my own begetting; so that the first model I intend to show you, most revered patron, shall be my own work and invention."

Take a very ordinary bunch of grapes, as an Essayist on the sweetening of our sour ones has remarked,—take even a bunch of grapes which appears sour on a cursory glance: look at it carefully for a good while, with the sense that it is your own; and it will sweeten before your eyes. "You pass a seedy little country-house, looking like a fourth-rate farmhouse: you think and possibly say (if the man who lives in it be a friend of your own) that it is a wretched hole. The man who lives in it has very likely persuaded himself that it is a very handsome and attractive place." It comes of a kindly dispensation that, after this sort, a sensible man's own grapes appear sweet to him, though sour to everybody else; and to nobody sourer than to himself before they became his own. Dr. Holmes's Professor professes to hold any man cheap of whom nothing stronger can be said than that all his geese are swans. For his part, Nature has so far enriched him, that he cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg.

Colonel Whyte Melville has a theory of his own whereby to explain the philosophy of Beauty and the Beast. Beauty and the Beast is so every-day an

occurrence, he declares, that he can scarce believe the story to be a fable. "You go to the altar unhesitatingly," he tells mesdames, "with some monster whom his fellow-men cannot look upon without loathing. You not only marry him, I could forgive you that, but you love, and coax, and prize the wretch, and make him happy ever afterwards. I sometimes think this strange predilection originates in the instinctive jealousy and *love of appropriation* so remarkable in the sex." In other words, Beauty thinks nobody else will care to interfere with Bruin, and it is pleasant to have even a beast all to herself. A brute merely ; a poor beast of a fellow ; but her very, very own.

Much the same kind of philosophy may be said to underlie Burns's amatory stanza :

She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I loe the dear lassie because she loes me.

And the charm of being one's very own is indirectly asserted in the avowal of pain caused by doubt on that question, where in one of the prettiest of his love-songs, words and music both, the peasant-poet says,

Wistfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine ;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

The popular author of "John Halifax, Gentle-

man," makes Ninian Græme very proud of his fair little ward, Hope Ansted—albeit himself "the humblest man alive." It was so pleasant, we read, to see this young mind and simple heart expand like a flower, and to know that his patient influence had effected all. "No wonder I like the child," he said to himself. "She is to me as the plants which I rear in my garden. That poor rose-tree, for instance, which I found growing so wild and unsightly, and grafted it, and made it the best rose on the lawn—I like it best of all. It is my Hope Ansted." The pleased sense of garden proprietorship is one of the common-places of human life, from infancy onwards; Mrs. Southey (Caroline Bowles) is one of its familiar expositors:

Full oft I pause with reminiscent eye
 Upon the little spot of border-ground
 Once called '*my garden*.' Proud accession that
 To territorial right and power supreme!
 To *right possessive*, the exclusive *mine*
 So soon asserted, e'en by infant tongue.

(The lady-like italics are all the lady's own.)

At the age of childhood, as a masterly essayist has observed, the sense of possession is so sweet, and yet so short-lived, that it finds ample indulgence in the mere act of purchase and temporary holding in charge—that act of holding in the hand, and being able to say *mine*, for ever so short a space, by which alone the sense of possession can be tested in its full perfection. "What, in fact, is a landed estate to a man of middle age, or a few thousands in the

Three per Cents., or even a balance at his banker's, haunted as all are by liabilities, compared with the actual sensible touch and clasp by two infant hands of a thing just chosen and paid for with one's own pocket-money?"

Again, in an essay on Cheerfulness,—a disposition which, when real and lasting, throws its own hue upon things, though seeing them in exact shape and proportion,—the writer observes that one of its secrets is to esteem everything the better for the fact of possession. "All the cheerful people we know think the better of a thing for being their own; disparagement is altogether alien to this temper, unless of things obviously beyond reach."

Again, in an essay on Our Household Goods, discussing the æsthetic uses of furniture even in the homeliest room, the writer observes by the way, that, happily, the feeling of ownership is strongest under the immediate survey of the senses, and that the things always under the eye, always within the grasp, always subject to treatment, are property in a stricter meaning than can attach to any one of a rich man's countless possessions. We are rightly said to respect the imagination which can invest movables with life, and can establish an actual community of mind with inanimate things: "the appraiser's valuation has nothing to do with the worth of a poor woman's well-kept knick-nacks: they constitute to the owner and part creator of them a right to feel herself somebody; and to her they are, to all intents and purposes, wealth."

Adam Smith's denunciation of the "masters of mankind," who, for a pair of diamond buckles, perhaps, or for something as frivolous and as useless, exchanged the maintenance, or, what is the same thing, the price of the maintenance of a thousand men for a year, and with it the whole weight and authority which it could give them—incidentally illustrates an unamiable phase of the same feeling. "The buckles were to be all their own. . . . This difference was perfectly decisive."

Charles Lamb was right when he said that one cannot make a pet of a book that everybody reads. But, as Hartley Coleridge works out the proposition, a book that nobody has read but one's self, and perhaps half a dozen of one's particular friends, becomes part of one's personalty—"bone of my bone." Sir William Jones, accordingly, "equalled Ferdusi to Homer, and thought the *Sacotala* worthy of Euripides, Racine, or Shakspeare. Probably Dr. Bowring thinks the Russian anthology superior to the Greek."

It is characteristic of Lewis the Eleventh, in relation to his favourite agents and officers of state, that he liked those only whom he had himself created, and who but for him were nothing. "To please him," writes the most picturesque if also the most eccentric of French historians, "it behoved to be nothing; that out of this nothing he might make a man, a thing of his own."

The sense of ownership—to quote an aphorism by Mr. Helps—is so delightful, that men become proud

of their foibles and vices; and, sometimes, even of their personal defects.

Touchstone's philosophy in the matter of Audrey is common to all nations, however polyglot versions of its import might vary *inter se*.—The Doctor's wife, in Miss Braddon's story of that ilk, sets to work copying the super-sublime verses of Roland Landsell, and translates them into bad French. They were very difficult, we are told: "how was she to render even such a simple sentence as 'My own Clotilde?' She tried such locutions as '*Ma propre Clotilde*,' '*Ma Clotilde particulière*;' but she doubted if they were quite academically correct." Either phrase might have better expressed, perhaps, the private proprietorship on which Touchstone plumed himself, than the idiomatic sentimentalism of Clotilde's claimant.

A shrewd inquirer into the philosophy of Touchstone's text, observes, by the way, that a just perception of faults and blemishes hidden from their possessors is the cause of a good deal of the inconstancy that gets called the hardest names: true constancy can see and yet be faithful, but often at an unknown expense. "We should augur ill for Touchstone's constancy, even if he himself had betrayed no suspicions, because he saw Audrey exactly as she was—'A poor thing, but my own.' He had the sense of possession, but he regarded her with too critical an eye, or rather, which is more fatal still, with the eye of the critic to whom he introduced her." But this is perhaps a subtlety tending

to digression: to return to illustrations of a plain-sailing sort.

When Mr. Hawthorne visited the Earl of Leicester's Hospital, at Warwick, and interested himself so benignly in the ways and means of its old and liveried Twelve Brethren, a sense of *their* sense of dependence marred his enjoyment of the survey; and it was a relief to him, in this respect, to enter the vegetable garden, with its twelve small, separate patches allotted to "the individual brethren, who cultivate them at their own judgment and by their own labour; and their own beans and cauliflowers," he remarks, "have a better flavour, I doubt not, than if they had received them directly from the dead hand of the Earl of Leicester, like the rest of their food." Each several stalk of greenstuff might in itself be a poor thing, but it was the poor Brother's own.

Dr. Bucknill, of the Devon Lunatic Asylum, in advocating the system of placing the patients in detached buildings, observes of the so-called cottages attached to that institution: "These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is much coveted." A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, adopting the same view, and therefore condemning the Colney Hatch system, urges the infinite superiority for the lunatics of the smallest cottage to the formal monotony of cheerless wards; and incidentally remarks how far greater an interest a patient would undoubtedly feel in peeling his own potatoes for th e

that what is one's own has an attraction for one's self far beyond that possessed by much finer things which belong to another. "A man with one little country abode, may have more real delight in it, than a duke has in his wide demesnes. Indeed, I heartily pity a duke with half a score of noble houses. He can never have a *home feeling* in any one of them." Elsewhere again, the same discourser, but "concerning" another topic, asks if it can be supposed that a rich man, sitting in his sumptuous library, all oak and morocco, glittering backs of splendid volumes, lounges and sofas of every degree, all which he has "merely paid for," has half the enjoyment that Robinson Crusoe had when he looked round his cave with its rude shelves and bulkheads, its clumsy arm-chair and its rough pottery, all contrived and made by his own hands? "Now the poor cottager has a good deal of the Robinson Crusoe enjoyment; something of the pleasure which Sandford and Merton felt when they had built and thatched their house, and then sat within it, gravely proud and happy, while the pelting shower came down but could not reach them."

Adam Smith's incidental plea for peasant proprietors has been supported, and enlarged upon, by political economists, not a few, continental and English,—most especially, and most elaborately, perhaps, by Mr. John Stuart Mill. Sismondi maintains the peasant proprietor to be of all cultivators the one who gets most from the soil, and of all cultivators the happiest. Mr. Howitt, describing the

rudeness of the implements in use with the Rhenish peasantry, and the inferiority of their ploughing, yet shows that under the "invigorating influence of the feelings of proprietorship, they make up for the imperfections of their apparatus by the intensity of their application." They labour hard, he says, early and late, because they feel that they are labouring for themselves. "The English peasant is so cut off from the idea of property, that he comes habitually to look upon it as a thing from which he is warned off by the laws of the large proprietors, and becomes, in consequence, spiritless, purposeless." Arthur Young, who was a staunch opposer of the policy favoured by these citations, freely testified, nevertheless, to the impulse given to agricultural labour abroad by a sense of proprietorship. His are the italics in the extracts that follow: "Such a knot of active husbandmen . . . turn their rocks into scenes of fertility, because I suppose *their own*." "The magic of *property* turns sand to gold." (This refers to some poor cottage property on the Dunes, near Dunkirk,—with garden ground of "most wretched blowing *dune* sand, naturally as white as snow, but improved by industry.") Of another district he reports: "An activity has been here, that has swept away all difficulties before it, and has clothed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a disgrace to common sense to ask the cause; the enjoyment of property must have done it." The metayer, Sismondi writes, lives on his metairie as his inheritance, loving it with affection, labouring incessantly to im-

prove it,—knowing it in its details with a minuteness which the feeling of property can alone give. It is, in the Laureate's phrase, his proper patch—proper, in the grammatical and the legal sense ; and even so ill-favoured a thing as Audrey could become dear to court-bred Touchstone, as being his very own.

Happy they that can create a rose-tree or erect a honeysuckle—that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water : so exclaims Gray the poet, in a letter from London, and adds : “ It is with a sentiment of envy I speak of it, who shall never have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent Garden.” Wordsworth glorifies in verse the humble cottage whither he brought his bride, in its little nook of mountain-ground ; bidding it a temporary (*au revoir*) farewell, in eight graceful stanzas, when he went to bring her to it as her future home.

We go for one to whom ye will be dear ;
And she will prize this bower, this Indian shed,
Our own contrivance, building without peer !

The poet's complacency differed in degree, but not in kind, from that of Lorenzo de' Medici, when he gave as a reason for preferring one of his seats above all the others, that all the ground within view of it was his own.

Few who have passed the same age without a “settlement,” but will sympathise with Gibbon's

repeated avowal, in his personal memoirs, that on finding himself thirty and upwards, he began to feel the desire of having a house of his own. In a letter from his place in Lausanne, in 1789, he writes to the most intimate of his correspondents: "I feel (perhaps it is foolish), but I feel that this little paradise will please me still more when it is absolutely my own." Years before, he had exulted, in a letter to the same correspondent's lady-wife, in having got from a country visit back to Bentinck-street, "and am now comfortably seated in my library, in *my own* easy chair, and before *my own* fire; a style which you understand, though it is unintelligible to your lord." "For my own part," he writes again, a year or two later, after another visiting experience, "my late journey has only confirmed me in the opinion, that number seven in Bentinck-street is the best house in the world." Between being a guest in the palace and master in one's own modest home, there is a distinction with a difference—all in favour of the latter. The rustic baron in Herr Freytag's *chef-d'œuvre* sometimes half compassionates the baroness his wife on being reduced, by her marriage to him, from the splendour of courts to the dull vacuity of a country life. But like a sensible woman the baroness replies, with a smile, "There I was a servant, here I am mistress: except my toilet I had nothing that I could call my own. . . Here our furniture is not of rich silk, and there are no malachite tables in our drawing-room, but what the house does contain is mine [and here she

puts her arms round the baron's neck]; you are mine, the children, the castle, and the silver candlesticks [which are only plated, the baron reminds her], all are mine." We love the scenes and people about us, it has been observed, as we love our children, not because they are better or prettier than other places or other children, but because the good and beauty in them have spoken to us, are incorporated with our nature till we are blended in an absolute union.

It was one of many drawbacks in Plato's Republic that the soldier part of the community were allowed no property; not a fragment; even their arms were to be the property of the state; "not a chattel, article of furniture, or personal ornament, but would have a public stamp, as it were, upon it, making it felony to sell, or give, or exchange it." And what though this honoured class were privileged to have many wives (in common), while none of their fellow-citizens might, could, or should have more than one? As an English critic of the Ideal Republic exclaims: "How gladly would the majority, after two years' experience of the dissolute barrack, accept in exchange the quiet privacy of the artizan's cottage!" A poor thing that, probably; possibly a very poor thing: but it, and the wife inside of it, the individual man's very own.

Washington Irving, advising a friend who enjoyed the sea-coast of Long Island, as an invalid visitor—in lodgings—to set up a retreat there, makes the remark: "I can say from experience, that a man

has tenfold more enjoyment from any rural retreat that belongs to himself, than from any that he hires as a temporary sojourn." "I like a home, if it is only a garret," Etty the painter was ever wont to say. It was a grand day for him when he became bonâ fide possessor of a house in York, on payment of some eleven hundred pounds. Proud to command such a sum, and to possess a "house of his own," he never regretted the bargain. Fond as a child, says Mr. Gilchrist, "of his new possession, he was more constant to his liking. The more he sees of his mansion,—'open, quiet, with a pleasant bit of garden,' &c., the 'more he likes it.'" Tastes and temperaments vary, however; and some prefer—at least practically, whatever they may say about it—to have no certain dwelling-place they can call their own, but to shift to and fro, and in policeman's dialect, keep moving. Gay the poet writes to Swift: "You have often told me there is a time of life that every one wishes for some settlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot." Poor John Gay was at once a movable and a fixture of the Queensberrys. Swift wrote back to him, some four months later: "You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and garden. The want of this I much dread for you." But the Queensberry pet knew no such dread, and died without ever having really known

it.—A man of sufficiently contrasted character to his, in every respect, the thoroughly domesticated, independent, and respectable Frederick Perthes, could never be persuaded, in his declining years, to buy a house in his beloved Friedrichoda. "I have never," said he, "had any other landed property than my travelling carriage and my corner in the churchyard; and just before the order comes to march, I do not want to bind myself to any earthly spot." It was as though, like Archbishop Leighton, he would fain die at an inn—and at one the archbishop did die—consistently to the last (and especially at the last) a stranger and pilgrim on the earth. Or as though, in an applied sense, he would be as one of the first Christians, of whom neither said any one that ought of the things which he possessed was *his own*.

LOVE-LOSS AND LOVELESS.

To the Laureate in the hour of anguish and bereavement,

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
He felt it when he sorrow'd most,
'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST,
THAN NEVER TO HAVE LOVED AT ALL.

For, to apply a meditation of Wordsworth's:

Then was the truth received into his heart,
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If under the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honour which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given, or old restored,
The blame is ours, not Nature's.

Tenderly, after his wont, the Archbishop of Cambray says: "Il en coûte beaucoup d'être sensible à l'amitié; mais ceux qui ont cette sensibilité *aiment mieux souffrir que d'être insensibles.*"

After spending the third of a year at Montpellier, Miss Berry records in her Journal her leaving that place without the slightest feeling of the regret one

generally experiences on quitting a spot where one has stayed four months, and which one sees, perhaps, for the last time. That is the "advantage," she infers, of not having formed friendships, and having scarcely seen any one person that she could regard with less indifference than another. "But these are advantages," she goes on to say, "of which I am hardly ambitious, and I would rather a thousand times be enduring at this moment all that depression, sadness, and regret which one suffers in parting from dear friends, than this present state of cheerless indifference and cold tranquillity." The love-crossed old spinster lady in Mr. Peacock's last fiction, by no means resents a heedless reminder of sorrows past: the day-dreams of youth, however fallacious, are to her as to others a composite of pain and pleasure: for the sake of the latter the former is endured, nay, even cherished in memory. "I find a charm," she declares, "in the recollection far preferable to

The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead,

which weighs on the minds of those who have never loved, or never earnestly." Justly admired as a charming passage in one of Lady Rachael Russell's letters is the following: "My friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says, 'tis (with singing) all we know they do above!" Who would live and not love? she

asks. Yet some there have been who conducted their life methodically on that system. Fontenelle avowed that he had never once loved in earnest nor wished to be loved; and with this cold constitution of his he coddled himself up to the age of one hundred years. "How I pity you," Mme. de Tencin once said to him: "that's not a heart you have inside your chest there; it's a brain, just as in the head." But men *with* a heart have professed a preference of tranquil apathy to the risk of great sorrow at a great loss. Ben Jonson's Lovel comes for his part to this conclusion, on the subject of short-lived joy:

Better be never happy, than to feel
A little of it, and then lose it ever.

That is a string upon which Rousseau's Saint-Preux harps, with nervous, resonant touch: "il valait mieux ne jamais goûter la félicité, que la goûter et la perdre." And yet he deceives himself, belies his better nature, in so saying, and afterwards owns the error: "J'aime mieux . . . les regrets qui déchirent mon âme, que d'être à jamais heureux sans ma Julie." But his first thought is at any rate the first thought of many a sufferer. Lessing lost his wife after a brief twelvemonth's union; and in the bitterness of bereavement he wrote to a friend. "How do I curse the hour when I sought to be happy like other men! How often do I wish I could return to my former isolated condition, and be content to be nothing, do nothing, desire nothing but what the

moment commands." Some such thought, in the guise of a shuddering apprehension, must have been passing through, if not abiding in, Wordsworth's mind, when in one of his best Poems founded on the Affections, he utters the deprecation,

Ah, gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

Who has not thought for a moment, sometimes,—Mr. Dickens asks, in describing Arthur Clennam gazing on the serene river from his open window—that it might be better to flow away monotonously, like the river, and to compound for its insensibility to happiness with its insensibility to pain?

Swift tells Dr. Stopford he thinks there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable. To another correspondent the Dean had written in nearly the same words, five days before: "I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable." To Pope, again, he writes in after years: "I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend." Two years after which, we find Pope writing to Swift, in mournful anticipation of his mother's approaching

end—"so painful is it even to enjoy the tender pleasures"—that formerly he had made strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend; but "perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on." The Countess of Kerry, another of Swift's correspondents, informs him of her system of life as now for a good while past consisting in "a state of indolence and indifference; and, if I could avoid the pains of body and mind, not to seek further after those points in life I so long and vainly pursued." So, in effect, the complaining daughter in Shakspeare's stanzas:

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power;
I might as yet have been a spreading-flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

Madame de Charrière was almost a child when she wrote to her brother—who died very soon afterwards—these *réflexions attristées et bien mûres*: "L'on vante souvent les avantages de l'amitié, mais quelquefois je doute s'ils sont plus grands que les inconvénients. Quand on a des amis, les uns meurent, les autres souffrent; . . . leur perte nous accable, leur infidélité nous fait un tort réel, et les bonheurs ne sont point comme les malheurs; il y en a peu d'imprévus. L'on n'y est pas si sensible. La bonne santé d'un ami ne nous réjouit point tant que ses maladies nous inquiètent. . . . Je crois qu'il

serait heureux d'aimer tout le monde comme notre prochain, et de n'avoir aucun attachement particulier; mais je doute fort que cela fût possible. Dieu a mis dans notre cœur un penchant naturel à l'amitié qu'il nous serait, je crois, difficile ou même impossible de vaincre." Lord Lytton makes his ideal Aram discuss with a noble lord the advantages of cultivating a passionless intellect, to the exclusion of love. Surely, he submits, the affections give us pain as well as pleasure? To himself, one knowledge alone seems sufficient to embitter all the enjoyments of love—the knowledge that the object beloved must die. "What a perpetuity of fear that knowledge creates!" Again: "If we love, we place our happiness in others. The moment we place our happiness in others, comes uncertainty: but uncertainty is the bane of happiness. Children are the source of anxiety to their parents;* his mistress, to the lover. Change, accident, death, all menace us in each person whom we regard. Every new affection opens new channels by which grief can invade us; but, you will say, by which joy also can flow in:—

* So in a fragment of Mr. Procter's:

"Sigh not for children. Thou wilt love them much;
And Care will follow Love, and then Despair.
First, one will sicken; then, another leave thee
For the base world; and he thou lovest the most—
The light o' thy life, girl, will go out at last,
Like fading starlight; leaving thee, alone,
To sordid thoughts and childless misery."

BARRY CORNWALL: *Dramatic Fragments.*

granted. But in human life is there not more grief than joy?" With which note of interrogation we may sum up the scholar's argument in favour of a loveless life, as happier than a life of love with love losses thereto attached. One is put in mind of two pregnant lines in Byron's Scripture-mystery:

Lucifer. I pity thee, who lovest what must perish.

Cain. And I thee, who lovest nothing.

When Gyda, in Professor Kingsley's historical romance, laments the loss of husband, sons, wealth, land, renown, power,—and declares it to be better to rot in the convent than writhe in the world, better never to have had, than to have had and lost,—“Amen!” says Gunhilda: “‘blessed are the barren, and they that never gave suck,’ saith the Lord.” But Torfrida is prompt with an earnest negative to all this. “No. Not so,” cried Torfrida. “Better, Countess, to have had and lost, than never to have had at all. The glutton was right, swine as he was, when he said that not even heaven could take from him the dinners he had eaten. How much more we, if we say, not even heaven can take from us the love wherewith we have loved. Will not our souls be richer thereby, through all eternity?” Southey has some stanzas on the futility of warning against setting the heart too fondly upon perishable things—a theme on which the preacher spends his art in vain, and in vain the poet sings. For

It is our nature's strong necessity,

And this the soul's unerring instincts tell;

Therefore I say, let us love worthily,

Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

Better it is all losses to deplore
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

In one of his early letters Southey had said, writing in troublous times, "Though the wise man, in a period like this, would perhaps keep himself wholly without a tie, I do not wish either myself or my friend that cold wisdom. I have no idea of single blessedness: if a man goes through life without meeting one with whom he could be happy, I should think strangely ill of him, and if he has not the pumpkin-head, he must have the pippin-heart." No notion had frank-hearted Robert the Rhymer of the "cold wisdom" ironically expounded for the behoof of young ladies by the author of "Vanity Fair," who bids them "Be shy of loving frankly; never tell all you feel, or (a better way still) feel very little. . . . At any rate, never have any feelings which may make you uncomfortable. . . . That is the way to get on, and be respected, and have a virtuous character in *Vanity Fair*." The so-called Mr. Cruchley, in *Madame d'Arblay's* memoirs—described as a man whose evident effort it was to stifle every affection, nay, every feeling of the soul,—one day avowed his belief to Miss Fanny Burney that "those are the most happy who have most affections; even the pain of such has pleasure in it." Gibbon thus touches, in his autobiography, on the subject of his early love for *Mademoiselle Susan Curchod*—afterwards *Madame Necker*, and the

mother of Madame de Staël: "Though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment." Charles Lamb was not dealing altogether with imaginary persons when under the mask of Elia, he said: "Methinks it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost." To apply a stanza from a poet who, for his father's sake, and his own, was to Charles Lamb most dear,

But better 'tis to love, I ween,
And die of cold despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair.

Or again, to adopt one by Anne Bronte:

Yet, though I cannot see thee more
'Tis still a comfort to have seen;
And though thy transient life is o'er,
'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been.

Blessed the man, exclaims Owen Meredith, whose life, how sad soe'er, hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace, of one pure woman!

—With religious care
We close the doors, with reverent feet we pace
The vacant chambers, where, of yore, a Queen
One night hath rested. From my Past's pale walls
Yet gleam the unfaded fair memorials
Of her whose beauty there, awhile, hath been.

"Vous, enfin," says an eminent French preacher and divine, "frères et sœurs, dont le cœur saigne d'une blessure toujours nouvelle, je ne vous dis point: retrouvez le bonheur en cessant d'aimer, ou bien en transportant votre amour sur un autre object." For affection is not a mere flower to be culled on the wayside,—its delicious perfume to be enjoyed for the minute,—and then it, the poor faded thing, that has faded between one's fingers, to be tossed away with indifference. "Mais je vous dis: retrouvez le bonheur en aimant plus encore, d'un amour plus désintéressé, d'un amour actif et dévoué." When Marcello, in Lovell Beddoes' tragedy, reminds a mourner that grief is unmanly, the latter exclaims,

Because 'tis godlike.
I never felt my nature so divine
As at this saddest hour.

Better, as Pambo tells the monk in Mr. Kingsley's *Alexandrian* fiction, to be anxious for others than only for one's self: better to have something to love, even something to weep for, than to become in some lonely cavern one's own world, perhaps even one's own God.

Washington Irving, who himself had loved and lost, remarks in one of his miscellanies, that an early, innocent, and unfortunate passion—and such his own had been—however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well, he says, of sweet and bitter fancies; of refined and gentle sentiments; of elevated and ennobling

thoughts; shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blights of the world, and by its casual gushings and overflowings recalling at times all the freshness, and innocence, and enthusiasm of youthful days. If the passion have ended, as Mr. Henry Taylor says, not in a marriage but in a disappointment, the nature, if it have strength to bear the pressure, will be more ennobled and purified by that than by success. "Of the uses of adversity which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love . . . Indeed the power and spiritual efficacy of love can hardly be realised to its full extent without either disappointment, or at least reverses, vicissitudes, and doubts." Helvetius observes that it is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us the continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts.* So Lord Lytton makes Ernest Maltravers feel that there is in the affections themselves so much to purify and exalt, that even an erring love, conceived without a cold design, and (when its nature is fairly understood) wrestled against with a noble spirit, leaves the heart more tolerant and tender, and the mind more settled and enlarged. Applicable in this sense, or to this effect, is what Coleridge says of those who stand motionless in the mazes of life, laughing at the failures of their brethren: "yet with little reason:

* Hence "the men of sense, those idols of the shallow, are very inferior to the men of passions."—*De l'Esprit*.

for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does he err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it." The same is the moral of a modern poet's strain :

Far happier was the foolish one of earth,
Who in all things, as they appear'd, believed ;
The heavenly-wise, who to the world made mirth,
Never deceiving—ever the deceived !
The fiftieth time he trusted, and was grieved
By trust betray'd, and yet could trust again ;
Nor one worse thought of human nature weaved :
His poor mistakes and clearings-up with pain
Were worth all knowledge-stores of Worldly-Wisdom's brain.

To have been deceived, implies a trusting nature, as Mr. Pecksniff profoundly remarks ; and what that gentleman adds would be admirable, had there been a grain of truth in it all : " Mine is a trusting nature. I am thankful for it. I would rather have a trusting nature, do you know, sir, than a doubting one ?" Had not Schiller's Wallenstein said much the same thing before ?—

True I did not suspect ! Were it superstition
Never by such suspicion to have affronted
The human form, O may that time ne'er come
In which I shame me of the infirmity.

Wise-hearted, which may mean something more (at any rate something else) than wise-headed, old Mr. Selwyn, in Captain Marryat's story, begs Valerie not

to plume herself on ceasing from henceforth to be a dupe. To be a dupe, he tells her, is to have lived ; we are dupes when we are full of the hope and warmth of youth. " No, no ; when we have arrived at that point when we warm before no affection, doubting its truth ; when we have gained this age-bought experience, which has left our hearts as dry as the remainder biscuits after a long voyage—there is no happiness in this, Valerie. Better to be deceived and trust again. I almost wish that I could now be the dupe of a woman or a false friend, for I should then feel as if I were young again." Memorable in Crabbe's tale of the serious Toyman and his nephew, is the line,

Better to love amiss, than nothing to have loved.

" Il faut avoir aimé une fois en sa vie, non pour le moment où l'on aime, car on n'éprouve alors que des tourmens, des regrets, de la jalousie : mais peu à peu ces tourmens-là deviennent des souvenirs, qui charment notre arrière saison : . . . et quand vous verrez la vieillesse douce, facile, et tolérante, vous pourrez dire comme Fontenelle : L'amour a passé par là." Mrs. Browning affirms that

—Good love, howe'er ill placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end,
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.

Byron avows his antagonism to the apathetic school, with their wise saws and modern instances of the vexations of friendship :

But this is not my maxim : had it been,
 Some heart-aches had been spared me ; yet I care not—
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not.
 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not.

Clarissa Harlow thus describes her sister to Miss Howe : "Bella has not a feeling heart. The highest joy in this life she is not capable of : but then she saves herself many griefs by her impenetrableness.— Yet, for ten times the pain that such a sensibility is attended with, would I not part with the pleasure it brings with it." Richard Savage, in the fictitious autobiography which is made (by Mr. Whitehead) to bear his name, dilates on the sense of vacancy in the heart which every man in love feels in the absence of his mistress ; which all men who have been in love will remember ; and which, he adds, "no callous old rogue, who despises the passion, and wots not of it, can be brought to understand. Let him then, cold and comfortless, go down to his dry grave in ignorance." Sir Philip Herne, that *preux chevalier*, and *sans reproche*, in Leigh Hunt's conscientiously elaborate novel, writing to Sir Ralph Esher of all he has undergone, and essaying to write cheerfully withal, checks himself in his confessions with the quasi-apology : "I may write incoherently, but I mean, that I would rather have endured all I have, and twenty times more, sooner than not have that sweet face to think of." One is reminded of a verse in Moore's Irish Melodies :

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.

The old Hofrath in the pretty German novelet of *Deutsche Liebe*, who has surrendered to his sovereign the woman he loves, only that he may not stand in the way of her high fortunes, thus counsels a young friend in a like strait, on the strength of his own experiences: "Lose not a day in idle sorrow. Help men where you can, love them and thank God that you have seen upon earth such a heart as hers—have known, have loved, and have lost it."

There is a suggestive poem of Chamisso's, in which three Sisters detail their several griefs: the first had lost her bridegroom by a violent death on the bridal day; the second loved, only to find the beloved one utterly unworthy. But the third,—what is her story of sorrow, that begins as soon as the second has ceased? She for the moment supposes the listener doubtful as to which of the two elder sisters is most to be pitied; but not for a moment can she doubt his decision which of the three, when *her* tale shall have been told:

Thou pausest, now their sorrows thou hast heard,
Doubtful how to decide betwixt the twain.
Have they not lived and loved? our common doom,
Though sorrow shroud them both in grief and gloom,
And bid them to the dregs her chalice drain.

In one brief sentence all my sorrows dwell,
Till thou hast heard it, pause! consider well

Ere yet the final judgment thou assign,
And learn my better right, too clearly proved.
Four words suffice me : I was never loved !
The palm of grief thou wilt allow is mine.

And God help those, as Holme Lee puts it, who through the livelong day see but the dull leaden arch of a loveless life ! "The fiercest gust of passion that ever wrecked a soul were better than that dead torpor of the heart. Verily, to love and to suffer is better than to love not at all." The German La Fontaine's Elizabeth declares against stoic philosophers in general, that were it in her power to become as cold and insensible as the firmest of them, she would not desire that privilege : "and although the bare idea of parting from one I love causes my heart to sink within me, yet I would not for worlds be deprived of the mournful happiness of bidding them farewell." Treating of an elderly lady bespeaking a monument for her first love, who had been drowned in the Pacific some forty years before, Mr. Hawthorne expresses a conviction that this lifelong sorrow of hers had been one of the most fortunate circumstances of her history : it had given an ideality to her mind, and kept her purer and less earthly than she would otherwise have been, by withdrawing a portion of her sympathies apart from earth. "Amid the throng of enjoyments, and the pressure of worldly care, and all the warm materialism of this life, she had communed with a vision, and had been the better for such intercourse." Had separation in life, instead of by death, been their portion,

Mr. Hawthorne would probably have been fain to predicate of them what an English minstrel sings of another imaginary pair :

And both still live, and with warm thrills
On passion's memory fondly hang,
And each is sure the other feels
So to have loved was worth the pang.

Chateaubriand's *Atala*, dying, assures Chactas, "*mon ami, . . . si j'étais à recommencer la vie, je préférerais encore le bonheur de vous avoir aimé quelques instants dans un exil infortuné, à toute une vie de repos dans ma patrie.*" The recollection of a deep and true affection, says Dr. Holmes, is rather a divine nourishment for a life to grow strong upon than a poison to destroy it. Schleiermacher, in one of his confidential letters, records a visit he has just paid to a young widower, in whom he "saw grief in a beautiful and holy form," and to whom he "knew nothing more consolatory to say, than that seeing him in his sorrow, I could not but wish that I were in a position to lose what he thus felt the loss of." Anxiety for our loved ones, he says elsewhere—and he is writing to his wife this time—has also its noble influence on our lives, and is an element that we cannot do without, and from which we ought not to wish to be exempt. Frederick Perthes, who, in retracing the course of a long married life, declares himself to have had "much suffering and sorrow, much care and anxiety," but adds, "yet, unmarried, I had not been able to live,"—had to remonstrate with

his wife, in the first years of their wedlock, on her views and practice as regards family life and contact with the world. Would she live apart from everything? But even were she to withdraw to some retirement where no sorrow, no disquiet, could reach her, she would only, he warns her, "become cold because you love only the Highest and no other object, and coldness is always a horrible thing. . . . The sorrows and annoyances which may be our lot in the world where He has placed us, we should bear with inward tranquillity rather than endeavour to escape from them."

What though in scaly armour dressed,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of woe, in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fixed by Heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from Sympathy.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
The sordid never know,
And ecstasy attends the tear,
When virtue bids it flow.

To love, even if not beloved, says Leigh Hunt, is
to have the sweetest of faiths, and riches fineless,

which nothing can take from us but our own unworthiness, "and once to have loved truly, is to know how to continue to love everything which unlovingness has he not a hand in altering—all beauties of nature and of mind, all truth of heart, all trees, flowers, skies, hopes, and good beliefs, all dear decays of person, fading towards a twofold grave, all trusts in heaven, all faiths in the capabilities of loving man."

Why can we not one moment pause, and cherish
 Love, though love turn to tears? or for hope's sake
 Bless hope, albeit the thing we hope may perish?
 For happiness is not in what we take,
 But what we give. What matter though the thing
 We cling to most should fail us? Dust to dust!
 It is the *feeling* for the thing—the trust
 In beauty somewhere, to which souls should cling.

If Mr. Thackeray is often sarcastically didactic on the hot and cold fits of gentle pairs in love—their crosses, and disappointments, and disenchantments, and all the rest of it—equally forcible are his expressions of contemptuous pity for those who escape, or try to escape, the blind archer altogether. "I should be sorry, my honest Bob," Mr. Brown writes to his nephew, "that thou didst not undergo the malady." Hit or miss, good luck or bad, "every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart." And so ingenuous youth are assured, in "Pendennis," that they will

rush on their death when the doomed charmer appears. Or if they don't, Heaven help them! "As the gambler said to his dice, to love and to win is the best thing, to love and lose is the next best." How reasons the lover in Mr. Coventry Patmore's long love-poem, or rather series of such :

Ah, could I put off love! Could we
Never have met! What calm, what ease!
Nay, but, alas! this remedy
Were ten times worse than the disease!
For when, indifferent, I pursue
The world's best pleasures for relief,
My heart, still sickening back to you,
Finds none like memory of its grief.

SIDE-WIND SALLIES OF SPLEEN.

A Cue from Shakspeare.

INFINITELY reluctant is the gentle Lady married to the Moor to believe his love departing from her, his wrath kindled against her. Fondly ingenious is she in devising excuses and suggesting palliations for his angry outburst.

—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice ; or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him
Hath puddled his clear spirit : *and, in such cases,*
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.

Iago, in a subsequent scene, suggests the like consolatory explanation, to one of his victims, Desdemona, of the resentment of the other, Othello.

I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

The same tendency in exasperated human nature is glanced at by Benedick when he finds Claudio

out of humour at supposing Hero wooed by the Prince :

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bened. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served you thus ?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bened. Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Molière illustrates this vicarious sort of vindictiveness again and again. In one comedy, it is proposed by Lélie that angry old Anselme, enraged by the étourderies of that Marplot, Mascarille, should be put in the way of expending his fury on pots and pans :

Il nous le faut mener en quelque hôtellerie,
Et faire sur les pots décharger sa furie.

In another, Arnolphe, wroth at the too successful scheming of Horace and Agnes, fires away at the furniture and a puppy dog :

Poussant de temps en temps des soupirs pitoyables,
Et donnant quelquefois de grands coups sur les tables,
Frappant un petit chien qui pour lui s'émouvait,
Et jetant brusquement les hardes qu'il trouvait.
Il a même cassé, d'une main mutinée,
Des vases dont la belle [Agnes] ornait sa cheminée, &c.

In yet another, we have fractious old Madame Pernelle cuffing her own maid, Flipote, because her temper is tried by Elmire and Cléante :

(à *Elmire*)

Et sans—Adieu, ma bru ; je ne veux plus rien dire . . .

(donnant un soufflet à *Flipote*)

Allons, vous, vous rêvez et bayez aux corneilles.

Jour de Dieu ! je saurai vous frotter les oreilles.

Marchons, gaupe, marchons.

Montaigne tells of a gentleman of his country who, being subject to the gout, was importuned by his physicians to practise total abstinence from all manner of salt meats, and who "was wont pleasantly to reply, that he must needs have something to quarrel with in the extremity of his pain, and that he fancied that railing at and cursing now the Bologna sausages, and now the dried tongues and the hams, was some mitigation to his torments." Montaigne takes it that the discomposed mind turns its violence upon itself, if not supplied with something to oppose it. What is there, he asks, that we do not lay the fault to, right or wrong, that we may have something to quarrel with? "Who has not seen peevish gamesters tear the cards with their teeth, and swallow the dice in revenge for the loss of their money?" The conclusion of the *Sieur Michel's* essay is, that we can never enough condemn the senseless and ridiculous sallies of our passions.

That very fractious as well as Holy Father, Pope Julius the Second, was once storming away at Michael Angelo, for declining to come at once and at any time at his Holiness's bidding. The pontiff leaned on his stick, as Michelet describes the scene, and frowned furiously and scolded savagely at the

self-respecting artist. Must the triple-crowned pontiff dance attendance, forsooth, upon this painter fellow, instead of painter upon pope? Now there stood by, at this scene, a well-meaning but ill-advised ecclesiastic, who presumed to interpose with the pope in the painter's behalf. "Forgive him, your Holiness. These sort of people are but louts, who know nothing but just their trade." The Holy Father was thankful for a new object whereon to discharge his wrath. So he fell on the intercessor with a will and with his stick. "Lout yourself!" he screamed, and drove the meddler from his presence with a downpour of whacks.

When the rumour spread over Ireland, in 1689, of a wholesale massacre of the Englishry in active preparation, Tyrconnel, "lying Dick Talbot," sent for the chief Protestants of Dublin to the Castle, as we read in Macaulay; and, with his usual energy of diction, invoked on himself all the vengeance of Heaven if the report was not a (three bad participles) lie. And it is said that, "in his rage at finding his oaths ineffectual, he pulled off his hat and wig, and flung them into the fire." This appears to have been a favourite trick of his, and the habit is a favourite jest of the historian's. Farther on again, for instance, Macaulay remarks, that Tyrconnel's savage and imperious temper was at first inflamed almost to madness by the news of Londonderry's resistance. "But, after wreaking his rage, as usual, on his wig, he became somewhat calmer." And in

a later volume the noble historian supplies us with an edifying illustration of our text in the demeanour of the Grand Monarque himself, after the siege of Namur. When Lewis heard of the poltroonery of his son [the duke of Maine], he showed the extreme of dudgeon and chagrin. "Never during his long reign had he been so moved. During some hours his gloomy irritability kept his servants, his courtiers, even his priests, in terror. He so far forgot the grace and dignity for which he was renowned throughout the world, that, in the sight of all the splendid crowd of gentlemen and ladies who came to see him dine at Marli, he broke a cane on the shoulders of a lacquey, and pursued the poor man with the handle."

Mr. Froude seeks to explain the splenetic tonè of Queen Elizabeth's letter against Sidney's tactics in Ireland (1566), by pleading in her behalf that it was written at the crisis of the succession quarrel in Parliament, and that her not unprovoked ill humour was merely venting itself upon the first object which came across her. No wonder, however, after such services and such a return, that the Deputy's patience was exhausted, and that he wrote (to Cecil) angrily for his recal. Sir Henry Sidney had no mind to become a mere vent-peg for her Majesty's too effervescent spleen.

Sydney Smith, in his well-known description of the Island of Ceylon and its king, records how his Majesty one day so exasperated a little French am-

bassador, that "this lively member of the Corps Diplomatique, in a furious passion, attacked six or seven of his Majesty's largest elephants, sword in hand, and would, in all probability, have reduced them to mincemeat, if the poor beasts had not been saved from the unequal contest."

It was for a large class that Constable the publisher might be taken as representative man, when Sir Walter Scott described him as "violent-tempered with those he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence; but, as usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him." The justice of this particular portrait may be open to exception; but unexceptionable at least is its typical truth.

With perfect justice does the poet make his crossed and baffled lover, writhing with the pangs of love despised, take credit to himself for not venting his frenzy on insects and flowers—for sparing the worm on his footpath, and the rose by the hedge-side:

A bitter strength was in my mind: like Samson, when she
scorned him—blind,

And casting reckless arms about the props of life to hug
them down—

A madman with his eyes put out. But all my anger was my
own.

I spared the worm upon my walk: I left the white rose on
its stalk.

It was early in the railway era that Sam Slick said, "Ax the first coachman you get alongside of

what he thinks of the railroads? and jist listen to the funeral hymn he'll sing over the turn-pikes. When I was to England last, I always did that when I was in a hurry, and it put coachee into such a passion, he'd turn to and lick his horses out o' spite into a full gallop." Execrations wholesale would he pour on "them that sanctioned them rails, to ruin the 'pikes (get along, you lazy willain, Charlie [and he'd lay it into the, wheeler]), they ought to be hanged, sir [and he'd whop the leader], —yes, sir, to be hanged, for what is to become of them as lent their money on the 'pikes? [whis-s-s-st, crack, crack goes the whip]—hanged and quartered they ought to be. . . . Take *that*, and *that*, and *that* [he'd say to the off forard horse, a-layin' it into him like mad]."

So again when Mr. Tulliver, he of the Mill on the Floss, is agitated during a confidential conference with his needy sister, the horse that has carried him to see her, comes in for a passing token of its good master's emotion. "Mr. Tulliver gave his horse a little stroke on the flank, then checked it, and said, angrily, 'Stand still with you!' much to the astonishment of that innocent animal."

Pleasant, popular A.K.H.B., whilom Country now Town Parson, incidentally observes, that when you see a poor cabman on a winter day, soaked with rain, and fevered with gin, violently thrashing the wretched horse he is driving, and perhaps howling at it, you may be sure that it is just because the poor cabman is so miserable that he is doing all that.

"It is a sudden glimpse, perhaps, of his bare home and hungry children, and of the dreary future which lies before himself and them, that was the true cause of those two or three furious lashes you saw him deal upon the unhappy screw's ribs."

Quite analogous is the incident of Lucy Robarts (one of Mr. Trollope's most engaging and soonest engaged demoiselles) whipping Puck, the pony, in the drive over to Hoggstock, when her companion broaches the probability of Lord Lufton (Lucy's Lord Lufton) marrying Griselda Grantly. Lucy, we read, could not refrain from giving a little check at the reins, which she was holding, and she felt that the blood rushed quickly to her heart. But she did not betray herself. "Perhaps he may," she said, and then gave the pony a little touch with her whip, "Oh, Lucy," cries the other, "I won't have Puck beaten. He was going very nicely." "I beg Puck's pardon. But you see when one is trusted with a whip one feels such a longing to use it." And then they resume their discourse. And Lord Lufton and Griselda Grantly being again discussed, Lucy makes a rather excited speech, of some length, and "then as she finished her speech, Lucy again flogged the pony. This she did in vexation, because she felt that the tell-tale blood had suffused her face." Anon there is further discourse, and next a quarter of a mile's progress without speaking. "Poor Puck!" at last Lucy says, recovering herself: "he shan't be whipped any more, shall he, because Miss Grantly looks like a statue?" The significance of

this symbolic procedure on Miss Lucy's part, is indicated by the author himself, in the title he prefixes to this chapter of his story—the title in question being, *Why Puck, the Pony, was whipped*.—Readers of Mr. Charles Reade's most popular matter-of-fact romance may not have forgotten why and how, on the same principle, Farmer Dodd laid the lash lustily on his mare.

When Mr. Schoolmaster Squeers was waiting at the coffee-room till three o'clock for pupils, and none came, he made the small boy suffer for it, who sat in the corner of his box, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears. "Half-past three," muttered Mr. Squeers, turning from the window, and looking sulkily at the coffee-room clock: "There will be nobody here to-day." Much vexed by this reflection, Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for. As he happened not to be doing anything at all, Mr. S. merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again.

The delightful daughter of this delectable man, is fully alive to this peculiarity in her parent, and makes provision accordingly. On the night, for instance, of her return, with sour looks, from a tea-party where she had played so sorry a part, we read of Miss Fanny's father (then fuddled with drink) that being of a rather violent and quarrelsome mood in his cups, he might probably have fallen out with her, either on this or some imaginary topic, if the young lady had not, with a prudence and foresight highly commendable, kept a boy up, on purpose, to

bear the first brunt of the good gentleman's anger; which, having vented itself in a variety of kicks and cuffs, subsided sufficiently to admit of his being persuaded to go to bed (which, by the way, he did with his boots on, and an umbrella under his arm).

In another early work of Mr. Dickens's we are told that the tendency of mankind when it falls asleep in coach-travelling, is to wake up cross: to find its legs in its way, and its corns an aggravation. "Mr. Pecksniff not being exempt from the common lot of humanity, found himself, at the end of his nap [in the Salisbury stage], so decidedly the victim of these infirmities, that he had an irresistible inclination to visit them upon his daughters; which he had already begun to do in the shape of divers random kicks, and other unexpected motions of his shoes," when the coach stopped, none too soon for the sufferers' shins.

It is in the same story that the boy of all work at the lodging-house complains of his stingy mistress that she's always a catching up a rolling-pin, or something of that sort, and throwing it at him, when the gentlemen boarders' appetites is good.

So again in one of this author's Christmas stories, we have Tackleton, exasperated by the loss of a bride, expending his ire on the steed that was to have borne him to church:—"merely stopping at the door to take the flowers and favours from his horse's head, and to kick that animal once, in the ribs, as a means of informing him that there was a screw loose in his arrangements."

It is with something of the same feeling that Captain Walker, in Mr. Thackeray's Ravenswing story, flings out of the shop of Messrs. Eglantine and Mossrose, and vents his fury, in the transit, on an affrighted flunkey, of colossal dimensions. "'Get out of the way, you infernal villain!' roared the captain, with many oaths, to Lady Grogmore's large footman, with ruby-coloured tights, who was standing inhaling the ten thousand perfumes of the shop; and the latter moving away in great terror, the gallant agent passed out, quite heedless of the grin of Mr. Mossrose."

Even so, to compare great things with small, does the iracund bishop, in Boileau's mock-heroic poem, quarrel with lackey and housemaid, because he happens to have had a disquieting dream:

*Tel le fougueux prélat, que ce songe épouvante,
Querelle en se levant et laquais et servante.*

When Doctor Gideon Gray has very properly snubbed and scolded his wilful pupil, Dick Middlemas, that young gentleman rushes to Nurse Jamieson's room, where poor Menie, the surgeon's daughter, to whom his presence has always given holiday feelings, hastens to exhibit for his admiration a new doll of fascinating fabric. "No one, generally, was more interested in Menie's amusements than Richard; but at present, Richard, like his celebrated namesake, was not i' the vein. He threw off the little damsel so carelessly, almost so rudely, that the doll flew out of Menie's hand, fell on the hearthstone,

and broke its waxen face." The rage evoked by Papa Gideon was then allowed vent, to the damage of Menie and her doll.

Another illustration from Sir Walter. Hobbie Elliot, incensed at what he deems the coldness of his friends, in a cause which interests him very nearly, vents on the steed that carries him homewards the wrath that is seething in his breast. "The fiend founder thee!" he cries, as he spurs impatiently his over-fatigued and stumbling horse: "thou art like the rest o' them. Hae I not bred thee, and fed thee, and dressed thee wi' my ain hand, and wouldst thou snapper now and break my neck at my utmost need? But thou'rt e'en like the lave."

There figures among the old note-worthies (and modern Templars) of Charles Lamb's personal reminiscences, one veteran bencher, described as W., whose features were spiteful, and who had no relish of a joke. Of him it is that Elia humorously records: "I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely, when anything had offended him."

Washington Irving, too, ascribes a corresponding infirmity to the head of the Cockloft family, when he tells us that the old gentleman would come home in quite a squall—kick Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way; fling his hat on the table with a most violent emphasis; and, pulling out his box, would take three huge pinches of snuff, and throw a fourth into the cat's eyes, as puss sat purring by the fireside.

Poor Boswell was treated very much after the

same sort by Dr. Johnson, at that dinner-party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, in May, 1778, when—the company being at once very large and distinguished—less attention was paid the Doctor than usual, “which put him out of humour; and upon some imaginary offence from me,” quoth innocent James, “he attacked me with such rudeness, that I was vexed and angry,”—the alleged cause for this vexation and anger being, that Johnson thus gave that polite company an opportunity of enlarging upon his supposed ferocity, and ill-treatment of his best friends.

Harold, in Sir Bulwer Lytton's historical fiction, meets Edith with his dogs, and vents on them his wrath against the ban set by Holy Church upon his marriage. “He turned, and chid his dogs fiercely as they gambolled in rough glee round their fair friend.—The hounds crouched at the feet of Edith; and Edith looked in mild wonder at the troubled face of the Earl.” There is a nearly identical incident in Miss Ferrier's “Destiny,” where the lady, moreover, is also an Edith. Reginald, “to cover his confusion, broke into expressions of anger against his dog, and advanced as if to strike him; but the animal crouched close to Edith.—‘Pray do not hurt poor Bran,’ she said. . . . ‘He is become a mere useless, good-for-nothing cur,’ said Reginald, giving him a shove with his foot, and evidently bent on keeping up his ill humour: ‘tis provoking to see a good dog so completely ruined—I shall certainly have him shot.’ Edith's heart swelled at the harsh unfeeling

manner in which Reginald spoke ; but she tried to be calm, while she said, 'I fear 'tis I who am in fault more than poor Bran,' " &c.

Mrs. Oldfield, in Mr. Charles Reade's dramatic tale, when she finds she has succeeded in banishing the poor poet who adores her, is described as forthwith going into her tantrums, and snapping at and scratching everybody else who is kind to her.

Mr. Dickens's Pip again, when hard up in chambers together with his "dear Herbert," vents on the liveried "help" it is his fancy to call the Avenger, the dudgeon of his harassed spirit. "As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar, and shake him off his feet . . . for presuming to suppose that we wanted a roll." It is the same story with the same author's Major Bagstock, venting his ire on his black slavey. "The unfortunate Native suffered dreadfully," whenever anything crossed the Major,—“in his [the Native's] sensitiveness to bodily knocks and thumps, which was kept continually on the stretch. For six entire weeks after the [Dombey] bankruptcy this miserable foreigner lived in a rainy season of boot-jacks and brushes."

Hardy the servitor, that good genius of Tom Brown at Oxford, indulges on one occasion in a vehement outbreak against University abuses and do-nothing good-for-nothing dons. This he does,

striding up and down the room ; and having reached the grand climax of his oratorical invective, he stops opposite his crockery cupboard ; pauses ; poises himself for a moment to get a purchase ; and then dashes his fist full against one of the panels. Crash go the slight deal boards, as if struck with a sledgehammer, and crash go glass and crockery behind. Tumblers and tea-service and such small deer are the sufferers, though dons and great guns are the object.

A like vent for her spleen is in request with Mistress Pauncefort, in one of Mr. Disraeli's fictions,—as on a certain occasion of baffled curiosity, when that mortified handmaiden “flounced again into Lady Annabel's room, with a face of offended pride,” knocking the books about, dashing down writing-cases, tossing about work, and making as much noise and disturbance as if she had a separate quarrel with every single article under her superintendence.

Thanks to what M. Dumas the elder calls Lewis the Fourteenth's “astonishing command over himself,” that superbly Grand Monarque is said to have once only, in his long life and reign, been betrayed into an outbreak of wrath, and that was on the famous occasion (already cited) of a “little concealment of the Duke of Maine's, and which had for result a shower of blows inflicted with a cane upon the back of”—the ducal culprit ? nay, but of a poor valet who had pocketed a biscuit. M. Dumas, however, shows up his Majesty's brother, once and

again, in spasmodic sallies of indiscriminate spleen. Angered at nobody being able to tell him where his *intimado*, the Chevalier de Lorraine, is, Monseigneur (or rather, *par excellence*, Monsieur) sends them all pelting out of the room: "The prince then flew into the wildest rage. He kicked over a chiffonier, which tumbled on the carpet, broken to bits. He next went into the galleries, and there flung down, one after another, an enamelled vase, a porphyry ewer, and a bronze chandelier." Some half dozen chapters later, we have Monsieur again in a similar transport of passion, snatching a whip from the hands of a stable-boy, and pursuing an inoffensive groom all round the servants' court-yard, whipping him all the while, in spite of his cries and his excuses. "Then, quite out of breath, covered with perspiration, and trembling in every limb, he returned to his own rooms, broke in pieces some beautiful specimens of porcelain, and then got into bed booted and spurred as he was, crying for some one to come to him." Saint-Aignan, in the same story, is made to dread becoming the vicarious object of the king's resentment; for, whatever M. Dumas may say about Lewis never but once in his life getting into a rage, he actually presents him to us, when ruffled by plot and counterplot of Madame's, "pouring out his indignation in the most violent imprecations"—while Saint-Aignan, cowering in a corner of the room, begins to ask himself if this weight of anger may not eventually fall upon *his*

head, for the very reason that others were guilty, and he innocent.

Ever memorable in the typology of dramatic fiction is Fag's episode in Sheridan's comedy—when Captain Absolute, having been trimmed by his father, Sir Anthony,—afraid to reply to *him*, “vents his spleen on poor Fag.” That precious valet moralises self-pityingly on the occasion. “When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, is the vilest injustice. Ah! it shows the worst temper—the basest——”

Here Mr. Fag, who has worked himself up into a sublime passion of ethical indignation, is interrupted in his reflections by an intruding Boy, whose small person is doomed to receive a striking illustration of the practical value of Fag's philosophy :

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you dirty little puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag!

Fag. Quick! Quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you, too? you little impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred——

[Exit kicking and beating him.]

Says Dean Swift, in his caustic way, “I know not how it comes to pass (and yet, perhaps, I know well enough) that slaves have a natural disposition to be tyrants; and that when my betters give me a kick, I am apt to revenge it with six upon my footman,

although, perhaps, he may be an honest and diligent fellow."

It has been remarked of the Ministers of State in "Gil Blas," that they are miserable panders and parasites, who revenge themselves for humiliations which they suffer from the King by an insolent and overbearing demeanour to their inferiors.

Whenever Fielding's Mrs. Deborah had done anything to sour the disposition of her naturally acidulous handmaid, Mrs. Wilkins, it was usual with the latter, we read, to make her way to the under-servants, "in order to refine her temper, by venting, and as it were purging off, all ill humours."

As in Fielding, so in Smollett. Roderick Random, stung with jealousy about Narcissa, goes home "in the condition of a frantic bedlamite; and finding the fire in my apartment," says he, "almost extinguished, I vented my fury upon poor Strap, whose ear I pinched with such violence, that he roared hideously with pain."

A Saturday Reviewer of Lord Russell's foreign policy in the autumn of 1863, remarked that if Sheridan had been prophesying that policy in typical language, he could not have described it with more accuracy than in the scene where Captain Absolute having sworn at Fag, Fag boxes the knife-boy's ears. "At the present moment, the Foreign Secretary appears to be relieving his feelings in that way. He has made a great many remonstrances to the Federal Government for gross illegalities, the smaller of which would have brought down condign

punishment—reprisals at least—upon a weaker Power. So far as redress is concerned, these remonstrances have been treated with entire contempt Lord Russell cannot bear such treatment without resenting it; but he does not like to resent it on Mr. Seward. It has been, therefore, a surprise to no one who is familiar with the workings of his mind, that we should have made our demands upon Japan in unusually peremptory terms, and should be rapidly drifting into a war for the purpose of extorting a submission to them which the Japanese Government is in no condition to give." For Japan, argued the reviewer, is exactly a type of the class of Power upon which the Foreign Secretary liked to discharge the wrath which had accumulated in disputes with larger States,—it being too distant to excite a very keen interest, too barbarous to make its case known in England, and too weak to offer any resistance that might be damaging. Accordingly the same writer suggests some other State of a similar class as the noble lord's probable victim later in the autumn—Chili or Siam, for instance, being likely to receive his earliest consideration.

Mr. Chester having very affably snubbed John Willet for answering instead of Barnaby Rudge, "John felt himself put down, and laying the indignity at Barnaby's door, determined to kick his raven, on the very first opportunity."

Blatant, boisterous, bullying Captain Robarts, in Mr. Charles Reade's sea-story—or sea-section of a story filled with perils on the waters and perils on

the land—being snubbed delightfully by his Commodore, soothes himself, on getting back to his ship, by “stopping the men’s grog, and mast-heading three midshipmen that same afternoon.”

Lord Lytton’s Fairthorn, when angered with Sophy, vents his spleen on the park swans, and darts a kick at Sir Isaac the dog.

Aunt Glegg, in “George Eliot’s” story of a miller’s maid, being aggravated by *Mister* Tulliver, snatches at a chance of worrying *Mistress*,—her own sister, and his wife. Others in company, Mr. Glegg, her good man included, are essaying to soothe and smoothe that ruffled temperament; but it is on Mrs. Tulliver, the most anxious of them all to pacify and appease, that the bolt falls. “‘Sister,’ said Mrs. Tulliver, pleadingly, ‘drink your wine, and let me give you some almonds and raisins.’ ‘Bessy, I’m sorry for you,’ said Mrs. Glegg, very much with the feeling of a cur that seizes the opportunity of diverting his bark towards the man who carries no stick. ‘It’s poor work, talking o’ almonds and raisins.’” Whereat sister Pullet begins to cry a little, and whines, “Lors, sister Glegg, don’t be so quarrelsome,”—only provoking that exasperated matron to further ebullitions of wrath, and to the complaint that things are come to a fine pass when one sister invites the other to her house on purpose to quarrel with her and abuse her.

It is under a more serious aspect that Mrs. Browning illustrates this tendency of human nature—in the case of Marian’s vagrant mother, beating

her own infant child. A brutal father, when out of work, abuses his brutalised wife; and she beats their baby:

—In between the gaps
Of such irregular work he drank and slept,
And cursed his wife because, the pence being out,
She could not buy more drink. At which she turned
(The worm), and beat her baby in revenge
For her own broken heart. There's not a crime
But takes its proper change out still in crime,
If once wrung on the counter of this world;
Let sinners look to it.

ABOUT AN ALMOST WISH OF THOMAS HOOD'S.

A Study of Annotations.

It was at Coblenz, in 1835, that Thomas Hood, gazing wistfully on his wife and two children sleeping in the same room, felt that in that one "little chamber" was comprised his "universe of love," all that his God could give him or remove; and sleeping, all, in mimic death. And then and there the almost wish possessed him that together they might all, himself included, sleep the sleep that knows no waking, and so be at rest. For Hood was then a care-fraught and anxious, as well as ailing man; and in the sight of that almost perfect peace, he almost wished for them, one and all, the quite perfect peace, in which the cares of the world have ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life.

The almost wish of this tender husband and father sprang from the like depth of human feeling whence is derived that most expressive line, in one of Shakespeare's sonnets—

And weep to have what I most fear to lose.

Depressed by the loss of his father, quickly followed by that of an old friend, and despondent at the troubled aspect of public affairs, we find Luther uttering the aspiration, "All I pray is, that God will not let my poor wife and children survive me, for I know not what is to become of them." Talfourd, in his Spanish tragedy, makes Padilla, the noble Castilian, implore Gonsalvo not to take his innocent boy from him, to be corrupted by camp and court, but rather to doom father, mother, and child at once, to common durance and decay.

Must he learn

The lessons of your guard-room? Never! Take
His innocent life, and with it the two lives
That are sustain'd by his—or, if that grace
Exceed your mission, find some loathsome cell—
A narrow cell—there are but three of us—
Where we may waste together ;—speak and bless me!

Most natural, and therefore most common, is the wish on the part of either partner in a happy wedlock, that the other of them twain may not be the first to go. Not uncommon, however, is the really less selfish wish that the other may not be the survivor,—all for that other's own dear sake. Mr. Tennyson gives cordial simple expression to a wish

that is greatly more desirable than either alternative, when he makes his healthy, summer-hearted Miller say :

Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss :
 My own sweet Alice, we must die.
 There's somewhat in this world amiss
 Shall be unriddled by-and-by.
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,
 But more is taken quite away.
 Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,
 That we may die the self-same day.

The instances are not few, writes Southey to an aged but newly-made widow, in which husband and wife have become so nearly, as it were, one life, that death has not divided them, one following the other so closely in sympathetic dissolution that one service has consigned them to the grave. "This *euthanasia* is the happiest that can be imagined ; one would not exchange it for 'Enoch's translation' or 'Elijah's chariot.' But where there is, in the common lot of life, a separation, then, methinks, the same affection which has so long rendered self a secondary object, should make the survivor thankful that the bitterer portion has fallen to his or her part."

Sir Lawrence Peel's sketch of the first Sir Robert Peel, that "model of a practical man—the great statesman all over, only employed in a humbler sphere"—includes this pleasant anecdote of the great statesman's grandparents in their last days : "Mr. Peel died first. He died in September, 1795, aged seventy-two. His widow survived him about nine months, dying in

the March of the ensuing year, aged seventy-three. *She had wished to survive him.* One evening near the close of their lives, as they were seated by their fireside, surrounded by some of their descendants, conversing with the calmness of age upon death, the old lady said to her husband, 'Robert, I hope I may live a few months after thee.' A wish so opposite to that which wives in story are made to express, surprised her hearers, but not her husband, who calmly asked her, 'Why?' as if guessing her thought. 'Robert,' she replied, 'thou hast always been a kind, good husband to me; thou hast been a man well thought of, and I should like to stay by thee to the last, and keep thee all right.' " An answer which, as Sir Lawrence observes, if it literally convey an undue sense of her own importance as a prop, was probably free from the leaven of self-conceit, and conceived in the true spirit of a woman's tender heart.

In one of Mrs. Piozzi's letters occurs the following reflection on an old friend's recent or impending widowhood: "Mrs. Lutwych will have the loss not only of a good husband and certain friend, but she will lose her greatest admirer too, which few people could boast of in conjugal life, besides herself and me. Alas! alas! but we must lose or be lost. Her death would have broken his heart."

Just a week after Dr. Andrew Combe's return from America—given over by the doctors and himself—he suffered the loss of his eldest sister, Mrs. Young, who died in her seventieth year. "She had

often expressed the wish not to survive him ; and it was an affecting fulfilment of that wish that he . . . laid her in the grave, where, exactly five weeks later, he himself was destined to be placed beside her."

In the course of his narrative of the cruelties of Commodus, who, having once tasted human blood, became incapable of pity or remorse, Gibbon takes occasion to remark, that, of the many innocent victims of that emperor's tyranny, none died more lamented than the two brothers of the Quintilian family, Maximus and Condianus, whose fraternal love has saved their memory from oblivion, and endeared their memory to posterity: in every action of whose life it was observed that their bodies were the same. "The kind cruelty of Commodus united them in death."

It was a rule in the Roman law, that when a husband and wife overtaken by some uncommon calamity perished at the same time, and it could not be ascertained which had lived the longest, the woman should be presumed to have expired the first, as being by nature the feeblest. Calamity or no calamity in common, an impression obtains largely with married males, who have never forgotten number one—the original number one, into which another number has been merged,—that the weaker vessel ought, in the nature of things, to fall to pieces the first. And this, although the stronger may happen to be also the senior, by ever so many years. Tiberius Gracchus the elder, who married

Cornelia, was admired as a signal exception to this sort of rule, when a pair of serpents was found on his bed, and the soothsayers told him that if he killed the male serpent, his own death would follow,—if the female, that of Cornelia. Whereupon, Tiberius, who, says Plutarch, “loved his wife, and thought it more suitable for him to die first, who was much older than Cornelia,” killed the male, and set the female at liberty. And die the good man soon afterwards did, leaving Cornelia to be known as the mother of the Gracchi,—of two in particular, though of twelve in all.

When Mahomet was drawing nigh unto death, his heart yearned, we are told, to be with his favourite wife, Ayesha, and pass with her the fleeting residue of life. So, as one of his biographers describes it, with his head bound up, and his tottering frame supported by Ali and Fadhl, the prophet repaired to her abode. She, likewise, was suffering with a violent pain in the head, and entreated of him a remedy. “Wherefore a remedy?” said he, “Better that thou shouldst die before me. I could then close thine eyes; wrap thee in thy funeral garb; lay thee in the tomb, and pray for thee.” “Yes,” she replied, “and then return to my house and dwell with one of thy other wives, who would profit by my death.” After you, was the prophet’s polite intimation. But, not to be outdone in politeness, Ayesha too had a fancy for saying, After you.

A clerical author tells us of a parishioner who,
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upon an attempt being made to sympathise with him on the death of his wife, quickly replied, in a self-gratulating tone, "Yes,—but it might have been worse : you know I might have been taken myself." Was it essentially and properly a promise or a threat, to Sinbad the Sailor, that he should survive his wife a few hours ? *Cela dépend*. There is some homely pathos as well as a good deal of unreasonable fretfulness in old Lisbeth Bede's objection to Adam's bringing home a young wife—and Hetty Sorrel of all others—to displace *her*. "If thy feyther had lived, he'd ne'er ha' wanted me to go to make room for another, for he could no more ha' done wi'out me nor one side o' the scissars can do wi'out the other. Eh, we should ha' been both flung away together, and then I shouldna ha' seen this day, an' one buryin' 'ud ha' done for us both."

It is touching to compare a line in the opening paragraph of Sir Samuel Romilly's Narrative of his Early Life, in which he expresses a "devout wish" that his "dear wife" might many years survive him, with the short and sombre paragraph which closes, too abruptly and tragically, the story of his career. As is well known, he could not, in his then ailing condition, bear up against the loss of that fondly beloved wife; and with suicidal hand sought to abbreviate the term of separation. "Lady Romilly died on the 29th of October, 1818. Her husband survived but three days the wife whom he had loved with a devotion to which her virtues, and her happy influence on the usefulness of his life, gave her so just a claim." The shock of bereavement

unhinged his reason, and the *mens insana* wildly wrought for itself an outlet *à corpore insano*.

"Dearest," says dying Margaret to her husband, in Mr. Charles Reade's story, "call now religion to thine aid and mine. I must have died before thee one day, or else outlived thee and so died of grief."

Later she exclaims, "I repine not, since 'tis Heaven's will. Only I am so afeard thou wilt miss me." And at this she cannot restrain her tears, though she tries hard.

The good old maiden sister of Bishop Bienvenu, Monseigneur Welcome, in Victor Hugo's greatest work, thus describes her feelings towards her peerless brother: "I am tranquil, because I know that if anything were to ail him, it would be the death of me. I shall go to heaven with my brother and my bishop."

It were better not to live at all than to live without love, is the conviction of George Esmond's little wife, in Mr. Thackeray's story; "and I'm sure," she says to her graceless aunt, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "should anything happen to my dearest George, I would wish to go to heaven that moment."

There is an ideally happy old couple painted in one of Mr. Dickens's early sketches, whom we see sitting together in their little garden of a summer evening,* enjoying the calm and peace of the twilight,

* "They have no family. They once had a son, who died at about five years old. The child's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece, and a little cart he used to draw about is carefully preserved as a relic."

and watching the shadows as they fall upon the garden, and gradually [growing thicker and more sombre, obscure the tints of their gayest flowers. The old people "have within themselves the materials of comfort and content; and the only anxiety of each, is to die before the other."

It was accounted a happy as well as note-worthy fact in the life-history of Roger [Ascham's parents, that having lived forty-seven years together as man and wife should live, they expired in one day, and almost at the same hour. So with James Shirley, the dramatist, and his wife.

Such a consummation, devoutly to be wished for in such a case, is occasionally to be heard of where no such wish exists on either side. Mr. Carlyle tells us of that Albert, the first Duke of Preussen, who died in 1568, laden with years, and in his latter time greatly broken down by other troubles,—that in his sixtieth year he had married a second time, a young Brunswick Princess, who could not tolerate the household life she had beside her old husband: so that before long she withdrew to another residence, and the two lived separate for the rest of their days. "Separate for life:—nevertheless they happened to die on the same day; 20th March, 1568, they were simultaneously delivered from their troubles in this world." Possibly so super-subtle, or rather so matter-of-fact, a critic as the Compiler of a Census report (not the last) would object to the word "simultaneously;" for that gentleman unintentionally amused some of his readers by the

solemn simplicity with which he enunciated the truism, that "it can rarely, if ever, happen, that a husband and wife die in the same instant of time," and that, consequently, "it may be assumed that, practically, every marriage is dissolved by the death of the husband or wife separately;" that if man and wife were universally of the same age, and lived out together the whole cycle of life, "there would be neither widowers nor widows in the world," &c.

It is Mr. Greville's parting wish, on taking leave, a rejected suitor, of the Hon. Miss Byron, that she and his rival, the all-too-successful, all-too-perfect Sir Charles Grandison, may live (the ornaments of human nature as they are) to see their children's children; and that, full of years, full of honour, they may in one hour be translated to that heaven where only, this discomfited gentleman very handsomely says, "you can be more happy than you will be, if you are both as happy as I wish and expect you to be."

Thomson's picture of the happy pair, the happiest of their kind, whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend, presents us with this alluring *terminus ad quem* of their life-long companionship:

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

So in the dramatic fragment of Leigh Hunt's, en-

titled "A Heaven upon Earth," a parallel passage is drawn of wedded love, with the same ending:

———And so 'twixt joy,
And love, and tears, and whatsoever pain
Man fitly shares with man, these two grow old;
And if indeed blest thoroughly, they die
In the same spot, and nigh the same good hour,
And setting suns look heavenly on their grave.

Part of Edmund Waller's letter of "good wishes" for Sacharissa, on her marriage, runs thus,—after wishing she may live to be very old, and yet seem young; be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth: "And when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," &c., &c. Unfortunately, all these are the "imprecations of the deserted," and the irony that inspires and informs the good wishes gives them a flavour rather of male-, than of bene-diction.

Catherine des Roches—celebrated as the heroine of that literary tournament, in which Etienne Pasquier, Joseph Scaliger, Loisel, Mangot, and many another "poète *chante-puce*" took part—cherished as her fondest desire the wish not to survive a beloved mother, from whom no offer of marriage could induce her to separate. And so it came to pass, that when Catherine fell a victim to the pestilence which desolated her native town in 1587, her death occurred on the self-same day as her mother's,—so completely was her prayer fulfilled. "Une circonstance tou-

chante de son trépas prématuré, ce fut qu'elle succomba le même jour que sa mère ; par là son vœu le plus cher fut accompli."

Very frequently does Mme. de Sévigné, the most devoted, not to say doting, of mothers, give expression to her solicitude not to be the survivor of her comparatively cold-blooded daughter. The latter has, for instance, appended to her New Year's wishes the further wish not to live longer than her mother ; or rather, as Mme. de Grignan seems to have put it, the wish that her mother may survive her by many a long year. Whether all this meant merely the compliments of the season on the younger lady's part, or not—whether it was merely so much polite affectation or not—she probably knew best herself. But the elder lady takes it to heart, and protests and prays against it in downright earnest. "If I had a heart made of crystal, in which you could see the sad grief that penetrates me in seeing how you wish that my life may be composed of more years than your own, you would know very clearly with what truthfulness and what fervency I too wish that Providence may not derange the order of nature, which has made me, your mother, come into the world a long while before you ; and God knows well—unto whom all hearts be open—with what earnestness I ask of Him to let this order be kept in my case." Ten years later, almost to a day,—for as the letter just quoted from bears date the 10th of January, 1680—so the one next to be cited was written on the 11th of January, 1690—Madame mère dilates

on the *véritable consolation* and even the joy she often feels on account of her excess of years over her daughter, and at the thought that the elder go first—"que les premiers vont devant, et que vraisemblablement et naturellement je garderai mon rang avec ma chère fille." She cannot, she declares, express the inexpressible sweetness to her of this confidence of not being left behind. What has she not suffered at times when the daughter's bad health has made her fear a "derangement" of the order of nature! Health restored, what exultation in seeing everything resume its natural place!—Again, a few days later: "You say the tenderest thing in the world, in desiring not to witness the close of the many happy new years you wish me. We are a long way off meeting in the matter of our wishes; for I have acquainted you with a truth which is highly just and in place, and which no doubt God will have the goodness to grant—and that is to follow the entirely natural order of a good Providence: this it is which consoles me all along the weary highway of old age; it is a reasonable sentiment, mine; yours is too out-of-the-way and too amiable." Five or six years afterwards, the daughter was laid up with a severe illness, and the mother writes this passage among others, describing the sufferings of both, in a letter to a time-tried friend: "il me semble que les mères ne devraient pas vivre assez longtemps pour voir leurs filles dans de pareils embarras; *je m'en plains respectueusement à la Providence.*" Six months later, the daughter has to write to this

same gentleman, and others, announcing her mother's death; in one of which letters, Mme. de Grignan thus refers to the wish that was now accomplished, in the elder lady's favour, frustrated as regards herself. For such a loss, she says, she was very far from being prepared: "the perfect health I saw her enjoy, and a year of illness which a hundred times put my life in danger, had rid me of the idea that the order of nature could hold good in my instance. I flattered myself [the lady affirms] on never having to undergo so great a calamity: now I undergo it, and feel it in all its rigour." Admitting the daughter's wish to be as sincere as the mother's, their *souhails*, on either side, and their several apprehensions and deprecations, resemble what Southey describes in his youthful pair of Indians:

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara thought,
 Though each the melancholy thought repress;
 They could not choose but feel, yet utter'd not
 The human feeling, which in hours of rest
 Often would rise, and fill the boding breast
 With a dread foretaste of that mournful day,
 When, at the inexorable Power's behest,
 The unwilling spirit, called perforce away,
 Must leave, for ever leave, its dear connatural clay.
 Link'd as they were, where each to each was all,
 How might the poor survivor hope to bear
 That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
 Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair?
 Scarce could the heart even for a moment dare
 That miserable time to contemplate,
 When the dread Messenger should find them there,
 From whom is no escape, . . . and reckless Fate,
 Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.

Memorable among the episodes in Tasso's epic is that which tells the common fate of "Gildippes fair, and Edward her dear lord"—how the noble lady defied the fierce Soldan, and by him was slain, and how

Her lord to help her came, but came too late
Yet that was not his fault, it was his fate.

He let her fall, himself fell by her side,
And, for he could not save her, with her died.

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame
Whom life and death had made for ever his;
They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,
Deep sobs their speech, sweet sighs their language is;
Each gazed on other's eyes, and, while the same
Is lawful, join their hands, embrace, and kiss;
And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,
Together fainted they, together died.

Many a story is on record of those who—with more or less of Romeo and Juliet in their attachment and its doom—were to each other lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths were not divided. Shenstone made famous in ballad history the fate of James Dawson, the executed rebel, and his broken-hearted betrothed, who followed the sledges, in a hackney-coach, to see the end, and got near enough to witness all the ghastly preparation without betraying any excess of emotion. She even restrained her feelings while the bloody tragedy was being acted out. But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rang in her ears, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying, "My dear,

I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!" fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the moment she was speaking.

Many a rhyme was written, again, about the pair of lovers, John Hewet and Sarah Drew, who were struck by lightning as they sat together, *patulæ sub tegmine fagi*, early in the last century. Alexander Pope, who happened to be their neighbour at the time, honoured the memory of the rustic lovers with at least three several copies of verses. Here is one of them :

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire ;
Here pitying heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent His own lightning, and the victims seized.

Upon the whole, the poet could not think the lovers unhappy. The greatest happiness, he thinks, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. Lady Mary takes a more prosaic view of the affair, and is almost cynical about it in her smart reply to Mr. Pope.

To his sentimental romance called *Lettres de deux Amants de Lyon*, which had, in its day, what M. Sainte-Beuve calls "un succès de larmes," Léonard, the rather sickly French poet, prefixed this epigraph, as embodying his entire thought: "Du moment qu'on s'aime de l'amour à la fois le plus passionné et le plus pur, mieux vaut mille fois se

voir unis dans la mort que séparés dans la vie." Which appears to be a pretty literal transcript from the Latin of Valerius Maximus: "Ubi idem et maximus et honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi quàm vitâ distrahi." Only the *mille fois mieux* is, it must be allowed, a very French rendering of the *aliquando*.

At hearing Antony's last groan, and while catching his last breath, Cleopatra upbraidingly exclaims—

——Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?

In that one touch of nature the peerless Egyptian queen and the "coloured" slave-woman, Aunt Sophy, in Dr. Holmes's romance, are akin. "Oh, darlin', darlin'!" cries Old Sophy, over Elsie Venner's death-bed,—“if the Lord should let me die fus', you shall fin' all ready for you when you come after me. On'y don' go 'n' leave poor Ol' Sophy all 'lone in th' world!"

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, in her autobiography, recalling to memory the books that had delighted her childhood, refers especially to Berquin's *L'Ami des Enfants*,—some passages, however, in which she never could read. "The account of the child lamenting over his mother's grave, I have never been able to read to this day. I often wondered how that child could have lived after its mother's

death ; and I often prayed that I might never out-live my mother."

Catherine Linton, in Ellis Bell's weird romance, proves to herself that she loves her father better than herself, by this sign : that she prays every night that she may live after him ; because she would rather be miserable than that he should be so. " This," she is satisfied, " proves I love him better than myself." More selfish, therefore, by far is the passionate outburst with which Heathcliff, in the same grim story, harasses the dying moments of an elder Catherine : " So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live ? What kind of living will it be when you—oh, Cathy ! would *you* like to live with your soul in the grave ?"

The life-long love and previsionary regrets of two sisters, each at the time well stricken in years, were touchingly rendered by Joanna Baillie in the Birthday lines to her sister Agnes :

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners link'd, long have we side by side
Our earthly journey held, and who can say
How near the end of our united way ?
By nature's course not distant ; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be ?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn ?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve . . .
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Joanna *was* fated to go first, though not for whole decades after this was written; and Agnes lived on to tell the hundredth in her tale of years.

Antony is waiting for his freedman, Eros, to despatch him. Eros has asked to say, before he strikes the bloody stroke, farewell. 'Tis said. Shall I strike now? he asks. Now, Eros. Why, there then—and Eros himself falls on the sword instead:

—Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

Horace followed very closely to the grave the kind friend and patron to whom he had given, in one of his odes, a "prophetic promise" to that effect: *ille dies utramque ducet ruinam*, he had assured Mæcenas; and a month or two, by way of interval, is no excess of poetical licence.

There is an admired letter of Fénelon's to Destouches, in which the benign prelate says how desirable it would be "*que tous les bons amis s'entendissent pour mourir ensemble le même jour*"—and he cites Baucis and Philemon in aid of his thesis.

It is a beautiful picture Wordsworth draws of that grave, in the Churchyard among the Mountains, which encloses the household of the patriarch of the Vale,—to whose unmolested mansion death had never come, through space of forty years; sparing both old and young in that abode. Suddenly then they disappeared, and not twice had fallen, on those high peaks, the first autumnal snow,

before the greedy visiting was closed, and the long-privileged house left empty—swept as by a plague.

—Yet no rapacious plague
Had been among them ; all was gentle death,
One after one, with intervals of peace.
A happy consummation ! an accord
Sweet, perfect, to be wished for ! save that here
Was something which to mortal sense might sound
Like harshness,—that the old grey-headed Sire,
The oldest, he was taken last ; survived
When the meek Partner of his age, his Son,
His Daughter, and that late and high-prized gift,
His little smiling Grandchild, were no more.

How would he face the remnant of his life ? the
neighbours said. What would become of him ?
But Heaven was gracious ; yet a little while, and
this Survivor, with his “inward hoard of unsunned
griefs, too many and too keen,”

Was overcome by unexpected sleep
In one blest moment. . . . And so,
Their lenient term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there behold)
By yet a higher privilege once more
Were gathered to each other.

An ingathering that realises to the full Burns's
prayer (not at all in the spirit or style of Holy
Willie's) for a household he counted dear to him :

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heaven !

POLONIUS ON POLEMICS.

THE parting advice of Polonius to his son Laertes, when dismissing him for France, is as full of matter as an egg is of meat. In every item of the catalogue of counsels,—and the items are not few,—is manifested the shrewd spirit of the experienced statesman (or perhaps rather statecraftsman), and of the seasoned and sagacious man of the world. They who, upon the stage, turn this fussy and prolix old Minister into a mere drivelling, puzzle-headed, anile buffoon, show a most pitiful ambition to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh.

Foremost, maybe, in familiarity as well as significance, among these monitory items, is that which bids the young man

—Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Do all you can to avoid a conflict: concede a great deal rather than have to fight: parley, and procrastinate, and be at once strenuous in your endeavours, and ingenious in your persevering devices, to keep the peace. But if all is of no avail; if

conflict is unavoidable ; if fight your adversary will, and fight therefore you must ; then go in with a will. Deal your hardest-hitting strokes upon him fast and freely ; no thought of parley or half-measures then. Smash him, if you can, and as soon as you can. Forget all compromise, scout all conciliation, and only remember your swashing blow.

Hamlet himself, later in the play, is not far from the same meaning, when he says that

Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument ;

though his after-clause diverges from the Polonian drift : “ but greatly to find quarrel in a straw, when honour’s at the stake.” More pat to the purpose is a passage between Sampson and Gregory, Capulet’s serving-men, when they enter armed with swords and bucklers :—

Sampson. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

And to the like sense might be strained a passage between Antony and Eros, of entirely diverse import in itself :

Ant. Lo thee.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

More legitimate in its application is King Richard’s utterance, when Richmond is reported prosperous and on the march :

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing.

The Shakspearean Ulysses, again, in his panegyric on the youngest son of Priam, not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ; speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue, has this line,—which indeed comprises in itself the Polonian system entire :

Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd.

In this respect suggesting a degree of affinity to Othello, as one “not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme.” As again, and only once more, an illustrative parallel might be found in the contrast between Macbeth’s “I’ll not fight with thee,” to Macduff, followed so instantly when the fight is inevitable, by the vehement defiance, “Lay on, Macduff!” and the imprecation of perdition on him of the two that shall first cry, Hold, enough !

Among the proverbs of Solomon, which the men of Hezekiah, King of Judah, copied out, occurs the warning, “Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof.” The counsel in Sallust has passed into a proverb,—at any rate has found its way into Latin collections,—which bids you, before you begin, take advice ; but having maturely considered, use despatch. *Priusquàm incipias consulto, et ubi consulueris maturè, facto*

opus est. A saying is on record of Paulus Æmilius to his son Scipio, that a good general never gives battle but when he is led to it, either by the last necessity, or by a very favourable occasion. And Paulus Æmilius might have stood, more fairly than some, for Thomson's representative man of patriotism militant :

Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engaged.

Montaigne moralises on the necessity of deliberation before we engage in affairs, especially quarrels : a little thing, says he, will involve you in one, "but being once embarked, all cords draw ; greater considerations are then required, harder and weightier." We should go to work, he continues, contrary to the reed, which at its first spring produces a long and straight shoot, but afterwards, as if tired and out of breath, runs into thick and frequent joints and knots, as so many pauses, which show that it no longer has its first vigour and consistency. " 'Twere better to begin fair and calmly, and to keep a man's breath and vigour for the height and stress of the business." Montaigne finds some who rashly and furiously rush into the lists, but are dull in the race itself. He who enters lightly into a quarrel, is "subject to run as lightly out of it. The same difficulty that keeps *me*," declares the Sieur Michel, "from entering into it, would incite me, when once hot and engaged in it, to maintain it with spirit and resolve." And he quotes approvingly the saw of

Bias, one of the Seven Wise,—Undertake coldly, but pursue with ardour.

When Maxentius, “the tyrant of Italy,” as Gibbon describes him, rashly ventured to provoke a formidable enemy in Constantine, “that wise prince,” who, says the historian of the Roman Empire, sincerely wished to decline a war, at first dissembled the insult, and sought for redress by the milder expedients of negotiation, till he was convinced that the hostile and ambitious designs of the Italian emperor made it necessary for him to arm in his own defence. “Constantine no longer hesitated. He had deliberated with caution; he acted with vigour.” Setting at nought, therefore, the timid remonstrances of his council, he resolved to prevent the enemy, and, instead of waiting to be attacked, he carried the war forthwith into the heart of Italy. At the head of forty thousand soldiers, he marched to encounter an enemy whose numbers were at least four times as large. The celerity of his march has been compared to the rapid conquest of Italy by the first of the Cæsars. And when the two armies met, at the battle of Saxa Rubra, some nine miles from Rome, we are told that Constantine charged in person the cavalry of his rival, and that his irresistible attack determined the fortune of the day.

In salient contrast with Constantine in this respect, stands out the character of his nephew Gallus, the elder brother of Julian,—as exhibited during his contest with Constantius, in A.D. 354. “The mind of that prince” (Gallus), says the his-

torian, "was formed of an equal mixture of violence and weakness." He was violent at the entrance to a quarrel, weak in the pursuit of one. Instead of employing in his defence the troops and treasures of the East, all at his command, he dawdled, and deferred, and delayed, and was duped, and deposed, and done to death.

Prudent intrepidity is a phrase somewhere used by Gibbon of the Emperor Julian, and expressively indicates that accomplished ruler's mastery of Polonian tactics. Witness his management of the revolt from Constantius, in A.D. 361,—deferring the collision, if not honestly striving to escape it altogether, and by all possible means, as long as ever he could; but, when the inevitable crash came, bestirring himself to secure a speedy and a sure success. His situation "required a vigorous and immediate resolution." So he took the bold step of a march upon Illyria,—relying much less on the number of his troops, than on the celerity of his motions. "In the execution of a daring enterprise, he availed himself of every precaution, as far as prudence could suggest; and where prudence could no longer accompany his steps, he trusted the event to valour and to fortune." All this is after Polonius's own heart, whatever the Apostate himself may have been. Especially would the old Dane have admired the young Cæsar (now Augustus) fearlessly plunging into the recesses of the Black Forest, with his three thousand devoted volunteers; and by the secrecy of his march, his diligence, and vigour, surmounting

every obstacle—conscious that success alone could justify his attempt, and that boldness only could command success.

So again, in the Persian war of A.D. 363, Sapor, we read, who had been so long accustomed to the tardy ostentation of Constantius, was surprised by the intrepid diligence of Julian, his successor.

Contrast with this, Gibbon's picture of the "weak and guilty Lupicinus" (A.D. 376), who, having dared to provoke, had neglected to destroy, and still presumed to despise, his formidable enemy the Goths, on their revolt in Moesia, so disastrous to the empire.

The same historian describes Justinian, in one of the many Gothic wars of that emperor's time, as "deaf to the voice of peace," while yet "neglecting the prosecution of war." Happily his generals—Belisarius and Narses—came of another sort, and pursued another policy. "The prudence of Narses impelled him to speedy and decisive action," is one of Gibbon's significant sentences in the martial eunuch's praise.

Another illustration of the Decline and Fall may be found in the contrasted conduct of the sovereigns of Persia and of the Roman Empire, respectively, in A.D. 570, when Nushirvan was assailed by Justin in alliance with the Turks. "At the age of fourscore, the sovereign of the East [Nushirvan, or Chosroes] would perhaps have chosen the peaceful enjoyment of his glory and greatness; but as soon as war became inevitable, he took the field with the alacrity of youth, whilst the aggressor trembled in the palace of Constantinople."

Mr. Carlyle, magnifying the office of the Hohenzollern Burggraves, designates it a place to give a man chances, and try what stuff is in him. The office involves, he says, a talent for fighting, in cases of extremity; and what is still better, a talent for avoiding to fight. "None but a man of competent superior parts can do that function; I suppose, no imbecile could have existed many months in it, in the old earnest times." The Hohenzollerns are described on a subsequent page as "men not given to fighting, where it could be avoided; yet with a good swift stroke in them, where it could not." And the Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm in particular is pronounced "a fighter of the first quality, when it came to that; but never willing to fight if he could help it," preferring rather to shift, manoeuvre, and negotiate; which he has the credit of doing in a most vigilant, adroit, and masterly manner.

It has been remarked of John Hampden, that, as no member of his party had been so temperate, while there remained a hope that legal and peaceable measures might save the country; so, no member of his party showed so much energy and vigour when it became necessary to appeal to arms.

Lord Macaulay contrasts him in this respect with Essex, whose military errors were probably in some degree produced by political timidity; and who, next to a great defeat, dreaded a great victory. Hampden, on the other hand, was for vigorous and decisive measures. "When he drew the sword, as Clarendon has well said, he threw away the scab-

bard. He had shown that he knew better than any public man of his time how to value and how to practise moderation. But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility."

This is a text frequently enforced by Macaulay. He makes the practical neglect of it a characteristic and fatal defect in the king (Charles I.). Thus, he describes that perplexed prince, when marching northward, in 1638, at the head of a force sufficient as it seemed, to reduce the Covenanters to submission, as acting at this conjuncture just "as he acted at every important conjuncture throughout his life. After oppressing, threatening, and blustering, he hesitated and failed. He was bold in the wrong place, and timid in the wrong place." For instance, he would have shown his wisdom by being afraid before the liturgy was read (and Jenny Geddes's stool was flung at the reader) in St. Giles's church; but he put off his fear till he had reached the Scottish border with his troops; and then, after a feeble campaign, he concluded a treaty with the insurgents, and withdrew his army.

If there be any truth established by the universal experience of nations, Lord Macaulay elsewhere observes, it is this, that to carry the spirit of peace into war is a weak and cruel policy. The time of negotiation, he goes on to argue, is the time for deliberation and delay. But when an extreme case calls for that remedy which is in its own nature most violent, and which, in such cases, is a remedy

only because it is violent, it is idle to think of mitigating and diluting. "Languid war can do nothing which negotiation or submission will not do better: and to act on any other principle is, not to save blood and money, but to squander them."

Ben Jonson's *Cæsar* counsels like his proper self, when he tells *Catiline*,

You are not now to think what's best to do,
As in beginnings, but what must be done,
Being thus enter'd; and slip no advantage
That may secure you.

The most remarkable attribute of the character of *Pericles*, who "ever unwillingly resorted to war," has been said to be a profound and calculating cautiousness. But, issue joined, he was anything but "supine in action." Dryden's "plain good man"—about whose plain-dealing and goodness there are, however, conflicting opinions; or, as some would aver, there can be but one opinion—is lauded by his laureate for a like combination of qualities; namely,

Slow to resolve, but in performance quick.

Hannibal, says the Dean of Christ Church, formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution.

Just so with Napoleon. The late Lord Dudley was all admiration, for instance, at the Emperor's management of his return from *Elba*, as a masterpiece of skill, fortitude, discretion, foresight, and courage

—each at the right time and in the right place. “With what profound dissimulation he concealed his design—with what promptitude and intrepidity he carried it into effect.” Highly noteworthy in this respect is a bit of self-portraiture, confided by Napoleon himself to Roederer: “Il n’y a pas un homme plus pusillanime que moi quand je fais un plan militaire; je me grossis tous les dangers et tous les maux possibles dans les circonstances; je suis dans une agitation tout à fait pénible. . . . Quand ma résolution est prise, tout est oublié, hors ce qui peut la faire réussir.”

Had Cicero ever seen, asked Coelius of him by letter, a more silly creature than that Pompey of his, who, after raising such a bustle, was backing out of Italy at the first approach of Cæsar? Or had he ever read or heard of a man more vigorous in action, when the time for action was come, than Cæsar?

Of Tiberius Gracchus it stands on record that when the time for action came, his temper was too gentle, or his will too irresolute, to take the bold course which his own conduct and that of the senate had rendered necessary. In all such enterprises as he had engaged in, the warning of Ben Jonson’s Sejanus (and therefore of Tacitus too) is of prime importance, not to

—mispend

The time of action. Counsels are unfit
In business, where all rest is more pernicious
Than rashness can be.

Plutarch censures Nicias severely for his apathy

when once in command of the fleet: "It was then no time for caution and timid delay. He should not then have looked back from his ship like a child," but "should have immediately attacked the enemy with the greatest vigour." "There was now no end of his delays." Hermocrates encouraged the Syracusans by pointing out how ridiculous it was in Nicias to contrive means to prevent fighting, as if fighting was not the business he came about. As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.

And yet, even of Nicias, when once "in for it," Plutarch expressly affirms, that when he did act, there was nothing to be blamed in the manner of his acting; for he was as bold and vigorous in executing as he was timid and dilatory in forming a resolution.

Prominent among "Our dogs," all individually characterised by that eminent cynical critic—himself, in philosophic sense most anti-cynical—Dr. John Brown, is a dark brindled bull terrier, Wasp, of whom he relates that "she was not quarrelsome, but 'being in,' she would have pleased Polonius as much as in being 'ware of entrance.'"

When Tostig the fierce endeavours to spur on Harold, in Lord Lytton's historical fiction, to an enterprise of passing risk and peril, that prince, who is said to have been regarded as the most prudent as well as the most adventurous chief in the North land, is made to answer thus: "Nay, it is not by such words, which my soul seconds too well, that thou canst entrap a ruler of men. Thou must show

me the chances of success, as thou wouldst to a grey-beard. For we should be as old men before we engage, and as youths when we wish to perform."

We are not to suppose, as Mr. de Quincey observes, in his critical memoir of one of the most litigious as well as eminent of English scholars, that the sincerity with which a man declines a fierce dispute, is always in an inverse ratio to the energy with which he may afterwards pursue it. "Many a man shrinks with all his heart from a quarrel, for the very reason that he feels too sensibly how surely it will rouse him to a painful activity, if he should once embark in it, and an irritation fatal to his peace." Strictly in accordance with this is the practical philosophy of Dryden's line,

Beware the fury of a patient man.

The beginning of strife is as when letteth out water; therefore, saith the Wise man, leave off contention before it be meddled with. If it be *possible*,—it is not always,—as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof. Polonius was imbued with the essential spirit of all such maxims, adages, and proverbs as these.

Before battle, Duguesclin, the famous leader of companies, was all the tactician, the man of resources and subtle device. "But, once in the fight, his Breton head hurried him away, he plunged into the *mêlée*, and that so far he could not always draw back again." Polonius would have scouted the *quid*

nimis of this Breton dash and "go," but would have rejoiced in the preliminary stage of Sire Bertrand's polemics.

A model hero the old statesman would have greeted in Charles the Fifth, in so far as historians describe that emperor as cautious and deliberate in concerting his plans, but active and prompt in the execution of them; pursuing them with an unrelenting perseverance, shrinking at no difficulties and daunted by no danger. Perhaps our Henry the Seventh would have been quite as much to his taste—a monarch described by Archdeacon Coxe as not less "intrepid and decisive" when the sword was drawn, than "vigilant and cautious" before he drew it.

Gasca, as depicted by Mr. Prescott, was a commander who moved with deliberation,—patiently waiting his time; but, when that came, bold, prompt, and decisive.

Celerity of movement, the same historian elsewhere observes,—the result of a clear head and determined will, has entered into the strategy of the greatest captains, and forms a prominent feature in their brilliant military exploits. In the instance of Cortes, it was a signal cause of success.

And as with captains, so with conspirators. Mr. Prescott has repeated occasion to expound the text, that a conspiracy, to be successful, especially when numbers are concerned, should allow but little time to elapse between the deliberate scheming and the summary execution. Resolve, with caution. But,

once having resolved, strike. And strike hard, strike home.

Wrangel is right, as well as Wallenstein, when they severally say—

Wallenst. —A measure such as this
Ought to be *thought of*.

Wrangel. Ay, but think of this too,
That sudden action only can procure it
Success.

Pitched in the same key is the note of Sejanus, addressed to the ear of Tiberius :

—Acts of this close kind
Thrive more by execution than advice.
There is no lingering in that work begun,
Which cannot praised be, until through done.

Turenne is described by one of the acutest and most observant of his contemporaries, as not less apparently irresolute in council than resolute when it came to blows. “A l’ouïr parler dans un conseil, il paraissait l’homme du monde le plus irrésolu ; cependant, quand il était pressé de prendre son parti, personne ne le prenait ni mieux ni plus vite.”

It is Bolingbroke’s reproach on the foreign policy of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria, the successors of Philip II., that, rash in undertaking, they were slow to execute.

It is Addison’s encomium on the commanders of the allied armies who confronted the French king in 1707, that each of them was distinguished by “a particular sedateness . . . that qualifies them for

council, with a great intrepidity and resolution that fits them for action." Declamation like that of Tell, as dramatised by the German poet, may bring down the galleries, but is accepted by graver heads as a confession of defective powers :

Yet, whatsoe'er you do, spare me from council !
I was not born to ponder and select ;
But when your course of action is resolved,
Then call on Tell : you shall not find him fail.

Hotspur makes it his boast that he professed not talking. But his doughty feats in the field would have told all the more could he have better looked before he leaped, and have been as wary in council as he was dashing in the fray.

Sir Walter Scott says of his countrymen that, in all their wars, they had more occasion for good and cautious generals than for excitation, whether political or enthusiastic. "Their headlong and impatient courage uniformly induced them to rush into action without duly weighing either their own situation or that of their enemies, and the inevitable consequence was frequent defeat." One of the most distinguished of them in later times presents a signal exception to the once prevalent rule. The chief features, it has been remarked, of Lord Clyde's military character, were great, and perhaps extreme, caution in planning operations, and an energy in execution which spared no pains or labour of which he could dispose, and least of all his own.

Lord Brougham, in his comparative estimate of

the naval merits of Nelson and Jervis (St. Vincent), maintains that the former was great in action only ; while the latter combined in a rare, perhaps an unexampled manner, all the noble qualities which make council vigorous and comprehensive with those which render execution prompt and sure. It would almost seem as if his lordship would not demur overmuch to class Nelson with Mr. Peacock's Squire Headlong, of Headlong Hall renown,—in all whose thoughts, words, and actions, there was so remarkable an alacrity of progression, as well-nigh to annihilate the interval between conception and execution ; and who was so utterly regardless of obstacles, that he appeared to have expunged their very name from his vocabulary. "His designs were never nipped in their infancy by the contemplation of those trivial difficulties which often turn awry the current of enterprise ;" and it is added, that although the rapidity of his movements was sometimes arrested by a more formidable barrier, either naturally existing in the pursuit he had undertaken, or created by his own impetuosity, he seldom failed either in knocking it down or cutting his way through it. "He had little idea of gradation : he saw no interval between the first step and the last, but pounced upon his object with the impetus of a mountain cataract."

Compare, or contrast, with this, the portrait of Boabdil, as drawn by the historian of the Conquest of Granada. Boabdil, he says, was not wanting in courage ; he only needed decision. "When he had

once made up his mind, he acted vigorously." The misfortune was, that Boabdil either did not make it up at all, or he made it up too late. "He who decides tardily, generally acts rashly; endeavouring to compensate, by hurry of action, for slowness of deliberation." And in a later chapter we read: "Boabdil was of an undecided character; but there are circumstances which bring the most wavering to a decision, and, when once resolved, they are apt to act with a daring impulse, unknown to steadier judgments."

The Empress Catherine, that Messalina or Semiramis of the North, is allowed, by one of her most strenuous assailants, to have been distinguished for a clear and sure judgment—apprehension extraordinarily quick—penetrating sagacity, and farsighted circumspection. To fear, hesitation, vacillation, he adds, she was a perfect stranger; and the adoption of a design was with her its instant execution. Her plans "were deeply laid in general, and for the most part well digested," though formed as to their object with no regard to principle, but only to her aggrandisement and glory, and framed as to their execution with no regard to the rights, or mercy for the sufferings of her fellow-creatures. "Over their execution the same dauntless, reckless, heartless feelings presided; nor was she ever to be turned from her purpose by difficulties and perils, or abated in her desire of success by languor and delay."

The same versatile and vivacious critic notes it as

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a defect in the political capacities of Mr. Tierney, that although a man undeniably of cool personal courage, and a debater of as unquestioned boldness and vigour, he was timid in council, and tormented both himself and others with endless doubts and difficulties. "It was a singular thing to observe how complete a change the same individual had undergone in passing from the consultation to the debate." He was firm, we are told, in the line once taken, against which he had raised a host of objections, and around which he had thrown a cloud of doubts; he was as bold in meeting real enemies as he had been timid in conjuring up imaginary risks; prompt, vigorous, determined, he carried on the debate; and thus "he who in a distant view of it could only descry difficulties and create confusion, when the tug of war approached, and he came to close quarters, displayed an abundance of resources which astonished all who had been harassed with his hesitation, or confounded by his perplexities, or vexed with his apprehensions. He was found to have no eyes but for the adversary whom his whole soul was bent upon meeting; nor any circumspection but for the possibility of a reply which he was resolved to cut off." It was not, however, until Mr. Tierney was actually upon his legs, that he thus emulated the Polonian polemics, in the hitting hard section; for the defect in his character, of which Lord Brougham makes mention, followed him, by the same account, into the House itself; so that he was wanting in decision and vigour there also, until he rose, when a new man stood before you.

Mr. Disraeli maintains, in the political biography of his sometime leader, and immediate predecessor in the leadership of the Opposition, that Sir Robert Peel's real character was very different from his public reputation; that he never hesitated, but ever acted with promptitude and energy, when once he had made up his mind. "Far from being timid and wary, he was audacious and even headstrong. It was his cold and constrained demeanour that misled the public. There never was a man who did such rash things in so circumspect a manner."

Among the characteristics of that refined critic, the late W. Caldwell Roscoe, this stands on record by his biographer, that he seldom or never committed himself till he had well considered his course; but that he would then take a very great amount of real trouble, and exercise astonishing patience, to effect his purpose.

What Polonius counsels in dealing with a foe, is applicable, discreetly applied, in dealing with a friend. Don't choose one in a hurry. But having chosen one, deliberately and after due consideration, be his friend in earnest, and make your friendship a real thing.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

An elder, not to say a greater, poet than Cowper,

had not long before said the same thing in blanker verse :

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself.
 Pause—ponder—sift—nor eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen—fixing, fix ;
 Judge before friendship—then confide till death.

But Polonius was beforehand with either poet, when he counselled his son, in the sentence immediately preceding the Beware of a Quarrel clause, to grapple to his soul with hooks of steel the tried friends he had ; but not to dull his palm with entertainment of every new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

THE DINNER TEST OF GRIEF.

A Fixed Question.

REFERRING to the sensitive test which Dr. Johnson suggested as to the depth of one mortal's feeling for another,—viz.: How does it affect his appetite? Multitudes in London, he said, professed themselves extremely distressed at the hanging of Dr. Dodd; but how many on the morning he was hung took a materially worse breakfast than usual?—referring to, and, as City people say, endorsing, this critical though perhaps coarse tentamen, the most popular of clerical essayists apostrophises a reader to this effect: "Solitary dreamer, fancying that your distant friends feel deep interest in your goings-on, how many of them are there who would abridge their dinner if the black-edged note arrived by post which will one day chronicle the last fact in your worldly history?"

Average human nature is supposed to be above, or below, having its appetite affected by affliction. Because I have lost a dear friend, am I also to lose my relish for fish, flesh, and fowl? Because I am

in trouble, am I also to go dinnerless? Is my tribulation to be aggravated by a defective meal? Because calamity has overtaken me, shall I, should I, can I, will I, go without my supper? In short, to apply the boisterous query of the rude fellow in Persius, *Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?*

Captain Marryat affirms, in one of his numerous fictions—perhaps the least sea-flavoured amongst them—that never, in his adventurous life, had he observed that the sympathy of the most sentimental, or the grief of the most woe-begone, ever induced them to neglect the summons of the dinner-bell, and the calls of the responsive appetite.

In another, the hero is introduced as a boy who has just lost father and mother, one by fire and one by water, at one and the same time, but who gluttonizes over an exceptionally good breakfast given him in a stranger's kitchen. "Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffocation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, 'Hold, enough.'" One might have supposed the youthful crammer steeped in the practical philosophy of Canning's lines, arguing that

—when the mind's oppress,
Confused, elated, warm'd, distress,
The body keeps an equal measure
In sympathy of pain or pleasure;
And, whether moved with joy or sorrow,
From food alone relief can borrow.

Sorrow's, indeed, beyond all question,
The best specific for digestion ;
Which, when in moderate force it rages,
A chicken or a chop assuages.
But, to support some weightier grief,
Grant me, ye Gods, a round of beef !

Dr. Johnson's favourite illustrations, it has been remarked, were always physical. "Would you eat less dinner if you heard your dearest friend had lost his dearest friend?" The effectiveness of such a remark, argues one of the most effective of Essay-writers, depends upon the fact that it appeared convincing to a remarkable man; but when carefully examined, its fallacy, or rather incompleteness, is apparent. Two persons—to take their critic's instance—dine at seven o'clock. Their children were drowned out of the same boat at 2.30. Would the relish of each person for his dinner vary as his affection for his child? Certainly not. It would depend infinitely more on the state of their digestive organs than on the state of their affections. On a nervous or excitable man such a catastrophe might inflict a shock which he might never recover, or only after a great length of time. In a composed and sturdy person it might produce hardly any physical effect, yet the second person might be the more affectionate parent of the two,—might have taken far greater pleasure in his child, and have been willing to make greater sacrifices for him.*

* "The acute internal sensation of pain or pleasure—the pang or thrill which probably does physically affect various

In the heterogeneous illustrations, from sources grave and gay, sacred and profane, from prose and verse, from fiction and from fact, which are now to be presented to the reader, both sides of the vexed question will be indifferently exemplified,—though the preponderance may be sensibly in Dr. Johnson's favour.

Ahab, King of Israel, was at any rate so real a sufferer from chagrin, when Naboth the Jezreelite refused him the coveted vineyard, that, laying him down upon his bed, and turning away his face, he would eat no bread. The fast was mark-worthy enough to bring Jezebel to that bedside, with the remonstrant query, why was the king's spirit so sad, that he ate no bread. If this was the abstinence of sulky dudgeon, deep sincerity of suffering was the cause of the Psalmist's oblivion of meal-times; when his heart was smitten down, and withered like grass, so that he forgot to eat his bread.

Ulysses is, indeed, made by Homer (and Pope) to say, when pleading to Alcinoüs for a meal, that

Howe'er the noble, suffering mind may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.

parts of the mucous membrane, such as the lining of the eyes, the throat, and the chest—is only one part, and not a very important part of the total aspect of the mind towards a particular occurrence; yet it is on the absence or weakness of this kind of feeling in relation to the affairs of others that Dr. Johnson founded his observations.”—See the Essay headed “Apathy and Sympathy,” in vol. xv. of the *Saturday Review*.

But this is a mere question of physical existence, not of the fluctuations of appetite; and Ulysses himself, a prey to moody thoughts, was but recently importuned in vain by Circe to share the feast:

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.

In Shakspeare we have Beatrice twitting Benedick with a disposition to sulk if his jests and witticisms don't tell; "which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night." And we have Imogen, at the mouth of the cave, though famished, as well as footsore, with her wanderings, losing all appetite for food when the thought crosses her of her most unkind lord:

—Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.

Extremes meet; and the agitation of joyous excitement, equally with that of profound affliction, tells, or ought to tell, upon the appetite. Rousseau lays characteristic stress on his disrelish for dinner when Madame de Warens enraptured him by retaining the raw but impulsive and impassioned youth to that meal. It was the first meal in his life for which, he expressly states, he had ever lacked appetite; and Madame's femme-de-chambre

rather pleased him by the remark that he was the first traveller of that age and build, in whom she had ever seen it lacking. A boorish fellow was at table, who alone ate enough for half-a-dozen full-grown men. But as for me, protests Jean-Jacques, I was in a state of ecstasy (*dans un ravissement*) which put eating out of the question.

The femme-de-chambre may have been of Needle's opinion in the play, when Item ejaculates amazement at master doctor's caring to dine at this particular juncture :

<i>Item.</i>	Dinner! death, That he will eat now, having such a business That so concerns him!
<i>Needle.</i>	Why, can any business Concern a man like his meat?

But Rousseau, however it might be with business, had a soul above dinner, when love o'ertook him.

When Swift knocked at the door of "poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary," who had sent word he was ill, and desired to see Jonathan, "his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before," Swift writes to Stella. "Think what grief this is to me! . . . Lord-treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord-treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat toward evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature."

Great was the woe of Oliver Goldsmith on the night that saw his "Good-Natured Man" brought out, and hissed. He went to the Literary Club, and

tried to chat gaily, and sang his favourite comic song ; but "all the while," says he, "I was suffering horrid tortures, and, had I put a bit in my mouth, I verily believe it would have strangled me on the spot."

Laura's *almost* loss of appetite—Beppo's Laura, in Byron—at her husband's prolonged absence,

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might ;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,—

(a rhyme, by the way, more amusing to English eyes and ears, than intelligible to foreigners)—is of a piece with the Caliph Vathek's, in Beckford's wild romance : "The Caliph, nevertheless, remained in the most violent agitation. He sat down, indeed, to eat, but of the three hundred covers that were daily placed before him, could taste of no more than thirty-two." A King and Queen are painted by Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar)—what King and what Queen it were superfluous in *his* case to say,—upon whom an unpleasant incident at dinner-time is made to produce contrary effects :

Now at this sad event, the sovereign, sore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more :
His wiser queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding.

The passage is from one of the most unsavoury of Peter Pindar's perpetrations ; and that is saying a good deal ; for the predominant flavour of that gross old pasquin's canticles is one *quod non bene olet*.

Memorable in story is that Alphonso, governor of a town in Spain invested by the Moors, who, when they took prisoner his only son, and threatened him with instant death unless the town was surrendered, defied them to do their worst, threw them a sword for the purpose, and "was able, at such a juncture, to sit down to the repast which was prepared for him." Soon he was roused by the clamour without; and hastening to the walls, he thence beheld his son lying in the pangs of death. But, as Addison tells the story, Alphonso, "far from betraying any weakness at such a spectacle, upbraids his friends for their sorrow, and returns to finish his repast." There is a harsh twang of the antique Roman about this mediæval stoic. More pleasant and almost equally piquant is the coolness of our British tars under Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen; when, amid the tremendous carnage on board the *Monarch*, the pork and peas happening to be in the kettle, and a shot knocking its contents about, the men picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time, with a good conscience and a capital appetite.

It is Madame de Sévigné who relates (by letter to her daughter) how little affected the appetite of that royal exile, James II., seemed to be by his headlong fall from the throne of England to a pensionership on the bounty of the Grand Monarque. "Il mangea, ce roi, comme s'il n'y avait point de prince d'Orange dans le monde." He took his food, this king, as though there were no such person as the Prince of Orange in the wide wide world.

It is Duchess Sarah of Marlborough who declares of her sometime inseparable friend, Queen Anne, that "prodigiously great" as seemed that sovereign's love for the prince her husband, and "great as was the passion of her grief" for his loss, "her stomach was greater; for, that very day he died, she eat three very large and hearty meals; so that one would think that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetite, her appetite took away her grief."

And, by the way, it is of Duchess Sarah's renowned Duke that Lord Macaulay remarks, in his wonted strain of invective whenever John Churchill was in question, that when Marlborough told the Jacobites, after Dutch William's accession to the throne, that his sense of guilt prevented him from swallowing his food by day and taking his rest by night, he was laughing at them. The loss of half-a-guinea, affirms the historian, would have done more to spoil his appetite and to disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience. But not even Lord Macaulay denies that the loss of half-a-guinea might have availed to mar even a Marlborough's meals—and to constitute an effective *hoc est*, or efficient *cur dux ille non prandeat*.

Michelet would make it out to have been "by dint of hypocrisy" that our Henry II. appeased the public clamour after Becket was done to death. "His Norman bishops wrote to Rome, that he had taken neither bit nor sup for three days."

What better sign or test could they have suggested in those days? The ballad-writer adopts

the like proof of concern when the king learns the slaughter of his justice and his sheriff also, by Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighèd sore :
"Take up the tables anon," he said,
"For I may eat no more."

Another French historian illustrates the converse case in another, quite another, royal subject. Lamartine notes at every stage the unfailing appetite of poor Lewis the Sixteenth. See the monarch mobbed in the Assembly, and pent up in the reporters' box; and hear the historian's comments: "Nothing suspended the powerful action of his system; the pressure on his feelings actually sharpened the requirements of his frame. He was hungry at his usual hour, and they brought him bread, wine, and cold meat; he ate, drank, and cut up his victuals as calmly as if taking refreshment after a day's hunting in the woods at Versailles. In him the physical overpowered the mental." Not so with Marie Antoinette. "The queen, who was acquainted with the popular calumnies then afloat as to the king's eating and drinking, suffered dreadfully at seeing him thus eating at such a moment. She refused to taste anything, and the royal family followed her example." Meanwhile the monarch munched, and munched, and munched.

Lamartine has to own, however, that when Lewis

was deprived of his attendants and dismissed to prison, "the king did not taste anything at the supper," during which he and the queen were served with court etiquette for the last time.

In a detailed report of the royal family's daily life in prison, we have this item of intelligence: "At two o'clock they dined. . . . The king could not give way to his hearty appetite. Eyes counted every morsel, and sneering comments were made. The robust health of the man was designated as a disgrace to the king. The queen and princesses ate with the utmost slowness, in order to protract the meal and give the king time to satisfy his appetite."

A person in one of our Elizabethan dramatists thinks it worthy of note that he

—knew a man that was to lose his head
Feed with an excellent good appetite
To strengthen his heart scarce half an hour before.

But the brisk appetite of the condemned cell is a common-place in the Newgate Calendar and similar records. The attention paid by the Marchioness of Brinvilliers to her dinner, when awaiting her horrible death, is a familiar item in that *cause célèbre*. On the occasion of the grim Wigwell Lodge murder, piquant notice was taken of the fact that Townley, the murderer, with "that dull low nature which felt no remorse," could be sensitive to the pain of a scratch,* and still feel a relish for his tea after he

* "Look here," he said to the surgeon, showing his hand, "I have cut myself too; can you do something for it?"

had satisfied his revenge—tea in the kitchen, where lay the bleeding body of his victim—tea together with her poor bewildered grandfather,* after he (Townley) had duly gone up-stairs to *wash his hands*.—So again in the very similar case of Thorley, a pugilist, tried in the same court some two years before, Thorley cut his sweetheart's throat, because he had seen her two or three times in company with a soldier cousin, and "didn't like it;" and he told the policeman to whom he gave himself in charge, that, *having* cut her throat, he felt a deal more comfortable after it. "He had but two requests to make after this relief to his feelings—the first to the constable, that he would allow him to smoke his pipe out, for perhaps he should never have another—the second to the magistrate, that his mother might bring him his Sunday dinner."—We shall recur to eupeptic gaol-birds by-and-by.

Sir Walter Scott assigns, among other reasons for his hating funerals,—“here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine.” Dr. Maginn has a story in which the spirits of a brother and sister are “severely depressed,” the dreaded death of a beloved father filling them both with sorrow and apprehension; yet as they post through the snowy roads of Lithuania, they “enjoy” their “basket-stored repast.” For it is a sad truth, according to Dr. Maginn,

* “It would seem as if the poor old gentleman, in a vague sense of discomfort and bewilderment, wanted the great consolers of old age—his tea.”—*Saturday Review*, 428.

that all the most sentimental emotions of the mind give place when the most unsentimental organ of the body makes its demand upon the attention. But Homer, as we have seen, had said the same thing many centuries ago.

Let us, however, give a hearing now to some witnesses on the other side. *Audi alteram partem.*

Fielding's Mrs. Bennett, detailing to Amelia the particulars of her dismal departure from home, is emphatic on the point of her never having broken her fast during the long journey: "for grief," sentimentously the distressed dame remarks, "is as capable as food of filling the stomach; and I had too much of the former to admit any of the latter."

Beauty and the Beast—why be above quoting to the like effect from that nursery classic? When the merchant takes Beauty to the palace where he is to leave her with the Beast, they find in the large hall a table covered with every dainty, and two plates laid ready. "The merchant had very little appetite; but Beauty, that she might the better hide her grief, placed herself at the table, and helped her father;" with sublime self-sacrifice affecting a positive zest for Bruin's savoury cates. After all, however, Miss appears to have had a better appetite than the merchant; and when left alone with the Beast, we are expressly told of her, as she got used to the way of the—the Beast, that "Beauty ate her supper with a very good appetite." Meanwhile her poor old father was no doubt fretting his heart-strings out, in desolate woe. One can fancy how Mr. Thackeray

would have pictured the contrast between the father and daughter on this occasion—with that blending of sarcasm and pathos which was all his own.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb is another nursery classic ; and even those who are *not* in the habit of brushing up their (nursery) classics will scarcely have forgotten how the Ogre bade his wife give all the children a good supper, to fatten them, by the time he should wish to make a meal. The good creature of a wife "was quite glad at this. She gave them plenty for their supper, but the poor children could not eat a bit." Happy the farm-yard fatlings—the cattle and poultry, the sheep and swine, that, ignorant of the self-same doom, can dine and sup so heartily, even while the butcher is sharpening his knife.

Scott shall show us old David Deans, cut to the heart by Effie's disgrace, sitting down at noon, with Jeanie, to their homely repast, and exhorting the latter to eat—quoting the example of the man after God's own heart, who "washed and anointed himself, and did eat bread, in order to express his submission under a dispensation of suffering." But David the Cameronian could not add his own example to that of David the king. "To add force to his precept, he took a morsel on his plate, but nature proved too strong even for the powerful feelings with which he endeavoured to bridle it ;" and the stern old father had to start up, and run out of the house.

Meanwhile, was it better with Effie in the Tol-booth ? Glance in at her cell, with the lawyer and

gaoler, and see the poor girl seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. "Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners; but it was untouched;" and the warder said that "sometimes she tasted naething from the tae end of the four-and-twenty hours to the t'ither, except a drink of water."

Once again we have a glimpse of David Deans, and Jeanie, heart in mouth, at their morning meal, —on the morning of Effie's trial. "The father and daughter sat, each assuming the appearance of eating, when the other's eyes were turned to them, and desisting from the effort with disgust, when the affectionate imposture seemed no longer necessary."

Whatever happens in this world, never let it spoil your dinner, is the Rev. Dr. Opimian's advice (in Mr. Peacock's last fiction) to love-sick Harry Hedgerow. Who answers: "That's father's advice, sir. But it won't always do. When he lost mother, that spoilt his dinner for many a day. He has never been the same man since."

Old Tiff, in Mrs. Stowe's tale of the great dismal swamp, his mistress dead, and himself burdened with the care of burying *her* and providing for her children, declines Nina Gordon's summons to take some breakfast, with a graphic bit of homely pathos: "No, thank you, Miss Nina, I's noways hungry. 'Pears like, when a body's like as I be, swallerin' down, and all de old times risin' in der throat all de time, dey can't eat; dey gets filled to der eyes with feelin'."

In page after page of the Chronicles of Carlingford, the widowed mother keeps pressing a despairing son to eat, when shame as well as sorrow is casting its shadow on their home. "Try to take something, if it were only a mouthful, for Susan's sake," she pleads. He makes a dismal attempt as she tells him. Happy, writes this author, are houses that have not seen such dreadful pretences of meals where tears were the only possible food!

Or glance at good old Mr. Bell, in Mrs. Gaskell's Tale of Two Counties,—when Margaret Hale has just lost her father, *his* time-tried, trusty friend. "Margaret lay motionless, and almost breathless by him. He would not leave her, even for the dinner which Dixon had prepared for him, and, with sobbing hospitality, would fain have tempted him to eat. He had a plateful of something brought up to him. In general, he was particular and dainty enough, and knew well each shade of flavour in his food, but now the devilled chicken tasted like sawdust. He minced up some of the fowl for Margaret, and peppered and salted it well; but when Dixon, following his directions, tried to feed her, the languid shake of the head proved that in such a state as Margaret was in, food would only choke, not nourish her." Next day, though Margaret Hale's appetite remains a mere negation, Mr. Bell's is allowed to recover itself. "Mr. Bell, whose appetite had returned, and who appreciated Dixon's endeavours to gratify it, in vain urged Margaret to taste some sweetbreads stewed with oysters; she shook her head

with the same quiet obstinacy as on the previous day; and he was obliged to console himself for her rejection by eating them all himself."

Watch, again, the demeanour of little Catherine Linton, in Ellis Bell's weird romance of real life, when young Heathcliff is confined in the garret. The rest of the young people are gathered round a "fragrant feast," and all set to work with a will. "Mr. Earnshaw carved bountiful platefuls, and the mistress made them merry with lively talk. I waited behind the chair, and was pained to behold Catherine, with dry eyes and an indifferent air, commence cutting up the wing of a goose before her. 'An unfeeling child,' I thought to myself; 'how lightly she dismisses her old playmate's troubles. I could not have imagined her to be so selfish.' She lifted a mouthful to her lips; then she set it down again; her cheeks flushed, and the tears gushed over them. She slipped her fork to the floor, and hastily dived under the cloth to conceal her emotion." And as with Cathy, so with Heathcliff. "The prisoner had never broken his fast since yesterday's dinner. . . I set him a stool by the fire, and offered him a quantity of good things; but he was sick, and could eat little, and my attempts to entertain him were thrown away."

Or let Mr. Wilkie Collins indicate the effect of bad news, by showing us hearty, jovial Mr. Vanstone at the breakfast-table with his family, in painful silence, for the first time in their lives. His "hearty morning appetite, like his hearty morning spirits,

was gone. He absently broke off some morsels of dry toast from the rack near him," &c. So again with Magdalen at dinner-time, on another occasion, and from another cause. "On all ordinary occasions Magdalen's appetite would have terrified those feeble sentimentalists, who affect to ignore the all-important influence which female feeding exerts in the production of female beauty. On this occasion, she refused one dish after another," &c.

It is a grim touch of realism in Mr. Dickens to picture the meal-times of the servants at Mr. Dombey's when there is death in the house. A hushed house: servants gliding up and down stairs rustle but make no sound of footsteps: they talk constantly together, making much of their meat and drink, and enjoying themselves after a grim unholy fashion. Cook "promises a little fry for supper, and struggles about equally against her feelings and the onions." A converse result is on record in the same story, on the occasion (conventionally joyous) of Walter's hurriedly got-up marriage with Florence: "When they all arrive again at the little Midshipman, and sit down to breakfast, nobody can touch a morsel. Captain Cuttle makes a feint of being voracious about toast, but gives it up as a swindle."

When Mr. Tupman avows himself a blighted being, and alarms his friends by disappearing from their midst, he is eventually found at a village inn, seated at a table well covered with a roast fowl, bacon, ale, "and et cæteras,"—altogether looking, notwithstanding the mournful air with which he

lays down his knife and fork, and rises to meet his old allies, as unlike a heartbroken man as possible.

So with Mark Tapley, after defining himself as a Verb—the one article of grammar he ever learnt. “‘A Werb is a word as signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; and if there’s a Werb alive, I’m it. For I’m always a bein’, sometimes a doin’, and continually a sufferin’’. . . . Mr. Tapley took this occasion of looking about him with a grin, and subsequently attacking the breakfast, with an appetite not at all expressive of blighted hopes, or insurmountable despondency.”

When Lieutenant Merman, in Hook’s novel, receives news of his mistress having eloped, he soon reconciles himself to misfortune, and consents to dine in the house she has just abandoned. The young lady’s guardian desires a servant to say she “begs you will eat your dinner, sir.” “I’ll endeavour,” says Merman; and bids Susan tell the butler that he’s ready.

Miss Mulock’s Ninian Græme visits at a sponging-house Hope Ansted’s father, an arrested insolvent, as soon as taken. “There Ninian found the arrested insolvent eating a hearty and expensive breakfast out of a service of wretched delf. It must be a very great degree of affliction that could blunt Mr. Ansted’s appetite, and a still greater need that could stand in the way of his indulging it.”

So with Undy Scott in the earliest of Mr. Anthony Trollope’s Civil Service series of fictions. Jauntily the embarrassed scapegrace and swindler

walks to his dinner at his club. It was part of his philosophy, we read, that nothing should interfere with his animal comforts. "He was at the present moment over head and ears in debt; he was playing a game which, in all human probability, would end in his ruin; the ground was sinking beneath his feet on every side; and yet he thoroughly enjoyed his dinner."

There is a "hoary penitent" in John Galt's best work, whom we see in an agony of grief at the loss of a son he has ill-treated. Another son remains—that Watty, the natural, whom Delta (Moir) pronounced "inimitable," and whom Professor Wilson reckoned worthy of comparison with David Gellatly himself; and very natural, for a natural, at any rate, is Watty's comment on the old man's abstinence from food. "Dinner was placed on the table at the usual hour; but he did not join Walter. 'I won'er, father,' said the natural, 'that ye're no for ony dinner the day; for ye ken if a' the folk in the warld were to die but only ae man, it would behove that man to hae his dinner.'"

Sir Walter Scott endows with a like *insouciance* the light-hearted conspirator, Mareschal, whose fancy it was to emulate, "sae dauntonly, sae wantonly, sae rantingly," him who

—played a spring, and danced a round,
Beneath the gallows tree.

In vain Mr. Ratcliffe croaks warning in Mareschal's ear, and predicts disaster and death, only too immediate. Mareschal thinks it all likely enough; but

what then? "I will bid you adieu, Mr. Ratcliffe, till dinner-time, when you shall see that my apprehensions have not spoiled my appetite." Anon we see the conspirators at dinner; where "Mareschal alone, true to the thoughtlessness of his character, ate and drank," as well as laughed and jested.

Lord Balmerino, as we find in narratives of the '45 and its penal issues, was sitting at dinner with his wife when the warrant for his execution arrived; and on her starting up distractedly and swooning away, he "coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened." And his lordship laughed outright when the poor lady declared herself unable to eat.

Readers of Madame de Sévigné's letters will remember how La Voison, the poisoner, under sentence of being burnt alive (1680), got up a supper, and had in the keepers, and on the eve of execution grumbled at being put off with broth. Prison authorities are sometimes not so nice as condemned and *morituri* prisoners on these occasions. Gilly Williams rejoiced the heart of George Selwyn (ever greedy of Newgate Calendar intelligence) by telling how, the night before Rice's execution, he heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; "but," adds the fellow, "you need not be curious about the sauce, for he is to be hanged to-morrow." The very reason, possibly, why Rice would be curious about it.

Mr. Sala remarks that old Lord Lovat's appetite, as a state prisoner, and notwithstanding his illness and his fourscore years, for minced veal and cognac, reminds one of Mr. James Blomfield Rush's solicitude, when confined in Norwich Gaol, for roast pig "and plenty of plum sauce." Let no prison cook or runner presume to suppose *him* not curious about the sauce.

Biographical histories, such as Lamartine's, of the French Revolution, teem with opportunities for illustrating phases of appetite in the condemned cell. How Charlotte Corday gave smiling orders for her last breakfast, and invited the concierge and his wife to (as the police reporters have it) "partake;" how the condemned Girondins celebrated their last supper, and "ate and drank with appetite, but sobriety;" how the Duke of Orleans, Egalité, summoned to the scaffold, "sat down to breakfast, and ate and drank with appetite;" and how Biron desired to taste, up to the last moment, the sensualities of the table, and on the arrival of the executioner's men, deprecated undue haste with a polite "Permit me to finish my oysters;" these are sparse but sufficing samples. Sir Archibald Alison is similarly mindful of such traits; recording, for instance, that Marshal Ney, within a few hours of being shot as a traitor in the gardens of the Luxembourg, "supped calmly, with his usual appetite."

But further examples in fiction await us in plenty—more by scores and centuries than space can accommodate or patience endure. With a random selec-

tion—if that is not too Irish—from such redundant stores, let this omnium gatherum draw to a close, lest it find *no* end, in wandering mazes lost.

Kathie Brande's grandmother very summarily snubs her tea-table companion, Miss Bootle, when the latter dilates on a misfortune that has just befallen a neighbouring family: "Stuff, Bootle! don't cant to me! I know the world . . . Mrs. Froude may be sitting in sackcloth and ashes, and Sybil may be tearing her red hair at this minute, for anything *you* care: at all events, their distresses have not taken away your appetite. How many times have you helped yourself to marmalade?"

Rebecca Sharp, having taken the tenderest tearful leave of Amelia Sedley, using her handkerchief plentifully, and hanging on her friend's neck as if they were parting for ever,—“came back to the breakfast-table, and ate some prawns with a good deal of appetite, considering her emotion.” Mr. Thackeray was not the writer to leave unobserved, either with his keen eye, or with his sharp-pointed pen, any such trait of character and habits. Witness again his Miss Bunion, authoress of so many heart-broken lyrics, “Heart-strings,” “The Deadly Nightshade,” “Passion Flowers,” &c.—of whom his record is, “For a woman all soul, she certainly eats as much as any woman I ever saw.” What though the sufferings she has had to endure are, she says, beyond compare; and what though the poems she writes breathe a withering passion, a smouldering despair, an agony of spirits that would melt the soul

him, had he lost either his good humour or his excellent appetite. His philosophy was *nil admirari*; so that *he* would not have "wondered" with Byron, whether a certain wholesale slave-merchant could eat a good dinner after effecting a large sale of his fellow-creatures :

And then the merchant, giving change, and signing
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

I wonder if his appetite was good ?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion ?

POSTPRANDIAL PLACABILITY.

A Cue from Shakespeare.

WHEN that genial old soul, Menenius Agrippa, is trying to account for the rebuff that good Cominius has had to endure from Coriolanus, on application being made to that embittered exile in behalf of humiliated Rome, he hits upon, and favours, the conceit that the secret of Cominius's failure lay in addressing Coriolanus before dinner, instead of after. That solves the problem. That disposes of the difficulty. That explains and almost excuses the disgrace of defeat, the degradation of repulse. Cominius should have timed the deputation better. He should have approached the hero *paulo post prandium*. Caius Marcius must have been speaking from an empty stomach when he thus implacably dismissed his old commander.

He was not taken well; HE HAD NOT DINED:
The veins unfill'd, the blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore,

fictions, after quarrelling about a loan, meet again at dinner. "After dinner, which Martha took care should be much to his taste, the old man leaned back in his chair, and said with a good humour large as the ocean, 'Now, nephew, about this little affair of yours? Now is the time to come to a man for money; after dinner I feel like doing anything, however foolish, to make all the world happy before I die.'"

Mais quand on a diné, n'a-t-on pas de clémence?

asks Voltaire. But, indeed, what good quality has one *not*, after a good dinner? If, according to Burns, ilka man that's drunk's a lord, and wi' tippenny the veriest coward fears no evil,—even so a substantial meal will nerve a Sancho Panza to meet disaster, and inspirit a Gros-René to moral heroism. Frankly the latter confesses, speaking for himself, and judging from himself,

*J'en juge par moi-même, et la moindre disgrâce,
Lorsque je suis à jeun, me saisit, me terrasse;
Mais quand j'ai bien mangé, mon âme est ferme à tout,
Et les plus grands revers n'en viendraient pas à bout.*

"Strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody," muses Mr. Samuel Pepys, fresh from assisting at a festive ré-union with that felicitous result. The travelled Englishman in Washington Irving's "Inn at Terracina," arrives there with "an unhappy expression about the corners of his mouth; partly from not having yet made his dinner." "There is nothing, however, that conquers a traveller's spleen sooner than eating,

whatever may be the cookery ; and nothing brings him into good humour with his company sooner than eating together." Flatly opposed to this is the testimony of Goldsmith's Chinese Cosmopolite, on the subject of Charity and Public dinners in England : " What amazes me most is, that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites ; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity." Perhaps a hint from Byron may illustrate this dyspeptic paradox :

—When dinner has opprest one,
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.
Voltaire says " No ." he tells you that *Candide*
Found life most tolerable after meals ;
He's wrong—unless man was a pig, indeed,
Repletion rather adds to what he feels.

A French author quoted, not approvingly, by Lord William Lennox, maintains that dinner, while it fills a man's stomach, makes void his heart ; and in support of this paradox, relates of a poor man who sat for thirty years upon the steps of a celebrated restaurateur's in Paris, that, although he received an alms often and liberally enough from those going in, never a sou got he from those coming out.

But this sort of thing comes under the head of morbid analysis, or anatomy. The healthy subject

finds dinner-time a favourable crisis in the experiences of the day, alike for himself and others; and the practical philosophy of the old Roman's suggestion that Coriolanus was not taken well, not having dined, is the accepted faith and practice of average mortals.

David Hume, in one of his metaphysical essays, remarks, that the most irregular and unexpected resolutions of men may frequently be accounted for by those who know every particular circumstance of their character and situation. "A person of an *iging* disposition," for instance, "gives a peevish answer: but he has the toothache, or *has not dined.*"

Colossus in conversational power as Dr. Johnson was, it was not before dinner that he came out. Witness his silence at Mr. Langton's, where "before dinner he said nothing but 'Pretty Baby,' to one of the children;" and Langton afterwards remarked to Boswell—who with Bishop Porteus was of the party—that he could repeat Johnson's conversations before dinner, as Johnson said he could repeat a whole chapter of Van Troil's *Iceland*, viz., the famous chapter on Snakes [ch. lxxii. "There are no snakes in all *Iceland*"].

At that celebrated dinner-party at Mr. Dilly's, when Johnson met Wilkes, the sage was in a rusty crusty brown study until "the cheering sound of 'Dinner is on the table' dissolved his reverie, and we *all* [says Boswell, in italics,] sat down without any symptom of ill humour." No reader can have

forgotten how adroitly Wilkes insinuated himself, that day, into the Doctor's grace, by consulting his zest for "some fine veal," "a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this lemon," &c. &c., until the Great Bear was licked into shape, and roared you like any sucking-dove.

When Boswell had certain intelligence to convey to the Doctor, touching his "Lives of the Poets," he chose a discreet time for doing so with the best effect. "After dinner, when I thought he would receive the good news in the best humour, I announced it eagerly."

Boswell had had previous experience of the bland and beautifying influence of a good meal on Johnson's temperament: notably so, for instance, in one specially recorded passage in his Tour to the Hebrides. To this incident Peter Pindar makes malicious reference, in one of Bozzy's antiphonies with Madame Piozzi:

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of Mull,
The megrims got into the doctor's skull:
With such bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to Icolmkill:
But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were banished all by tea and bread-and-butter.

Mrs. Pepys having one day dressed herself not quite to her husband's mind, he enters in his Diary the fact that this "did, together with my being

hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry."

Pope suggests as a plausible and withal charitable explanation of inconsistency in conduct, and faulty action, that the man

Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.

There are certain moments before dinner, observes a medical reviewer, when most men suffer what the late Dr. Marshall Hall called the temper disease, the amiable suddenly becoming unamiable, and the best of us snappish: "the *morale* of the individual is entirely altered."

Feuchlersleben, in his "Mental Physiology," has very subtly said, that if we could penetrate into the secret foundation of human events, we should frequently find "the misfortunes of one man caused by the intestines of another." This may appear a fantastic proposition on the part of the learned German; but do we not, as men of the world, act upon the knowledge of this fact every day of our lives? Who would be fool enough to ask a man a favour while he was waiting for his dinner? The irritation *Paterfamilias* labours under during those few minutes is clearly attributable to an impoverished condition of the blood; it is, in fact, a fleeting attack of that temper-disease which Dr. Marshall Hall has proved to be an abiding condition of some persons—particularly among the female sex.*

* The above paragraph is "conveyed" (the wise it call) from

It is a suggestive sketch, that given us by "George Eliot," of Mr. Spratt, the master of the Shepperton workhouse, "boxing the boys' ears with a constant *rinforzando*, as he felt more keenly the approach of dinner-time."

Mark the manœuvring method of Mistress Margaret Ramsay to coax Dame Ursula into good humour, when that sage counsellor is in dudgeon, and resists the damsel's advances, "Why, now you are angry, mother: this comes of your coming out at even-tide without eating your supper—I never heard you utter a cross word after you had finished your little morsel.—Here, Janet, a trencher and salt for Dame Ursula," &c.,—whose temporary displeasure vanishes at once under the mollifying influences of good cheer.

An apt practitioner in the same school of philosophy is Cardinal Alberoni, as Mr. Archibald Boyd depicts him, in the scene where his Eminence wins Colonel Clifford to his purpose: "Not a word—not a syllable," said the Cardinal, interrupting him with a laugh. "There is an old adage about the difference between Philip full and Philip fasting, and it is possible that there are others beside the King of Macedon whose present temper may be improved by a meal. Come, let us see what they have given us,"* &c.

a psycho- or physio-logical essay, anonymous, on First Beginnings (in cerebral derangement).

* It speaks rather for Mr. Boyd's appreciation of the Phi-

The great chapter which contains a full and faithful report of the memorable trial of Bardell against Pickwick, opens with Mr. Snodgrass's wonder what the foreman of the jury has got for breakfast. "Ah," says Mr. Perker, the defendant's attorney, "I hope he's got a good one."—"Why so?" asks Mr. Pickwick.—"Highly important," is Perker's reply. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen always find for the plaintiff." When Mr. Trollope's George Bertram makes his entrance into Jerusalem, it is in a crusty temper, due to the wear and tear of twelve hours in a Turkish saddle. In fact, he swears vehemently at his floundering jade. "But then he was not only tired and sore, but very hungry also. Our finer emotions should always be encouraged with a stomach moderately full." Fortified with a night's rest and a good breakfast, he recovers his high-toned feeling, and can "do" the Holy City in a more becoming frame of mind.—So with Currer Bell's Professor, in one of his contrarious moods, when irritated by hunger, and by the teasing talk of that exasperating fellow Hunsden. "It is over-

lippy adage, such as it is, than for his care as an artist in fiction, that he should have put it into Clifford's own mouth a few chapters before. "The ancients were right. There is a difference in the temper of Philip full and Philip fasting. I [Clifford] feel myself in the most merciful of humours after such a supper and such a breakfast, and could almost forgive my worst enemy."—*The Cardinal*, ch. xvii.

eating that makes you so ill-tempered,' said he. 'How do you know?' I demanded. 'It is like you to give a pragmatistical opinion without being acquainted with any of the circumstances of the case; I have had no dinner.' What I said was petulant and snappish enough, and Hunsden only replied by looking in my face and laughing. 'Poor thing!' he whined, after a pause. 'It has had no dinner, has it?' Fortunately, at this sulky juncture, the tray was brought in, and he that was not taken well, not having dined, fell to upon some bread-and-butter and cold meat directly. And thus he reports progress: "Having cleared a plateful, I became so far harmonised as to intimate to Mr. Hunsden," &c., &c.

A drench of sack
At a good tavern, and a fine fresh pullet,
Would cure him,

says *Fitton* of the melancholy man, so costive in his courtesy, in Ben Jonson's play. Justice Haliburton tells us that when he was a boy, he always waited till he saw his father in the full enjoyment of his pipe, before asking him any little favour. "A man who is happy himself, is willing to contribute to the happiness of others." As with the pipe, so with the platter. Who can deny, demands Mr. Disraeli, that our spiritual nature depends upon our corporeal condition? "A man without a breakfast is not a hero; a hero well fed is full of audacious invention." And yet the same writer, and in the self-same work,

records of his hero, on a later page, that being exhausted he postponed all deliberation until he had breakfasted, and that "when he had breakfasted, he felt very dull. It is the consequence of all meals." Be that understood as it may, few will seriously demur to the finale of Mrs. Southey's verses on a hedgehog, whose bristles she loved to smoothe by cramming him with cream—namely, that

—to effect such change benign
 In human Hedgehog (saint or sinner),
 To smoothe his bristles—soothe his rage—
 There's not an argument so sage,
 Or so prevailing, I'll engage,
 As a good dinner.

"Dinner, that useful counsellor, had smoothed his ruffled temper," writes Miss Eden of her semi-attached hero. Cortes became conversant with this practical philosophy, when dealing with his refractory followers in the invasion of Mexico. They might resist soft words of seductive persuasion, for soft words butter no parsnips, still less supply the parsnips themselves in time of dearth. But "when the foraging party reappeared with abundance of poultry and vegetables, and the cravings of the stomach—that great laboratory of disaffection, whether in camp or capital—were appeased—good humour returned with good cheer, and the rival factions embraced one another as companions in arms, pledged to a common cause."

Michelet initiates a serious chapter in his history of the Fronde with the didactic reflection, oracularly

expressed, that "une chose grave à observer dans l'histoire des révolutions, c'est de savoir si les acteurs parlent avant ou après le repas."

It has been remarked of Theodore Hook's very numerous novels, that not one of them is without at least one dinner-party; and the author himself admitted, but only to defend, the fact that every important event in the narrative is made to occur at dinner or supper. His argument was, that it is at and after dinner and supper that all the pleasurable business of society is transacted.

Mrs. Gore nicely graduates the progressive influence of the meal. She differentiates the especial moments when a diner-out will succeed in an anecdote, or fail. What would fall dead while the pâtés or cutlets are going their round, will set the table in a roar after the second circuit of champagne. "Till the rubicon of the second course is passed, your careful talker feels that all is preamble." But after the pheasant, green-goose, or turkey-poult,—after the *fondue*, cabinet-pudding, and *Chambertin*, "not only are the ears of the party opened, but their hearts," and people are ready to laugh at everything.

George Eliot observes that the progress of civilisation has made a breakfast or a dinner an easy and cheerful substitute for more troublesome and disagreeable ceremonies. We take a less gloomy view of our errors, he (or she) says, now our father confessor listens to us over his egg and coffee. "We are more distinctly conscious that rude penances are

out of the question for gentlemen in an enlightened age, and that mortal sin is not incompatible with an appetite for muffins. An assault on our pockets, which in more barbarous times would have been made in the brusque form of a pistol-shot, is quite a well-bred and smiling procedure now it has become a request for a loan thrown in as an easy parenthesis between the second and third glasses of claret.”*

Does the reader remember a pertinent paragraph in Mr. Cariyle’s account of his Crown-Prince of Prussia, in the Rhine campaign of 1734? Lieutenant Chasot, a young French officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, is the narrator. Scene: A large dining-room, thatched with straw, behind the Prince’s tent. “It was in this dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d’Asfeld [Commander-in-Chief since Berwick’s death], with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, and in good humour, said, ‘We must sell those horses, they don’t speak German; Brender will take care to mount you some other way.’ Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on my horses; and they were sold on the spot at

* *Adam Bede*, chap. xvi. More to the point, perhaps, as a direct illustration, is a passage in a subsequent chapter, where Adam Bede is sitting at Bartle Massey’s, and the old man is excited and angry. “He continued his supper in a silence which Adam did not choose to interrupt; he knew the old man would be in a better humour when he had had his supper and lighted his pipe.”—Ch. xxi.

three times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this dinner, said to me in a half-whisper, 'Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who have dined well.'

When the Cardinal of Ferrara undertook to forward the interests of Benvenuto Cellini, then (as so frequently) under a cloud, it was after supping with the Holy Father—who over-ate himself, though—that his Eminence pushed his plan. "When the cardinal saw the pope in a good humour, and likely to grant favours, he applied in my behalf, in the name of the king his master, in the most urgent manner imaginable." It was "after dinner," writes Martin Luther, that "the legate [Cardinal Cajetan] sent for the reverend father Staupitz, and endeavoured to cajole him into bringing me to a retraction."* What says Bishop Blougram, in his Apology, to Mr. Gigadibs?

—Don't you know

I promised, if you'd watch a dinner out,
We'd see truth dawn together?—truth that peeps
Over the glass's edge when dinner's done,
And body gets its sop and holds its noise
And leaves soul free a little. Now's the time.

"For, after a good dinner," testifies Mr. Herman

* "Bah!" had said the cardinal-legate just *before* dinner, when Gerson and reform were on the carpet, in his interview with Luther: "let's speak no more about them,"—and so he turned the conversation to something else.—*Life of Luther* (Michelet), book i. ch. ii.

Melville, à propos of a "sumptuous"* meal of baked pig and taro-pudding, in one of the South Sea islands, "one feels affluent and amiable, and peculiarly open to conviction." When Jean Jacques Rousseau, young, and, from his peculiar circumstances and character, peculiarly open to conviction, went to see M. de Pontverre, the village curé, intent on a convert, "*Il me reçut bien,*" records John James of Geneva, "*me parla de l'hérésie de Genève, de l'autorité de la sainte mère Eglise, et me donna à dîner. Je trouvai peu de chose à répondre à des arguments qui finissaient ainsi, et jugeai que des curés chez qui l'on dinait si bien valaient tout au moins nos ministres.*" That famous old Scotch judge, and hard-drinker, Lord Hermand, of whom Lord Cockburn and Dean Ramsay have had so much to tell us, used to assert himself absolutely confident that he could convert the Pope, if he could only get him to sup with him.

The story goes that Oliver Cromwell himself was not above securing his election for Cambridge by causing "a good quantity of wine to be brought into the town-house, with some confectionery-stuff, which was liberally filled out, and as liberally taken of, to the warming of most of their noddles; when

* Sumptuous is an abused word in many such cases. I assure you I've dined sumptuously, says a complaisant guest, after faring on beans and bacon, perhaps, or hashed mutton, or some other *un*-costly dish. Now, sumptuous means costly. And that is not the civil guest's meaning, though he means well.

Tyms and the other three [Noll's agents] spread themselves among the company and whispered into their ears, 'Would not this man make a brave burgess for the ensuing Parliament?' And conviction is said to have come with the cates and liquor; not for the first time, or the last, in our grand island-story. Agents and attorneys are versed in such tactics. Every sharp practitioner is an adept in such sharp practice. Like the crafty lawyer in Crabbe's tale, who, before he plucked his clients, and in order that he might pluck them, was careful to ply them well with creature-comforts of his own providing:

For this he now began his friends to treat;
His way to starve them was to make them eat,
And drink oblivious draughts; to his applause
It must be said he never starved a cause;
He'd roast and boil'd upon his board; the boast
Of half his victims was his boil'd and roast;
And these at every hour: he seldom took
Aside his client, till he'd praised his cook;
Nor to an office led him, there in pain
To give his story and go out again;
But first, the brandy and the chine were seen,
And then the business came by starts between.

Frere used to say that an Englishman opens, like an oyster, with a knife and fork; and that one never knows what is in a man till these two agents are in active employment.*

* Dinners are defined as "the ultimate act of communion;" men that can have communion in nothing else, says Mr. Car-

Sir Robert Peel's recently published apology (so to speak) for his namesake and predecessor, Sir

lyle, can sympathetically eat together, can still rise into some glow of brotherhood over food and wine.—*Carlyle's Hist. of the Fr. Revol.*, book vii. ch. ii.

In another of his works the same shrewd and serious philosopher declares that no public matter, with whatever weighty argument, can be settled in England till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon.—*Latter-day Pamphlets*, No. 6.

Mr. Justice Haliburton says of John Bull that, like many animals, he is not to be approached with safety while hungry; and that, although liberal in his charities, he won't subscribe till after a public dinner.—*The Season Ticket*, No. 5.

"Have you observed that nothing can be done in England without a dinner?" asks Sydney Smith, *Memoirs*, I. 343.

A writer in the *British and Foreign Review*, referring to the *odium medicum*, maintains that "a good dinner at the Royal would heal the professional feuds of a large town;" for though the man of science who thinks he practises his profession for the sheer love of it may smile at the sensualness of the means, and it may not be the remedy, he requires,—most practitioners are men of the *métier*, and like a dinner of the craft as well as others.—Dr. John Brown endorses the wish that there was a medical guild in every large town, with an ample dinner fund. See his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, First Series, p. 213.

A dinner-party made up of such elements is pronounced by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes the last triumph of civilisation over barbarism.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*, p. 71.

In the ancient kingdom of England, observes Mr. Disraeli, it hath ever been the custom to dine previously to transacting business; the habit being one of those few which are not contingent upon the mutable fancies of fashion; "and at this day we see Cabinet Dinners, and Vestry Dinners, alike proving the correctness of our assertion."—*Vivian Grey*, book i. ch. xvi.

Robert Walpole, applauds the jovial Minister's tactics in feeding bucolic M.P.'s. "In those days

An observation expanded into a sufficiency of blank verses, by Mrs. Southey, some of which we omit :

"——Process strange !

But most effectual doubtless, as we see
 In this our favour'd isle, where all affairs
 Begin and end with feasting : Statesmen meet
 To eat and legislate ; to eat and hang
 Judges assemble ; Chapters congregate
 To eat and order spiritual affairs ;
 Committees of Reform, Relief, Conversion,
 Eat with amazing unction : and so on,
 Throughout all offices, sects, parties, grades,
 Down to the parish worthies, who assemble
 In conclave snug, to eat, and starve the poor."

The Birthday, part iii.

Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, was also the Man of the World (both titles are his own, though Macklin has made more of the latter), when he set down Harley's guardians at the dinner-table, as the only harmonising influence of avail to reconcile their differences. "When they did meet, their opinions were so opposite that the only possible method of conciliation was the mediatory power of a dinner and a bottle."—*The Man of Feeling*, ch. xii.

Chesterfield admonishes that sucking diplomatist, his son, that to keep a good table, and to do the honours of it *sur le ton de la bonne compagnie*, is absolutely necessary for a foreign minister.—*Letters*, March 25, O.S., 1751.

The grand ingredient that eating seems to make in all English schemes of zeal, business, or amusement, is noted with emphasis by Lien Chi Altangi. When a church is to be built, or hospital endowed, he observes, the directors assemble, and instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which

no doubt the dinner was a powerful instrument in facilitating the conviction of country gentlemen."

To this effect runs a couplet of Dr. Wolcot's :

For meat is apt opinion to improve,
And stomachs form a turnpike gate to love.

Scarcely any Bishop, Sidney Smith once remarked, is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanatics. "The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner."

Lord Lytton's Parson Dale preferred the evening service for "sermons that preach *at* you," not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before ; that you arrive more

means the business goes forward with success.—*Citizen of the World*, Let. cxii.

The late Mr. Walker, in his *Original* essays, again and again laid stress on the importance of the dinner-table as a bond of union and harmony, and a school for improvement of manners and civilisation—in fact, he appears to have accounted it the great emollient of *mores*, which *nec sinit esse feros*. He testifies that the only election he ever assisted at, that was throughout effectively managed, owed its effect to a judicious tickling of the palates of the committee. "I consider good cheer," he solemnly avows, "as the very cement of good government. It prevents ill blood," &c., &c. "The doctrine I always hold to the parishes with which I have anything to do is, that they must either eat together or quarrel together, that they must either have tavern bills or attorneys' bills.—Cf. *The Original*, Nos. 7, 25, &c.

insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. And Lord Lytton himself, for his part, or at least on Pisistratus Caxton's, honestly declares, that there are hours in the twenty-four—such, for instance, as that just before breakfast, or that succeeding a page of unsuccessful composition, when any one in want of five shillings would find the author's value of that sum put it quite out of his reach; while at other times—"just after dinner, for instance"—the value of those five shillings is so much depreciated that he might be almost tempted to give them away for nothing.

ABOUT INFERRING THE MAN FROM THE BOOK.

A Case of Non Sequitur.

ONE of those essays which the author of "The Caxtons" collected into a volume, a quarter of a century at least before he devoted his practised pen to the everyway riper series entitled "Caxtoniana," takes for its theme the difference between Authors and the impression conveyed of them by their works.

Lord Lytton, in that essay, expresses his belief that there is much less difference between the author and his works than is currently supposed; and that it is usually in the "physical appearance" of the writer—his manners, his mien, his exterior, that he falls short of the ideal a reasonable man forms of him—rarely in his mind. The feeling of disappointment is accordingly treated as usually a sign of the weak mind of him who experiences it,—“a foolish, apprentice-sort of disposition, that judges of everything great by the criterion of a puppet-show, and expects as much out of the common way in a celebrated author as in the lord mayor's coach.”

That shrewd and sensible people are apt, neverthe-

less, to utterly miscalculate the man in the author, is an every-day truism in practical life. "Had any one formerly brought me to Erasmus," writes Montaigne, "I should hardly have believed but that all was adage and apophthegm he spoke to his man or his hostess." Whereas Erasmus, depend upon it, cast no such pearls as epigram or rhetorical flourish before any such swine as the body-man that ran his errands, or the crone that did his chares. But Montaigne's impression was one common in all ages, and to, and about, all sorts of men.

Izaak Walton tells us that many and many turned out of their road purposely to see Richard Hooker, in his parsonage at Borne, whose life and learning were so much admired. But what went they out for to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? a man of stately presence and enthralling gifts of speech? "No, indeed; but an obscure harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; . . . of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor Parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time." Pilgrims had to pause and take breath before they could identify that threadbare, blushing parson with him that penned Ecclesiastical Polity.

Kant's style of conversation was so popular and unscholastic, that any stranger acquainted with his works, would have found it difficult to believe that

in this delightful and genial companion he saw the profound master of Transcendental Philosophy.

Almost all the tragic and gloomy writers, it has been remarked, have been, in social life, mirthful persons. The author of the *Night Thoughts*, says Moore, was a fellow of infinite jest; and of the pathetic Rowe, Pope says, "He! why, he would laugh all day long—he would do nothing else but laugh." Of La Fontaine, the *larmoyant* German novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime, as Mr. Carlyle has it, what fair eye has not wept? we are told that Varnhagen von Ense found him a man jovial as Boniface, swollen out on booksellers' profits, church preferments and fat things, "to the size of a hogshhead;" and not allowing his pretty niece to read a word of his romance-stuff, but "keeping it locked from her like poison."—As Mr. Thackeray says of the tragical paintings of Alexander M'Collop, "No one would suppose, from the gloomy character of his works, that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive." And among the variety of painters whom Clive Newcome associated with at Rome, there were some, we read, with the strongest natural taste for low humour, comic singing, and Cyder-Cellar jollification, who would imitate nothing but Michael Angelo, and whose canvases teemed with tremendous allegories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle.

Describing his first introduction, by Wordsworth in 1808, to "Mr. Wilson of Elleray," De Quincey says that, "(as usually happens in such cases,) I felt

a shock of surprise on seeing a person so little corresponding to the one I had half-unconsciously prefigured." Christopher North's own daughter and biographer comments on the probable disappointment so many people must feel at Raeburn's beautiful portrait of her father in his fervid youth—"so tidily dressed in his top-boots and well-fitting coat, with face so placid, and blue eyes so mild, looking as if he never could do or say anything *outré* or startling,—can that be a good picture of him we have seen and heard of as the long-maned and mighty, whose eyes were as the lightnings of fiery flame," &c., &c. Very unlike Christopher of the Crutch, indeed. But very like the author of *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. *

Washington Irving with a pleasurable surprise found Gifford, whom he met frequently in John Murray's drawing-room, "mild and courteous in his manners, without any of that petulance that you would be apt to expect," and quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming.

Those who knew Etty "only in his works," remarks his biographer (and William Blake's, often formed conclusions of the man sufficiently wide of the mark: accused him, as he says, of being a shocking "and immoral man;" even those who had heard of the painter as being personally "a decent kind of man," still inferring of his mind that it must needs be "a gross one." By the self-evident portraiture of his autobiography, however, and the testimony of intimates to his simplicity of character

and earnestness, and to the singleness and purity of his aims, the real Etty has been proved a very different figure from the Etty of good people's fancy.

So again, in Mr. Trimmer's *Reminiscences of J. M. W. Turner and his Contemporaries*, reference being made to the dictum that you may tell a man by his paintings as you may by his handwriting, John Constable, R.A., is thus mentioned, in opposition to that maxim. "I knew Constable's paintings long before I knew Constable, and formed a very wrong estimate of his character. His paintings give one the idea of a positive, conceited person, whereas any one more diffident of his powers could not be."

Mrs. Gore somewhere says, à propos of Byron, that everybody knows, who knows a great poet, that poets are the least poetical of God's or the devil's creatures, unless when hanging over a sheet of wirewove, crowquill in hand. "Did I tell you that I met Wordsworth at Mackintosh's last week," writes Jeffrey, "and talked with him in a party of four till two in the morning? He is not in the very least Lakish now, or even in any degree poetical, but rather a hard and a sensible worldly sort of a man." Possibly Wordsworth, on this occasion, in his insuperable distrust of his Edinburgh reviewer, kept a mask on his face, and a bridle to his lips, all night, purposely that he might not be seen as he was. But divers accounts of his companionship, from quite other quarters, corroborate the impression here produced.—It is not wholly

and solely caricature that Mr. Poole indites, in his picture of Little Pedlington's Bard, as seen at a conversazione. "Simple in appearance, unaffected in manners [so a local Boswell describes him]—instead of the popular poet, you would be inclined to set him down for nothing more than one of yourselves. . . . But so it ever is with genius of a high order." And, truly, records the author of "Paul Pry," depicting the scene and the company, —there sat the illustrious poet, neither attitudinising, nor sighing, nor looking either sad, solemn, or sentimental, nor in any manner striving after effect, but unaffectedly swallowing tea and munching hot muffins, with as much earnestness as if, to repeat the Pedlington phrase, he had, indeed, been "nothing more than one of ourselves."

Leigh Hunt has pictured Handel, with all his sublimities, and even his delicacies and tricksome graces, as a "gross kind of jovial fellow," who announced by a plethoric person (to use the Gibbonian style) the ample use he made of his knife and fork.

Of Leigh Hunt himself, by the way, an accomplished American bears witness, that "of all the literary men I have known, no one, it seems to me, so thoroughly corresponded in his person, manner, and impression to the idea one would form of an author from his works. There was the same exquisite charm in both. His conversation was like his essays, full, rich, genial, and pervaded with a delicate perfume."

Mr. Sala cites an enthusiastic amateur of music who posted to Berlin to see the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots*,—and was bitterly disappointed to be introduced to a “little, snuffy, old Jew-man.” The half-crippled dotard, it is further remarked, whom the children at Chelsea used to run after and point at, and call “Puggy Booth,” could not have satisfied many that he was Joseph Mallard Turner, the painter of “*Carthage*” and the “*Shipwreck*.” The flabby lame gentleman, Mr. Sala adds, who had a horror of growing fat, and drank more Hollands-and-water than was good for him, scarcely realised that exquisite Ideal in the turn-down collar and Albanian costume, engraved on steel as a frontispiece to the “*Giaour*.”

Byron, indeed, we find urging Moore to assure society that he is not the misanthropical and gloomy gentleman commonly supposed, “but a facetious companion . . . as loquacious and laughing as if I were a much cleverer fellow.” And he tells the same correspondent, four years later, of a visit he has just had, at Ravenna, from an American hero-worshipper: “But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolfskin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world.” A more distinguished American testified of the noble poet, to their common friend, Francis Jeffrey, that there was nothing gloomy or bitter in Byron’s ordinary talk, but rather a wild, rough, boyish pleasantry, much more like nature than his poetry.

"Dr. Channing small and weak!" exclaimed a Kentuckian enquirer, who was a fervent admirer of his writings; "I thought he was six feet at least in height, with a fresh cheek, broad chest, voice like that of many waters, and strong-limbed as a giant."

In racy contrast with which, take Thomas Moore's journalised impression of the author of "Gebir" and the "Imaginary Conversations," whom he met for the first time at Mr. Milnes' (now Lord Houghton), together with Messieurs Rogers, Robinson, Carlyle, and Spring Rice. "Savage Landor a very different person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros réjoui*; and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man."

Grimm (Baron, not Brother, *either* Brother) takes note that the greater number of comic poets have been bilious and melancholy people, and that "M. de Voltaire, who is very gay, has written tragedies only—gay comedy being the one sole composition in which he has not succeeded;" the alleged explanation being, that he who laughs, and he who makes laugh, are two very different men. It is in allusion to some such discrepancy that M. Cuvillier-Fleury observes, in a notice on Madame d'Arbouville, that "Le monde, et surtout le monde des lettres, est plein de ces contrastes. L'auteur du *Malade imaginaire* était triste, l'auteur du *Resignation* passait pour enjouée." The author of Letters

to Eusebius has laid it down as a general rule, that all satirists are amiable men; and points to our English satirists as having been eminently so. Poor gentle Cowper, in his loving frenzy, as Mr. Eagles words it, wielded the knout stoutly, and had it been in his religion, would have whipped himself like a pure Franciscan; and yet he loved his neighbour. "And it is our belief that Swift was good and amiable, and as little like a yahoo as those who depict him as one." Father Garasse, who engaged in a paper war against Etienne Pasquier, which produced such *grands flots de bile et de fiel*—so inordinate a secretion of bile and gall—has been thus portrayed by a devoted admirer of his antagonist: "L'auteur de tant de fougueuses diatribes fut en effet un ecclésiastique réglé dans les mœurs, doux et facile dans le commerce habituel de la vie, d'un caractère dévoué et généreux." M. Deltour, in a chapter on the Irritable Character of Racine, reminds us that this poet, "so prompt and so terrible in taking literary vengeance," was he of whom Madame de Sévigné said that he was cruel in his verses only; and that he was, *au fond*, like Boileau, the most devoted of friends, the most benevolent and generous of men. The "arrogant and vituperative Warburton," writes Isaac Disraeli—who, by the way, professes always to consider an author as a being possessed of two lives, the intellectual and the vulgar; so that "in his books we trace the history of his mind, and in his actions those of human nature"—the bullying Bishop, himself one of the Curiosities

of Literature, "was only such [a bully] in his assumed character ; for in still domestic life he was the creature of benevolence, touched by generous passions." The Abbé Prévôt is described by Rousseau as being, in private, a very amiable and extremely simple man, whose heart gave life to his writings, and who, in society, showed nothing whatever of the spleen and sombre colouring observable in his works. Southey, in one of his letters, is full of a "most extraordinary book" by Dr. Ezra Stiles, sometime President of Yale College, than which nothing more thoroughly rancorous could have been written by Hugh Peters himself. "And yet Ezra Stiles was a kind, simple-hearted creature, so that the milk of his nature, and the vinegar and gall of his prejudices, make the strangest compound in the world." Contrasting the personal pleasantness of Joseph de Maistre with his polemical "cruelty," M. Nisard wants to know how to reconcile so much bitterness with so much *bonhomie* ; and adds : "M. de Maistre n'en est pas le seul exemple. Le dix-septième siècle en offrait plusieurs, à commencer par Bossuet . . . si sévère comme docteur de l'Eglise, si bienveillant et si accommodant comme l'homme."

There is a passage in Boileau averring or bidding others aver,

—qu'au fond cet homme horrible,
Ce censeur qu'ils ont peint si noir et si terrible,
Fut un esprit doux, simple, ami de l'équité.

Madame d'Arblay expresses her agreeable surprise at finding in "Mr. Professor Young, of Glasgow,"

not a caustic satirist, but a *bonhomme* with a face that looks all honesty and kindness, and manners gentle and humble. "It was a most agreeable surprise to find such a man in Mr. Professor Young, as I had expected a sharp though amusing satirist, from his comic but sarcastic imitation of Dr. Johnson's 'Lives,' in a criticism upon Gray's 'Elegy.'" In the same letter Madame Fanny remarks of Mr. Broome, "He has by no means the wit and humour and hilarity his 'Simkin's Letters' prepare one for; but the pen and tongue are often unequally gifted." Which frequent inequality seems to have particularly struck Madame's sister, in the instance of Lally Tollendal, who recited his *Mort de Strafford* to that lady, at the De Staël's request. "I had a great curiosity to see M. de Lally. I cannot say that feeling was gratified by the sight of him, though it was satisfied, insomuch that it left me without any great anxiety to see him again. He is the very reverse of all that my imagination had led me to expect in him: large, fat, with a great head, small nose, immense cheeks, nothing *distingué* in his manner; and *en fait d'esprit*, and of talents for conversation, so far, so very far distant from our *Juniperiens*,* and from M. de Talleyrand, who was there, as I could not have conceived, his [Lally's] abilities as a writer and his general reputation considered. He seems *un bon garçon, un très honnête garçon*, as M. Talleyrand says of him, *et rien de*

* Meaning the De Staël circle of refugees at Juniper.

plus." Mistress Phillips seems as fond of interlarding her sentences with French, as if *she*, too, had married a French refugee. M. Lally might have penned some pretty stanzas, and recited them, in reference to her disappointment, or disenchantment, had he been aware of it,—in the style, say, of Mr. Chauncy Hare Townshend's copy of verses "To the Lady who Came to See the Poet," and who, we presume, found him not *exactly* after her ideal:

For outward things with inward jar,
And far from truth will roam,
And oft abroad the image mar
The heart had form'd at home.

But Authors loftier language need
Than outward gait or look :
'Tis better, then, thou only read
The Poet in his Book.

At Lausanne, in 1783, Samuel Romilly met with the Abbé Raynal, of whom he had formed the highest expectations,—which, however, were "sadly disappointed." His conversation "was certainly so inferior to his celebrated work, as to give much countenance to the report, which has been very common, that the most splendid passages in it were not his own." Many a base misgiving of this kind must have crossed, if not lodged, in the brain of those who have sate, like Miss Newcome at the Bryanstone-square dinner-party, in close and eager scrutiny of an actual Author actually seated on the next chair. "Miss Newcome has been watching the

behaviour of the author, by whom she sate ; curious to know what such a person's habits are ; whether he speaks and acts like other people ; and in what respect authors are different from persons 'in society.'" Among savants, and in her *cabinet*, Madame Dacier loved to show herself savante ; but everywhere and with everybody else, she was simple, easy, and common-place enough to pass for quite an ordinary Daughter of Eve. The Countess Hahn-Hahn evidently refers to herself in her representation of the Countess Ilda Schönholm, whom Ulrich has idealised into a German De Staël, but who, on acquaintance, exhibits not a trace of his type of an authoress, being simply composed and unaffected, and not giving herself the smallest trouble to attract attention, in her utter indifference to the impression she may make.

The man Bailly was hard to be recognised by admirers of his sparkling Letters. His modesty and embarrassment were such that people were utterly at a loss to identify with that dry aspect and equally dry conversation—dry as remainder ship biscuit—the author of the *très spirituelles* "Lettres sur l'Atlantide," addressed by him to Voltaire.

Miller describes Mason as sullen, reserved, capricious, and unamiable ; and this which he declared to be "the real character of this celebrated poet," he inserted, he said, as a lesson to mankind, to show them what little judgment can be formed of the heart of an author, either by the sublimity of his conceptions, the beauty of his descriptions, or the purity of his sentiments.

The late Mrs. Richard Trench, in one of her replies to her congenial Irish correspondent, Mrs. Leadbeater, remarks that she has never seen Miss Edgeworth, and does not very much regret it, having invariably been disappointed whenever she had greatly admired a book, on being introduced to its author.

Nearly a decade later, we find the same observer giving the same correspondent a description of Hayley, the "bard who sang so sweetly the 'Triumphs of Temper,'" as himself "somewhat irritable and irascible." She had just been paying the old gentleman a visit, at his little villa, near Bognor,— "the prettiest nutshell possible, a miniature paradise;"—and thus she reports of the aspect and bearing of the suave, sweet singer, *chez lui*: "His look and manner denote impatience, curbed by good breeding; and his nieces seem much afraid of him; so, I perceived, did his visitors and old friends. I think his manner and the expression of his face create awe rather than put one at one's ease."

A few months later, again, we find Mrs. Trench recording in her always interesting journal a conversation at Lord Clifden's on the "delusive opinion that authors were best known by their works." And this appears to have set her upon inditing a *jeu d'esprit*, supposed to be a contribution to a Review dated a century later, and quizzing her old friend Samuel Rogers. The Reviewer of 1920 is made to lament that no materials are then extant (thanks to long civil wars) for a character-portrait of "that

pleasing versifier." Yet, in fact, an author (he goes on to say) is best known by his works; and he does not hesitate, therefore, to pronounce Samuel Rogers one of the mildest of men, wholly without gall, and abounding in *bonhomie*. His writings teem with "so much mildness, and such exquisite feeling for all the tenderesses of domestic life, as speak him one whom to know was to love, who never suffered a sharp word to pass his lips, and in whom his friends could have had no fault to lament but an excess of meekness." Those only can fully relish the ironical humour of this, who are familiar with the cynical *causeries* of the poet in question, and his recognised relationship to the Sneers, Backbites, and Candours of colloquial fame.

Referring to the abundant discussions the world has heard, first and last, about the life and character of Rabelais, M. Sainte-Beuve expresses his belief that those who might expect to find in him the exact man of his book, a sort of *curé-médecin*, a jovial buffoon, always in his cups, and at least half-seas-over, would be very much disappointed.

That Beaumarchais who is generally looked upon as a Gil Blas, a Guzman d'Alfarage, in short as the model of his own Figaro, is said to have, in reality, borne no sort of resemblance to these personages, but to have been an easy dupe in matters of business, and far more of the victim than the sharper in money transactions.

The *habitués* of Mr. Murray's shop are strenuously exhorted by Byron to disabuse their minds of cer-

tain prejudices against Alastor. "You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society." De Quincey describes most people as feeling towards William Godwin, as the author of *Political Justice* and the husband of Mrs. Wolstonecraft, with the same alienation and horror as of a ghoul, or a bloodless vampire, or the monster created by *Frankenstein*. "It may be supposed that I had not shared in these thoughtless impressions; and yet, from the audacity of his speculations, I looked to see a loud, clamorous, and perhaps self-sufficient dogmatist; whereas the qualities most apparent on the surface of his manners were a gentle dignity of self-restraint and a tranquil benignity."

Miss Braddon signalises in her typical "sensation" writer for the masses, Mr. Sigismund Smith, the indescribable difference between such an author as he appears on paper, and as he is known to the very few friends who know anything about him at all. In the narrow circle of his home Mr. Smith is a very mild young man, who "could not have hit any one if he had tried ever so; and if you had hit him, I don't think he would have minded—much." It was not in him, we are told, to be very angry; or to fall in love, to any serious extent; or to be desperate about anything. "Perhaps it was that he exhausted all that was passionate in his nature in penny numbers, and had nothing left for the affairs of real life." Naturally enough, people who were impressed by his fictions, and were curious to see him, left him for

the most part with a strong sense of disappointment, if not indignation. "They had their own idea of what the author of the 'Smuggler's Bride' and 'Lilia the Deserted' ought to be, and Mr. Smith did not at all come up to the popular standard; so the most enthusiastic admirers of his romances were apt to complain of him as an impostor when they beheld him in private life." Was this meek young man the Byronic hero they had pictured? Was this the author of "Colonel Montefiasco, or the Brand upon the Shoulder-blade"? They had imagined, of course, a splendid creature, half magician, half brigand, with a pale face, and fierce black eyes, a tumbled mass of raven hair, a bare white throat, a long black velvet dressing-gown, and thin tapering hands, with queer agate and onyx rings coiling up the flexible fingers.

Rogers and Moore being once in colloquy on the subject of Young the poet, who, despite his supremely sombre poetry, was a very merry fellow in conversation, the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* observed to him who sang the *Loves of the Angels*, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he [Young] did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them, when they throw off their cloaks, playing leap-frog together."

It is a comfort to know that the majority of French contributors to *le Roman terrible* are, on good authority,* young men of *sens assis*, per-

* That, namely, of so sober and (in the French sense) *respectable* a deponent as M. Cuvillier-Fleury.

fectly masters of themselves, with more facility than genius, and, some of them, excellent fathers of families, irreproachable husbands, and exemplary ratepayers.

Wieland used to appeal piteously against his critics, from his lax writings to his moral life, and wished they "could see him in his quiet home-like home, they would then judge otherwise of him."

On breaking up from a "very pleasant and joyful evening" which Doctor Robertson the historian, with Alexander Carlyle and others, had spent with Smollett at Chelsea, Robertson expressed to Carlyle his real surprise at the polished and agreeable manners of their host, and the great urbanity of his conversation. He had imagined, it seems, that a man's manners must bear a likeness to his books; and as Smollett had described so well the characters of ruffians and profligates, that he must, of course, resemble them.*

Thomas Moore goes to dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, of the *Times*, plus Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Messieurs Luttrell and Tierney. Result: "Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses." Moore found a like result when he met Henry Cockburn at Jeffrey's, in 1825.

* "This was not the first instance we had of the rawness, in respect of the world, that still blunted our sagacious friend [Robertson]'s observations."—Autobiogr. of Dr. Alex. Carlyle, p. 340.

Dr. Chalmers, at his last visit to London, within a week or two of his sudden death, records in his Diary the pleasant and *unlike* impression of Mr. Carlyle that personal contact gave him: "His talk not at all Carlylish, much rather the plain and manly conversation of good ordinary common sense, with a deal of hearty laughing on both sides."

According to Scott, no man was ever less known by his writings than Henry Mackenzie. You would suppose a retired, modest, somewhat affected man, with a white handkerchief, and a sigh ready for every sentiment. No such thing. "H. M. [at 83, too] is alert as a contracting tailor's needle in every sort of business—a politician and a sportsman—shoots and fishes in a sort even to this day—and is the life of a company with anecdotes and fun. Sometimes his daughter tells me he is in low spirits at home, but really I never see anything of it in society." Half a dozen years later, Sir Walter jots down the decease of the Man of Feeling: "I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death . . . gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental."

So again it has been remarked of Campbell by Leigh Hunt, that those who knew him only as the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming" and the "Pleasures of Hope," would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. "Very unlike a puritan he talked!" Mr. Hunt, in another place, expresses the astonishment he once felt, on

finding that "gentle Mr. Hayley," whom he had taken for

A puny insect, shivering at a breeze,
was a strong-built man, famous for walking in the snow before daylight, and possessed of an intrepidity as a horseman amounting to the reckless.* In his "Feast of the Violets," again, Leontius commemorates the contrast between Mrs. Shelley's looks and her books:

So sleek and so smiling she came, people stared
To think such fair clay should so darkly have dared.

Perthes spent two evenings with Jean Paul, who exerted himself (his visitor says) to appear in the best light. But Perthes, by his own account, did not hear him utter one significant word, one deep view, one result of great inner experience. "His conversation was throughout wearisome and obscure. For half an hour Jean Paul put us to sleep with receipts for sleeping. None of the lightning flashes and scintillations of fancy, the striking similes, or the glowing pictures with which his works abound, appeared in his conversation." And Perthes left him, convinced that the man who, as an author, belonged to the tenderest and richest minds of Germany, was not, therefore, necessarily tender and soft-hearted.

* "It is not improbable that the feeble Hayley, during one of his equestrian passes, could have snatched up the 'vigorous' Gifford, and pitched him over the hedge into the next field."—Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, ch. xii.

It is the old story, as regards heart and feeling, of Richter's English model and prototype, Laurence Sterne. And it is the old story, as regards intellectual display, of Oliver Goldsmith and ever so many more. La Bruyère has commented on the practical paradox that you'll find "*un homme paraître grossier, lourd, stupide; il ne sait pas parler, ni raconter ce qu'il vient de voir*"—all literally and specially applicable to Goldsmith, as Boswell and others picture him in company; but what La Bruyère then proceeds to say is equally so,—namely, that "*s'il se met à écrire, c'est le modèle des bons contes; il fait parler les animaux, les arbres, les pierres, tout ce qui ne parle point: ce n'est que légèreté, qu'élégance, que beau naturel, et que délicatesse dans ses ouvrages.*" "Good Heavens, Mr. Foote," exclaimed an actress at the Haymarket Theatre, "what a humdrum kind of man Dr. Goldsmith appears in our green-room, compared with the figure he makes in his poetry!" He was Garrick's butt, too, as one who

—wrote like an angel, and talked like Poor Poll.

We are told that Lord Dorset was so much struck by the extraordinary merit of "*Hudibras*," on its publication in 1663, that he must needs be introduced to the author. This was effected, accordingly, at a tavern, whither Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd brought his lordship as an untitled friend. With this result: that Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle, brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most

agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he "sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly anybody would have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry." He *had* his lucid interval, however: which is more than we find allowed of some wits, at any stage whatever of the bottling process. Next morning, Mr. Shepherd asked Dorset his opinion of Butler, and his lordship ingeniously replied, that Samuel was like a ninepin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.

This golden mean redeemed Butler. He was not always little—not always "at both ends," *semper in extremis*. But poets and philosophers of almost equal renown have been denied, by associates and compotators, the redeeming point of any such middle passage.

When Leslie, the painter, was at Ayr, all enthusiasm about Burns, he came across an old man who said he had often had a gill of whisky with Rab. "What a delightful companion Burns must have been," exclaimed Mr. Leslie. "Oh, not at all," the old man replied; "he was a silly chiel; but his brother Gilbert was quite a gentleman." Before we make much of this auld body's testimonial, we should like to know (but indeed inferentially *do* know) what sort of chiel he was, his ain sel. Quite capable, no doubt, of tossing off glass for glass, or gill for gill, with Rab the poet; but less so, possibly, of taking his mental measure, with that poor metrical ell-wand of his own.

It is likely enough that there might be found, here and there, those of low estate, to whom Scott condescended, in that genial, uncondescending way of his, who would similarly disparage Sir Walter's colloquial claims. And what are we to say of him, in his real character, in this respect? Was Sir Walter the sort of man you might correctly predicate from your study of his books? Did the author personally answer to his books; or was he, like so many, of his craft, in sheer and startling contrast with them?

Suppose we take his own statement of the case, made early in life. Writing to Miss Seward, about the possible prospect of visiting her at Lichfield, the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* says: "You would expect to see a person who had dedicated himself much to literary pursuits, and you would find me a rattle-sculled half-lawyer, half-sportsman, through whose head a regiment of horse has been exercising since he was five years old; half-educated—half crazy, as his friends sometimes tell him; half-everything, but *entirely* Miss Seward's much obliged, affectionate, and faithful servant, Walter Scott." Altogether a man to endorse Mr. Emerson's charge against the "too great fineness, effeminacy, and melancholy" of modern literature, as attributable to the enervated and sickly habits of the literary class; and to agree with the rider to that proposition: Better that the book should not be quite so good, and the bookmaker abler and better, and not himself often a ludicrous contrast to all that he has written.

Sir Walter used himself to say that, as for poets,

he had seen all the best of his age and country, and that, except Byron, not one of them would answer an artist's notion of the character. And what was the impression that Scott made upon competent observers among his literary contemporaries? Joanna Baillie was asked the question, and answered that at first she was a little disappointed—"for I was fresh from the Lay, and had pictured to myself an ideal elegance and refinement of feature." Nevertheless she said to herself, that, had she been in a crowd, and at a loss what to do, she should have fixed upon that face among a thousand, as the sure index of the benevolence and the shrewdness that would and could help her in her strait. Lockhart records the opinion of "not a few persons of undoubted ability and accomplishment," that the genius of the great novelist and poet rarely, if ever, revealed itself in his talk. It was in reference rather, perhaps, to Abbotsford belongings, than to the personnel of its proprietor, that Miss Edgeworth exclaimed, on one of the happiest days in Scott's life, and with a look and accent which those who saw and heard it never forgot, as he welcomed her at his archway, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!"

Before quitting Sir Walter's always pleasant presence, let us take passing note of his Diary record of the death of William Knox, reputed a poet of promise, if not approved one by performance—hymns and spiritual songs being the main offspring of his muse. Our present interest in him consists simply

in the fact, that in his own line of society he was said to exhibit "infinite humour;" whereas all his works "are grave and pensive—a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy, affected for the nonce."

On the other hand, there are authors of infinite jest, seemingly of drollery all compact, who, in private life, look and are as grave and pensive as the above hymn-writer was *not*. Thomas Hood may fairly represent the class, as so signally one who

———shows, as he removes the mask
A face that's anything but gay.

In one of Hood's letters from Coblenz we read: "The artist who is coming out to take my portrait will have a nice elderly grizzled head to exhibit. What! that pale, thin, long face the Comic! Zounds! I must gammon him, and get some friend to sit for me." "He must flatter me, or they will take the whole thing for a practical joke," Hood writes to another friend, some eight months later. Shortly before his death he punningly writes to the author of "Essays from the Times," "My bust is modelled and cast. It is said to be a correct likeness: two parts Methodist, to one of Humourist, and quite recognisable in spite of the Hood all over the face." The artists and contributors to the London Charivari are, personally, one may pretty safely affirm, just about as much like Punch, as Hood was like the image formed of him by nineteen-twentieths of those who took in, and in this one point were taken in by,

the Comic. Nor, by general testimony, was it in looks alone, but in mien and manners, however unobtrusive and even reserved, that he left upon you the impression of an essentially and constitutionally sad-hearted man.

ABOUT BARDOLPH'S BOND AND DUMBLETON'S DEMUR.

A Cue from Shakspeare.

EXCEEDING wroth was Sir John Falstaff when Master Dumbleton, "a rascally yea-forsooth knave" of a draper, demurred to supplying the fat knight with satin for his short cloak, and slops. He knew Sir John of old; and was loth to part with the goods until he should see the colour of Sir John's money. Now ready money was not at all in Falstaff's line of business; not improbably it was from him that Ancient Pistol borrowed, stole, or conveyed the heroic maxim, that base is the slave who pays. What Falstaff was ready to give, in return for the desiderated length of satin, was his bond. He accordingly instructed his page, on sending him to Dumbleton's shop, to offer his bond for the goods. What more could or would that cormorant of a shopkeeper require? However, to provide against any such insulting contingency, the page was further instructed to back Sir John Falstaff's bond by another—that of Bardolph. This would be making assurance doubly sure; and

the page would succeed in securing the satin, of course.

But the best-laid plans of men, as of mice, go oft awry; and the page had to come back from the shop *ré infecté*. Whereupon the following dialogue occurred between him and his master:

Falstaff. What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

The imprecations on the dogged draper to which this decision of his moved the disappointed knight, can well be spared. "A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand," or keep him in a state of expectancy, "and then to stand upon security!" Sir John is out of all patience with the tradesmen class and their ways—a set of "smooth-pates that do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them," or behindhand, "in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security." No wonder the phrase stinks in the nostrils of Dumbleton's would-be debtor. Nevertheless, we, who know Falstaff, and who know Bardolph, cannot but agree that Master Dumbleton was in the right, when instead of making up a parcel forthwith of two-and-

twenty yards of satin, he declined a sale until there should be forthcoming better assurance than Bardolph; and when in plain terms he declared point-blank that he would not take Sir John's bond on the assurance of another by Bardolph; for he liked not the security.

Sir Moth Interest, in Ben Jonson's comedy, being arrested by a serjeant at the suit of Master Compass, and receiving for answer to all his appeals, that he must to prison unless he can find bail his creditor likes,—protests that he would fain find it, would they show him where. Captain Ironsides thereupon interposes a friendly intervention:

Faith, I will bail him at my own apperil.

Varlet, begone; I'll once have the reputation

To be security for such a sum—

the sum in question being stated by the officer as five hundred thousand pounds. Ironsides' offer draws this comment from one of the bystanders, Doctor Rut:

He is not worth the buckles

About his belt, and yet this Ironsides clashes.

In another of Rare Ben's later and least successful comedies, there is a citable passage of colloquy between old Pennyboy, the usurer, on the one part, and on the other, Fitton, Almanack, Shunfield, and Madrigal, rogues all. Are they come to jeer him? for "jeerers" they are, as specially designated in Jonson's list of characters. No, says Almanack,

not to jeer him, but to give him some good security.

Pen. What is't?

Fit. Ourselves.

Alm. We'll be bound for another.

Fit. This noble doctor here [meaning Almanack].

Alm. This worthy courtier [meaning Fitton].

Fit. This man of war, he was our muster-master.

Alm. But a sea-captain now, brave captain Shunfield.

(At this stage of the negociation old Pennyboy holds up his nose—in a manner that betokens he liked not the security.)

Shun. You snuff the air now ; has the scent displeased you ?

Fit. You need not fear him, man, his credit is sound.

Alm. And season'd too, since he took salt at sea.

Pen. I do not like pickled security ;

Would I had one good fresh man in for all ;

For truth is, you three stink.

Shun. You are a rogue.

Pen. I think I am ; but I will lend no money

On that security, captain.

Pierre, in Otway's tragedy, likes not the security of Jaffier's oath, after so recently finding Jaffier a perjured accomplice :

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other power,

For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

(And Jaffier, taking him at his word, does swear by some other power, quite another,—the very opposite power to all that's just.) *As sure's deeth* is a Scottish adage in high repute with the homely ; and

thereby hangs a tale. The Earl of Eglintoun one day found a boy climbing up a tree on his estate, and called to him to come down. To this the boy demurred,—urging, as his motive plea, that the Earl would thrash him as soon as he landed. His lordship pledged his honour that he would do nothing of the kind: Says the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, “I dinna ken onything aboot your honour, but if ye say As sure’s deeth, I’ll come down.” A tradition current at Slateford, near Edinburgh, relates, that on Prince Charlie’s men bivouacking for the night there, in a field of peas nearly ripe, the owner of the ground applied for some indemnification for the loss of his crop, and was asked if he would take the Prince Regent’s bill for the sum, to be paid when the troubles of the country should be concluded, and the king should enjoy his own again. “The man hesitated at the name of the Prince Regent, and said he would prefer a bill from some person whom he knew. Charles smiled at his caution, and asked if he would take the name of the Duke of Perth, who was his countryman.” And to that security the rustic would not say nay.

Among the anecdotes relating to Rob Roy, collected by Sir Walter Scott in the diffuse introduction to his novel bearing that name, is one about two Lowlanders, father and son, whose cattle had been swept away by Highland thieves, and whom Rob (for a consideration) put in the way of recovering their property. Hardly, however, in so safe and sure a manner as the Lowlanders could have

wished; for while Rob with his party of seven or eight armed men lay couched in the heather where it was thickest, he bade the two applicants go seek their cattle amid a herd of others in a glen not far off, and to tell any one who might turn up there and threaten them, that *he* was close at hand, with twenty men to back him. "But what if they abuse us, or kill us?" said the elder Lowlander, by no means delighted at finding the embassy imposed upon him and his son. "If they do you any wrong," said Rob, "I will never forgive them so long as I live." The security was but little to the other's mind; but he must put up with that, or do without. Even Master Dumbleton, had he already parted with the satin, would not perhaps have given a flat No to Bardolph's bond.

When Mascarille, passing himself off as a Marquis, introduces his fellow-lackey Jodelet as a Viscount, to that pretty and credulous pair of *précieuses*, Mesdemoiselles Cathos and Madelon, he assures them of the Viscount's being worthy of that honour, upon his own. "*Mesdames, agréez que je vous présente ce gentilhomme-ci: sur ma parole, il est digne d'être connu de vous.*" The fair cousins were too far gone in their craze to like not the security. On the other hand, when a real Marquis in another play of Molière's—real enough in title, but a sorry coxcomb for all that—offers a like guarantee on a disputed question of literary taste, Dorante is entirely of Master Dumbleton's mind, and thinks the security questionable:—

Le Marquis. Quoi! chevalier, est-ce que tu prétends soutenir ce pièce?

Dorante. Oui, je prétends le soutenir.

Le Marquis. Parbleu! je la garantis détestable.

Dorante. La caution n'est pas bourgeoise.

by which *façon de parler*, borrowed from jurisprudence, we are to understand that the security is neither valid nor safe. A little further on, however, the Marquis—just as Falstaff backed his own bond by Bardolph's—confirms his own opinion by that of Dorilas:—

Mais enfin je sais bien que je n'ai jamais rien vu de si méchant . . . et Dorilas, contre qui j'étais, a été de mon avis.

Dorante. L'autorité est belle, et te voilà bien appuyé.

Dorante is another Dumbleton in his panoply of impenetrable distrust.

Not impertinent as an illustration of the subject is a certain *pensée* or *maxime* of Chamfort's:—
 "Ceux qui ne donnent que leur parole pour garant d'une assertion qui reçoit sa force de ses preuves, ressemblent à cet homme qui disait: J'ai l'honneur de vous assurer que la terre tourne autour du soleil."
 Hazlitt, in his celebrated essay on a prize-fight, has an amusing story of his hearing "Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe: 'The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself.'" Fastidious indeed must Mr. Simpkins have thought the critic who liked not that security.

Gibbon's narrative of the miraculous vision of the Emperor Constantine, as recorded by Eusebius, is followed by some characteristic strictures on the recorder and his record. He contends that "the learned Bishop of Cæsarea" should have ascertained the precise circumstances of time and place, which always serve to detect falsehood, or establish truth; that he should have collected and recorded the evidence of the very many alleged living witnesses, who must have been spectators of this stupendous miracle. Instead of which, what guarantee is offered to us? "Eusebius contents himself with alleging a very singular testimony—that of the deceased Constantine, who, many years after the event, in the freedom of conversation, had related to him this extraordinary incident of his own life, and had attested the truth of it by a solemn oath." The prudence and gratitude of the learned prelate, adds his ironical critic, forbade him to suspect the veracity of his victorious master; but he plainly intimates that, in a fact of such a nature, he should have refused his assent to any meaner authority. Gibbon himself would evidently lend as much credit to the oath of Constantine in this matter, as he would to the five justices' hands, and witnesses innumerable, cited by Autolycus to satisfy the gaping rustics at the sheep-shearing feast. Autolycus presses the sale of a ballad, of a fish that appeared on the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathoms above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids.

Is it true, think you ? asks Dorcas. "Five justices' hands at it," protests the pedlar; "and witnesses more than my pack will hold." It never occurs to simple Dorcas and her mates to say, or think, they like not *that* security. The ballad, thus backed, is too good not to be true.

To return to Gibbon. He sums up by assuming that the Protestant and philosophic readers of the present age will incline to believe that, in the account of his own conversion, Constantine attested a wilful falsehood by a solemn and deliberate perjury. But our sceptical historian is free to own that a conclusion so harsh and so absolute is not warranted by our knowledge of human nature, of Constantine, and of Christianity. Still, as regards the emperor's voucher for the marvels of the bishop's narrative, he certainly likes not the security.

Other of Gibbon's pointed queries to the like purport, are more pithy and better known. As where, in describing the siege of Constantinople by Amurath, in A.D. 1422, he says that the enthusiasm of the dervish, who was snatched to heaven in visionary converse with Mahomet, was answered by the credulity of the Christians, who *beheld* the Virgin Mary, in a violet garment, walking on the rampart and animating their courage. "For this miraculous apparition, Cananus appeals to the Mussulman saint [Seid Bechar]; but who will bear testimony for Seid Bechar?" Again, when describing the feats of Ali, on whom Mahomet himself

bestowed the surname of the Lion of God,—one signal feat being that he tore from its hinges the gate of a fortress, and wielded the ponderous buckle in his left hand,—Gibbon quietly subscribes this footnote, in spirit and in form alike so thoroughly his own: “Abu Rafe, the servant of Mahomet, is said to affirm that he himself, and seven other men, afterwards tried, without success, to move the same gate from the ground (Abulfeda, p. 90). Abu Rafe was an eye-witness, but who will be witness for Abu Rafe?”

Lord Lytton makes Randal Leslie bethink him of this last “dry witticism in Gibbon,” when in his money-dealings with Baron Levy, objecting to the security as too bad, he is caught up by that shifty Hebrew with the exclaimer, “The security too bad—what security?” “The word of Count di Peschiera,” answers Leslie. “He has nothing to do with it,” Baron Levy rejoins,—“he need know nothing about it. ’Tis my word you doubt. I am your security.” And then of course Randal remembers Abu Rafe, and mentally inquires, Who will be security for Baron Levy? Master Dumbleton had never read Gibbon, being his senior by a matter of some three centuries, nor is it likely he ever heard of Abu Rafe. But identically the same query must have crossed his mind in the affair of satin for Sir John’s short cloak, and slops. Bardolph will be bond for Falstaff. But who will be bond for Bardolph?

Swift wrote the following epigram on one Dela-

court's complimenting Carthy, a forgotten translator of Horace and Longinus, on the excellence of his poetry :

Carthy, you say, writes well—his genius true,
You pawn your word for him—he'll vouch for you.
So two poor knaves who find their credit fail,
To cheat the world become each other's bail.

Gay was not far off the same mark in the couplet expressed by a certain sage fowl, not usually the impersonation of wisdom :

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.

When Gadshill, intent on robbing the travellers, promises Chamberlain a share in the plunder, "as I am a true man,"—the latter suggests, "Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief." There is honour among thieves, as such ; and in that sense Chamberlain may hope, on Gadshill's word of honour, for a bit of the booty. But the other security, that offered by the highwayman as he is a true, or honest, man, the mover of the amendment likes not at all.

It is the usurper from whom the play just quoted is named, of whom Northumberland, in an earlier play, is speaking, too credulously by far, when he assures King Richard that Harry Bolingbroke hath sworn his sinister advent hath no treasonable scope—sworn it by a number of solemn topics of adjura-

tion, by the tomb of Edward III., by their common royalty, by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,

And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said.

This is the kind of assurance that Bolingbroke offers. And to back it, Northumberland tenders a sort of collateral security, in the shape of his belief in Bolingbroke's oath.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just.
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

There are other than lovers' oaths at which Jove laughs, and mortal men too. That is a piquant passage in Macaulay's narrative of the plots against William III., where Davenport, a "virulent Tory," being caught at supper with Poussin, Lewis the Fourteenth's ambassador, at the Blue Posts, and reproached by his vexed partisans accordingly, tries to defend himself by pretending that Poussin, with whom he had passed whole days, through whom he had received the French king's present of a diamond ring worth three thousand pistoles, and who had personally corrected the scurrilous pamphlets which Davenant wrote, was really and absolutely a stranger to him, and that the meeting at the Blue Posts was purely accidental. "If his word was doubted, he was willing to repeat his assertion." But the public, which had formed a very correct notion of his character, thought, as Lord Macaulay dryly says, that his word was worth as much as his oath, and that his oath was worth nothing.

John Bunyan makes Christian tolerably (or Ignorance might say intolerably) plainspoken, when he rejects the guarantee proffered by Ignorance, as to his heart and life being in complete accord, and so warranting the hope that is in him. Christian is cross-questioning Ignorance, and demurring to the ground of his hope. "But my heart and life agree together," urges Ignorance; "and therefore my hope is well grounded." "Who told thee that thy heart and life agree together?" the other demands. "My heart tells me so," is the ready response. At which Christian at once is up and at him with an adage, "'Ask my fellow if I be a thief.' Thy heart tells thee so!" Out on such security! The pilgrim will not make much progress who trades in securities such as that. And so Christian, as his manner is, goes on to give Ignorance a piece of his mind; and one of those dialogues ensues, which nine out of ten Sunday readers of the *Pilgrimage* are so apt to skip.

Fancy turning for illustrations from John Bunyan to Alexandre Dumas! Yet variety is venial if not desirable, in this kind of annotated mangle-mangle. In the adventures detailed in "*Vingt Ans Après*," there are repeated examples, at Cardinal Mazarin's cost, of that almost unnegotiable style of security to which honest Dumbleton demurred. As where D'Artagnan puts it plainly to his Eminence whether, on his fulfilling a certain behest, he may entirely rely on being promoted to a captaincy, and the Cardinal affirms it, "By the word of Mazarin." "I should have preferred any other oath," is the Gascon's

dubious *aside*. Then, again, when the three musketeers have caught Mazarin in a trap, and he is bargaining for release, he promises favourable terms "by my cardinal's word!—You don't believe me?" "Monseigneur, I have no faith in cardinals who are not priests." "Well, then, by the word of a minister!" "You are no longer a minister, monseigneur; you are a prisoner." "By the word of Giulio Mazarin, then! I am that, and always shall be, I hope." "Hum!" said D'Artagnan; "I have heard talk of a Mazarin who kept his oaths very badly, and I am afraid he was of your kindred, monseigneur." Compare with which excerpts the conclusion of the treaty, eventually arranged, between Mazarin and the irresistible Three—exemplifying the difference between one man's word and another's—between the word of a perjured minister and that of a preux chevalier, sans reproche: "Mazarin rose, walked about for some instants . . . then stopping all at once, 'And when I shall have signed, gentlemen, what will be my guarantee?—' My word of honour, monsieur," said Athos. Mazarin started, turned towards le Comte de la Fère, examined for an instant his noble and loyal countenance, and taking up the pen, 'That is sufficient, Monsieur le Comte,' said he, and he signed." Hamlet would take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Mazarin could trust the look of Athos for a deal more than that. At least in romance; and in French romance; and in the romances of so very French a romancer as M. Alexandre Dumas.

From the Waverley Novels at large might be drawn copious illustrations of our text from Shakespeare, more or less pertinent and puissant. "If ever Ivanhoe returns from Palestine," quoth the Palmer to the Knight Templar, "I will be his surety that he meets you" lance in hand. "A goodly security!" quoth proud Sir Brian, who suspects not the Palmer's real quality.—Poor old Isaac of York being promised deliverance from torture in the furnace, by brutal Front-de-Bœuf, on condition of paying that rapacious baron a thousand pounds of silver, "And what is to be my surety," asks the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?" "The word of a Norman noble, thou pawnbroking slave," is Front-de-Bœuf's answer. The pawnbroking slave has the ill manners to like not that security. Even so, in a previous chapter, had De Bracy expressed distrust of the Templar's promise to leave him his fair prey. "Psha," said the Templar, "what hast thou to fear? Thou knowest the vows of our order." "Right well," replied De Bracy, "and also how they are kept." No wonder Rebecca the Jewess makes a like retort on the profligate knight. He swears by earth, and sea, and sky, that if she will come down, he will offer her no offence. "I will not trust thee, Templar," Rebecca answers; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order."—When Kenneth seeks to introduce the Moorish physician, Saladin in disguise, into King Richard's tent, to cure the ailing monarch, "And who will warrant,"

objects De Vaux, "that he brings not poisons instead of remedies?" "His own life, my lord,—his head, which he offers as a guarantee." But De Vaux likes not even *that* security—for he has known many a resolute ruffian, he says, who valued his life as little as it deserved, and would hie to the gallows as merrily as if the hangman were his partner in a dance. Sir Kenneth is urgent, however, for the admission of so skilled a leech, especially one expressly commissioned by so honourable and friendly a foe as Saladin himself. De Vaux still holds out: "And who will vouch for the honour of Saladin, in a case when bad faith would rid him at once of his most powerful adversary?" "I myself," replied Sir Kenneth, "will be his guarantee, with honour, life, and fortune." The Scot vouching for the Turk is, to the sturdy Englishman, rather a puzzle than a solution of one. When at last the Saracen appears, the Baron of Gilsland requires, before admitting him to Richard, some trustworthy evidence of his medical proficiency. What has El Hakim to produce—what cause to show why an injunction should not issue, barring nearer approach? "Ye have the word of the mighty Saladin," he replies; "a word which was never broken towards friend or foe—what, Nazarene, wouldst thou demand more?" "I would have ocular proof of thy skill," says the baron, "and without it thou approachest not the couch of King Richard."

In his earlier and less popular Tale of the Crusades, so called, Sir Walter had exemplified

Dumbleton's distrust, in a demur raised by honest Flammock to the purposes and promises of the wild Prince of Powys. He asks for better vouchers of the prince's messenger; who fires up at the demand: "Is it for thee, or such as thee, to express doubt of the purposes of the Prince of Powys?" "I know them not, good Jorworth," returns the phlegmatic Fleming, "but through thee; and well I wot thou art not one who will not let thy traffic miscarry for want of aid from the breath of thy mouth." Whereupon Jorworth hurriedly heaps asseveration on asseveration—as he is a Christian man—by the soul of his father—by the faith of his mother—by the black rood of——, "Stop, good Jorworth," quoth Wilkin Flammock, "thou heapest thine oaths too quickly on each other, for me to value them to the right estimate: that which is so lightly pledged, is sometimes thought not worth redeeming." And he hints that some part of the Prince's promised guerdon, actually paid down, were worth a hundred oaths.

Vain are Brenda's cautionary pleadings and Norna's warning legends to loosen Minna's attachment to Captain Cleveland. "I am alike strong in my own innocence," exclaims Minna, "and in the honour of Cleveland." Brenda would fain reply, but dare not, that she does not confide so absolutely in the latter security as in the first.—Mary Stuart, negotiating at Lochleven with the Ruthvens and Lindesays, inquires of them, "And what warrant have I that ye will keep treaty with me, if I should

barter my kingly estate for seclusion, and leave to weep in secret?" "Our honour and our word, madam," answers Ruthven. "They are too slight and unsolid pledges, my lord," says the Queen; "add at least a handful of thistle-down to give them weight in the balance."

Frequent are Jonathan Oldbuck's ironical commentaries to the same effect, on the asseverations of that very transparent impostor, Dousterswivel. As where the German assures the pic-nic party of the truth of a Harz goblin story—"that is as true as I am honest man." "There is no disputing any proposition so well guaranteed," said the Antiquary, dryly. In the same capital fiction occurs this comment of the magistrate on the imprisoned mendicant's offer to pledge his word to appear when required, if allowed his freedom now: "I rather think, my good friend," Bailie Littlejohn tells Edie Ochiltree, "your word might be a slender security where your neck might be in some danger. I am apt to think you would suffer the pledge to be forfeited." And therefore would his worship have the prisoner think if he can't offer some more valid security than that.

Narrators of transcendent marvels and systematic drawers of the long bow,—near of kin to Munchausen and Mendez Pinto,—who love to "angle hourly for surprise, and bait their hook with prodigies and lies," are apt to offer their own eyesight as voucher for their truth. They tell you they have seen it. And what can you then say, but what

Dumbleton says? Cowper, however, suggests an ironical equivoque:

A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded, and made many stare,
Can this be true? an arch observer cries;
Yes (rather moved), I saw it with these eyes.
Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own.

A writer of influence welcomes as "very wholesome" the distaste which English people have acquired for educational establishments where "Christian watchfulness" is set down, among the accomplishments of the place, along with embroidery and the use of the globes. We do not, says he, want to have what ought to be an invisible and unostentatious influence turned into an item of a school prospectus. "When the lady advertised in the *Times* for a trifling loan, 'her only security being a spotless reputation and a rosewood piano,' the lender probably trusted more to the piano than to the rather airy collateral security. He would not think his money any safer for the alleged spotlessness of the borrower's reputation, and people of sense will not think that professions of religious watchfulness are any guarantee for the healthy growth of their daughters' morality or devoutness."

Addison tells a story of a celebrated French quack who, on his first appearance in the streets of Paris, made his little boy walk before him, and cry with a shrill voice, *Mon père guérit toutes sortes de*

maladies, "My father cures all sorts of distempers;" while the doctor himself, as he paced with an even and stately step in the rear, added, in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, "The child says true." Nor would dupes be wanting to accept the quack's security for his child's proclamation. As such vouchers are always forthcoming on occasion, so, too, are believers in and acceptors of them. Mat-of-the-Mint offers to be answerable for the integrity of Captain Macheath; and this to some folks would be *unanswerable*. Worthy people often act on the like principle. Francis Horner detected himself in something of the kind when, himself a stranger to the Lord President, he wrote to that dignitary in behalf of Mr. Mans as a candidate for the rectorship of the High School at Edinburgh, and thus refers to the recommendation in an after-epistle to his friend: "But as he has no means of knowing anything about me, I am afraid he will . . . allow no other weight to my testimony than as to one of the gang vouching for another." Brantome approves as prudential the reply of De Rosne to a challenge from De Fargy, received through the medium of a youngster who offered to pledge his word and faith for the fair conduct of his principal,—that he, De Rosne, had no sort of intention of trusting his life upon a pledge on which he would not lend twenty crowns.

When Jasper Losely, in Lord Lytton's story, tries to negotiate a bill of Mde. Caumartin's for 500*l*., Poole shakes his head, and intimates the need of

security. "I'll be security," exclaims Jasper. At which the "other shook his head a second time, still more emphatically than the first." So, again, when young Lionel, in the same story, is defending against shrewd, sagacious Colonel Morley, the "very good fellow" who has been getting the use of Lionel's name on bills of his, which have not been taken up when due,—the young man's verdant protest, "He's really a very good fellow, and if I wanted security would be it to-morrow to any amount." "I've no doubt of it—to any amount!" assents the Colonel, who as a mature man of the world, is cognisant of the market value of all such securities.

In the Introduction to his Biographical History of Philosophy, Mr. G. H. Lewes takes occasion to discuss, in his searching, lively way, the explanations offered, in divers quarters, of the phenomena of Table-turning—some attributing them to spiritual agency, others to electricity, &c. The obvious defect in these explanations, he urges, lies in the utter absence of any guarantee; whereas we ought to be satisfied with no explanation which is without its valid guarantee—just as, before purchasing silver spoons, we demand to see the mark of Silversmiths' Hall, to be assured that the spoons are silver and not plated only. Then turning to the scientific explanation, that in point of fact the table was pushed by the hands which rested on it, he meets the difficulty raised by the persons in question declaring solemnly they did *not* push,—and whom, it is alleged, as persons of respectability, we are

bound to believe,—by the query, Is this statement of any value? “The whole question is involved in it. But the philosophical mind is very little affected by guarantees of respectability in matters implicating sagacity rather than integrity. The Frenchman assured his friend that the earth did turn round the sun, and offered his *parole d'honneur* as a guarantee; but in the delicate and difficult questions of science *paroles d'honneur* have a quite inappreciable weight.”* As a pronounced Positive philosopher Mr. Lewes applies the same mode of argument to Metaphysics at large; and treats the metaphysician as a merchant who speculates boldly, but without that convertible capital which can enable him to meet his engagements; who gives bills, yet has no gold, no goods to answer for them—these bills not being representative of wealth which exists in any warehouse. “Magnificent as his speculations seem, the first obstinate creditor who insists on payment makes him bankrupt.” Positive philosophy cannot away with any such securities. She regards them as bankers would a bill endorsed by Mr. Micawber.

The metaphysician may tell the positivist, when called upon by the latter for some principle of

* “We may therefore set aside the respectability of the witnesses, and, with full confidence in their integrity, estimate the real value of their assertion, which amounts to this: they were not *conscious* of pushing.”—Lewes, *Biogr. Hist. of Philosophy*, *Introd.*, pp. xx. *sq.*

verification, that "Reason must verify itself" (the approved Hegelian reply). But unhappily Reason has no such power, Mr. Lewes and his school assert; "for if it had, Philosophy would not now be disputing about first principles; and when it claims the power, who is to answer for its accuracy, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" Bardolph gives his bond, but who will be bond for Bardolph?

HAUNTED BY A LOOK.

A Cue from Crabbe.

IN one of Crabbe's letters in rhyme on the Poor of the Borough, the story is told of a widow's family sorrows. Three sons she has followed to the grave; and one, by the bad of either sex beguiled, worst of the bad, has come to a felon's death. His mother's last look at him was on his way to the scaffold. *His* last look at her, was one that haunts her by day and night:

I cannot speak it—cannot bear to tell
Of that sad hour—I heard the passing-bell !

Slowly they went ; he smiled and look'd so smart,
Yet sure he shudder'd when he saw the cart,
And gave a look—until my dying-day
That look will never from my mind away :
Oft as I sit, and ever in my dreams,
I see that look, and they have heard my screams.

Taking this cue from Crabbe, plenteous illustrations may be offered to the reader, of haunting looks, that constitute [themselves in the memory of observers an ever-reappearing presence that is not to be put by.

merely of patient woe, but of patient shame, which it would not have been thought possible for that noble countenance to wear; 'yet,' said my father, 'it became him. At other times he was handsome, but then beautiful, though of a beauty saddened and abashed.'"

Mr. Charles Dickens describes the haunting effect the look of solitary-system prisoners, one and all, had upon him, when he visited the Eastern Penitentiary, outside of Philadelphia. On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners, he says, the same expression sat—something like that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as if they had all been secretly terrified. "In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory, with the fascination of a remarkable picture." Insomuch that, were a hundred men paraded before him, with one among them newly released from this solitary suffering, Mr. Dickens would undertake to point him out.

The slave-owner in one of Colonel Whyte Melville's multitudinous fictions, relates at a dinner-party his mode of disposing of the slaves he was obliged to put out of the way—to save the rest: "First I took and hove them overboard, one by one, thinking it was a cool and merciful death for the poor thirsty creatures; but I'm a humane man, sir, and I couldn't bear to see their eyes—'specially the

women—as they went over the side. Have you ever watched a face, sir, just when the last chance is up? It's an ugly sight, a very ugly sight," says the old gentleman, with a retrospective sigh, filling his glass the while.

The burly old *convive* he is addressing, sets down *his* wine untasted, and looks as if he were going to be sick. "Gracious Heavens!" is presently the horrified listener's exclamation, bursting out in a white heat; "can you bear to talk of such horrors? . . . shall you ever forget them till your dying day?" Well might he, undesignedly and unconsciously, be quoting Crabbe with a shocked note of interrogation.

The autobiographer of "The Hidden Sin" has lost, in early life, an elder brother, clever, handsome, and full of promise, who has disappeared under mysterious circumstances from their pleasant old home in Armagh. Transferred in boyhood to America, the autobiographer becomes interested at school in one of the ushers, a sober, sedate, devout young Scotchman, Melrose Morton, to whom on one occasion he confides the strange story of his brother's disappearance. Melrose was holding him fast by the hand the while. And "I felt his fingers twitch and tremble as if they had been struck by sudden palsy, and when I looked up into his face, the expression of fearful memory that was in it made me stop short," &c. Time passes on, and the two never recur to that story and that look. "Melrose had [seemingly] forgotten that I had ever told him, that

was clear to me, though his look at the time was queer to remember, and always recurred in my bad dreams."

Slandered Rachael, in Mr. Charles Reade's prose idyll of *Clouds and Sunshine*, is put to shame before an eager company of observers. She is dared to give a denial to a blighting charge against her. "All eyes turned and fastened upon Rachael; and those who saw her at this moment will carry her face and her look to their graves, so fearful was the anguish of a high spirit ground into the dust and shame; her body seemed that moment to be pierced with a hundred poisoned arrows." She is described as rising, white to her very lips, and standing in the midst of them quivering like an aspen-leaf, her eyes preternaturally bright and large,—and as taking one uncertain step forward, as if to fling herself on the weapons of scorn that seemed to hem her in; and opening her mouth to speak, while her open lips trembled, and trembled, and no sound came: so that all the hearts round, even the hard old farmer's, began now to freeze and fear at the sight of this wild agony.—Nor must this be the only illustration from the author of *Hard Cash*.

In that masterly scene in Mr. Reade's masterly fiction—founded on fact—of the Cloister and the Hearth, where Margaret goes to church to hear the Dominican friar, who is, in very truth, her own returned Gerard, there comes a shattering moment of recognition, when his look at her, and hers at him, is branded for ever into the innermost memory of

each. Father Clement that is, Gerard that was, is the first to recognise ; for she is little altered, he very much. Indeed, she is listening, not looking ; and it is by the startled countenance of those around her, perplexed by the preacher's affrighted gaze at the woman he had believed to be three years dead and gone, that she is first roused to turn her eyes in his direction. She follows their looks ; and there, in the pulpit, is a face as of a staring corpse. The friar's eyes, naturally large, and made larger by the thinness of his cheeks, are dilated to a supernatural size, and glaring, her way, out of a bloodless face.—Anon, the church falls into commotion. There come shrieks of nervous women, and buzzing of men ; and Margaret, seeing so many eyes levelled at her, shrinks terrified behind a pillar, with one scared, hurried glance at the preacher.

“Momentary as that glance was, it caught in that stricken face an expression that made her shiver.

... She tried to think, but her mind was in a whirl. Thought would fix itself in no shape but this : that on that prodigy-stricken face she had seen a look stamped. And the recollection of that look now made her quiver from head to foot.

“For that look was ‘RECOGNITION.’”

Gerard on his part, stared at his Margaret, sundered from him by a cruel lie,—with monstrous eyes and bloodless cheeks ; and the people died out of his sight ; and he heard, as in a dream, a rustling and rising all over the church ; but “could not take his prodigy-stricken eyes off that face, all life, and

bloom, and beauty, and that wondrous auburn hair glistening gloriously in the sun." He gazed, thinking she must vanish. She remained. All in a moment she was looking at him, full. Her own violet eyes! At this he was beside himself, and his lips parted to shriek out her name, when she "turned her head swiftly, and soon after vanished, but not without one more glance, which, though rapid as lightning, encountered his, and left her couching and quivering with her mind in a whirl, and him panting and griping the pulpit convulsively. For this glance of hers, though not recognition, was the startled, inquiring, nameless, indescribable look, that precedes recognition."

Watch the face of Magdalen Vanstone, in *No Name*, when she has just finished reading the "atrocious sentences" which condemn her and her sister to absolute penury in their sudden desolation of orphanage. "As soon as she had done, she silently pushed the manuscript away, and put her hands on a sudden over her face. When she withdrew them, all the four persons in the room noticed a change in her. Something in her expression had altered, subtly and silently; something which made the familiar features suddenly look strange, even to her sister and Miss Garth; something, through all after years, never to be forgotten in connexion with that day—and never to be described."

Or watch, again, the look of Mrs. Graham, on taking an indignant leave of Gilbert Markham, in *Anne Brontë's* story of *Wildfell Hall*: "And then

she stood still, and cast one look behind. It was a look less expressive of anger than of bitter anguish and despair." "That last look of hers," he says afterwards, "had sunk into my heart; I could not forget it."

So with Hamilton Aide's Rita, in *her* autobiography: "Rawdon's eyes gleamed on me out of the deep shadow with such woful, passionate expression, that my heart smote me as I thought how often, in the long years to come, I should find that same look bent on me—that silent, touching rebuke so impossible to answer." Once again, however, they meet, and the door is locked, and Rawdon takes her cold hands in his, and looks into her face. "Ah, 'such a look as I can never forget."

When the hard elder, Mr. Bradshaw, in Mrs. Gaskell's story of Ruth, upbraids the supposed Mrs. Denbigh for her dissimulation in coming under his family roof-tree, she bears all with meek endurance until he stigmatises her boy by a branding epithet. "At the mention of Leonard, Ruth lifted up her eyes for the first time since the conversation began, the pupils dilating, as if she were just becoming aware of some new agony in store for her. I have seen such a look of terror on a poor dumb animal's countenance, and once or twice on human faces. I pray I may never see it again on either!" Like the look of Martha Ray in the ballad-poem:

I did not speak—I saw her face;
Her face! it was enough for me;
I turn'd about, and heard her cry,
"Oh misery! oh misery!"

It is just after her return to England from her wedding-tour that Caroline Lady Montfort, in Lord Lytton's fiction, again sees Guy Darrell. Her carriage is detained in the throng of a crowded street, and he passes it on horseback. "It was but one look in that one moment; and the look never ceased to haunt her—a look of such stern disdain, but also of such deep despair." And the author affirms that no language can exaggerate the eloquence which there is in a human countenance, when a great and tortured spirit speaks out from it accusingly to a soul that comprehends. "The crushed heart, the ravaged existence, were bared before her in that glance, as clearly as to a wanderer through the night are the rents of the precipice in the flash of the lightning."

Never to be forgotten by Philip Hepburn, in Mrs. Gaskell's seaport story, was the look his wife gave him when he reproached her, on her sick-bed, for calling out, in wandering sleep, the name of the man whom she supposed dead, but whom Philip, though he kept her in the dark, had no reason to believe other than alive. Passionate and sudden was Philip's upbraiding remonstrance. But in a moment he could have bitten out his tongue. "She looked at him with the mute reproach which some of us see (God help us!) in the eyes of the dead, as they come before our sad memories in the night-season; looked at him with such a solemn, searching look, never saying a word of reply or defence." And her steady, dilated eyes kept him dumb and motionless as if by a spell.

Never to be forgotten by the remorseful lady of title, in one of Colonel Whyte Melville's stories, is the look of Cousin Latimer, whose long-promised hand at the dance she flirtingly refuses on the plea of being engaged to a hussar officer in the room. "Poor boy! I can see his pained, eager face now," she says, long years after he is dead. Again and again she wilfully refuses him—and this is done once too often. "I never saw a face so changed: he was deadly pale, and there was a sweet melancholy expression in his countenance that contrasted strangely with the wild gleam in his eye." In my Lady's confessions to Kate Coventry, she lays Cousin Latimer's death at her own door, and warns Miss Kate—who, like herself, is more than a bit of a flirt—against incurring the like peril of being haunted for life by a reproachful look. "Kate! Kate! would you have such feelings as mine? Should you like to live all your life haunted by one pale face?"

Never to be forgotten by Dr. Croly's Marston—the soldier and statesman—is the look of Mariamne, as her horse runs away with her on the Sussex downs, flying like the wind, and within a hundred yards of the cliff: her eyes starting from their sockets, her lips gasping wide, her visage ghastliness itself: another moment, and all must be over; for at the end of the valley is the sea, a hundred and fifty feet below. "The look which she cast upon me, as she shot by, haunted me for years after, whenever an image of terror rose in my dreams."

Never to be forgotten by the Chronicler of the Canonigate is the look of the Highland Widow, "victim of guilt and calamity," when he takes leave of her, and hears her last sigh of despair at the fate of the son who was all her pride, and whose death, a disgraceful one, was brought about by her means. "I shall never forget the look she cast up to heaven, nor the tone in which she exclaimed, in the very words of my old friend, John Home, 'My beautiful—my brave!'"

Florence Dombey, cast off by her father, cannot even hear that father named without agitation of the wildest. "No, no! Walter!" She shrieked, and put her hands up to her head, in an attitude of terror that transfixed him [Walter] where he stood. "Don't say that word!" He never, from that hour, forgot the voice and look with which she stopped him at the name. He felt that, if he were to live a hundred years, he never could forget it. "The whole history of her untold slight and suffering was in the cry and look; and he felt he never could forget it, and he never did." When voice is thus blended with look, and intensifies its agony, the remembrance of it is rendered the more painfully vivid and ineffaceable. When Morris, the gauger, was hurled from cliff above into lake below, at the command of Helen MacGregor, he set up, writes a shocked witness, his sometime fellow-traveller, Francis Osbaldistone, "the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years

afterwards." As the murderers, or executioners, call them which we will, dragged the prostrate suppliant along, he recognised his late companion even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed in the last articulate words he was heard to utter, "Oh, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me!—save me!" The appalled hearer and gazer never could forget the wild vehemence of that last cry, the frenzied anguish of that last look.

It is in the last conflict, or well-nigh the last, of Maggie Tulliver, that, with a great and, as French writers would say, a supreme effort, she takes her rival, Lucy, by the hand, and saying, "Lucy, I pray to God continually that I may never be the cause of sorrow to you any more," presses the little hand she holds between her own, and looks up into the face that is bent over hers. "Lucy never forgot that look." And on the other hand, Lucy's previous look had long time haunted Maggie, and tended to this result of renunciation and self-sacrifice. "For Maggie was haunted by a face cruel in its very gentleness—a face that had been turned on hers with glad sweet looks of trust and love from the twilight-time of memory; changed now to a sad and weary face by a first heart-stroke."

In a later work the same powerful writer shows us a heartless husband looking for the last time at his misused wife, now dead. "He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well,

that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night." And again, in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, there are repeated illustrations of the power of an expressive look—Mr. Tryan's, for instance, as felt so vividly by Janet Dempster—and hers, in turn, as she looked at him, another time, "with eager, questioning eyes, with parted, trembling lips, with the deep horizontal lines of overmastering pain on her brow." In this artificial life of ours, we are reminded, it is not often we see a human face, with all a heart's agony in it, uncontrolled by self-consciousness; when we do see it, it startles us as if we had suddenly waked into the real world of which this every-day one is but a puppet-show copy. On even the least thoughtful of us, such a look is pretty sure to leave its mark for life.

Cecil Danby, in Mrs. Gore's clever autobiography of that other Pelham, is unhappily the means of bringing about the death of little Arthur, his nephew—heir to the title and peerage, and upon whom the grandfather, Lord Ormington, so fondly dotes. In the chamber of death, still strewn with the child's playthings, Cecil has to meet his father's inexpressible look of consternation, reproach, and bitter misgiving. "Never shall I forget the haggardness of his face as he approached us.—Never shall I forget the piteousness of the old man's look as he cast his eyes upon the smiling countenance of the dead. . . . His glance towards myself when I attempted

to moderate his grief, lest his mournful cries should reach the chamber of Lady Susan, was like the glare of a beast of prey."

The author of the æsthetico-psychological Romance of Monte Beni makes much, after his manner—always a striking one, albeit verging on mannerism,—of the dead face of the strange being whom Donatello and Miriam have, between them, done to death. Together they come unexpectedly upon the corpse, decorously laid out in the nave of his convent church, and even press forward with others to gaze on the dead Capuchin,—little surmising whose face it is they shall see. "The dead face of the monk, gazing at them beneath its half-closed eyelids, was the same visage that had glared upon their naked souls, the past midnight, as Donatello flung him over the precipice." The effect upon Miriam's imagination—who by no possible supposition could explain the identity of this dead Capuchin, quietly laid out in church, with that of her murdered persecutor, flung heedlessly at the foot of the precipice—was "as if a strange and unknown corpse had miraculously, while she was gazing at it, assumed the likeness of that face, so terrible henceforth in her remembrance." And the author characteristically suggests in this a symbol, perhaps of the deadly iteration with which she was doomed to behold the image of her crime reflected back upon her in a thousand ways, and converting the great, calm face of Nature, in the whole and in its innumerable details, into a manifold reminiscence of one

dead face.—Anon she went back, and gazed once more on the corpse; and “so it was that Miriam now quailed and shook, not for the vulgar horror of the spectacle, but for the severe, reproachful glance that seemed to come from between those half-closed lids.” It may be worth recalling to mind that it was simply by a look, fatally expressive, that Miriam had instigated or sanctioned this man’s death. No word had she spoken to urge it—directly at least; no explicit gesture or movement on her part had incited Donatello to the crime: but she had, in one supreme moment of excitement, looked assent, looked approval, looked encouragement; and fired by all that look conveyed, Donatello had done the deed; and was henceforth the poor transformed Faun of Monte Beni, to be haunted for life by that look of Miriam’s, as well as by the moribund glare of the murdered man.

Another sort of illustration from the same quarter. Mr. Hawthorne records the impression made upon him—a thoroughly impressionable man—by the aspect of a perfect stranger, “a tall old lady in black,” of whom he caught a glimpse at a railway station, during one of his Yorkshire journeys. She had a paralytic affection of the head, which gave her the appearance, to his brooding fancy, of making a stern and solemn protest against some action that developed itself before her eyes. Or he fancies that this nervous affection might have had its origin in some unspeakable wrong, perpetrated half a lifetime before in this old gentlewoman’s presence, either

against herself, or somebody whom she loved still better. Her features he described as having a wonderful sternness, caused, he presumes, by her habitual effort to compose and keep them quiet, and thereby counteract the tendency to paralytic movement. And then he tells us that the slow, regular, and inexorable character of the motion—her look of force and self-control, which had the appearance of rendering it voluntary, while yet it was so fateful—stamped this poor lady's face and gesture into his memory; "so that, some dark day or other," adds the author of the *Scarlet Letter*, and the *House of the Seven Gables*, "I am afraid she will reproduce herself in a dismal romance."

Elsewhere, again, the same finely sensitive author talks of the haunting looks of unrelieved beggars—especially of one Italian mendicant, of sinister aspect, to whom (at Assisi) he once refused an alms. "At my latest glimpse of him, the villain avenged himself, not by a volley of horrible curses, as any other Italian beggar would, but by taking an expression so grief-stricken, want-wrung, hopeless, and withal resigned, that I could paint his life-like portrait at this moment."

A quaint though grim illustration occurs in the story of the American traveller in Japan, who, being pestered by the espionage of an official, took him by the shoulders and kicked him soundly; whereupon the infuriated functionary whisked out his sword, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had ripped himself up in the form of a St. Andrew's Cross—the ortho-

dox mode of self-dissection. "According to the custom of the country, he looked for his American opponent to do the same; and when he found that this was not the Yankee idea of giving satisfaction, and that he had committed a perfectly gratuitous suicide, the agony of his dying look is described as having been terrible to behold." And surely, for his astounded castigator at least, impossible to forget.

The author of "Typee," in effecting his escape from the Marquesas, had to dash a boat-hook at that athletic islander, Mow-Mow, striking him below the throat, and forcing him downwards into the foaming water. There was no time to repeat the blow; but, says Mr. Melville, "I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance." Under the circumstances, *cela* almost *va sans dire*; or, to vary the idiom, *se suppose*.

Colonel Hamilton, in his octogenarian reminiscences, relates as the "most ghastly spectacle he ever beheld," his inspection of a gallows and its appendages, near Breda, where he was then serving under the Duke of York. On one flank of the gallows—around which were piled skulls, skeletons, and human bones,—were three heads spiked on poles; and next to these was "a man crucified, and then came . . . a man who had, no doubt, been broken alive on the wheel, and though it is above sixty years since I saw this dreadful object, I can still call to mind his horrid and tortured features."

Varnhagen von Ense, watching, on his knees, the

face of his dying wife—dying of breast-pang—thus closes the paragraph that closes the last scene of all: “The sight I saw then, while kneeling almost lifeless at her bed, stamped itself glowing for ever into my heart.” It was Rahel Levin—the philosophic Jewess of Berlin—that called Varnhagen husband; herself his elder by some dozen years.

There is a touching entry in the diary of Dr. Chalmers, recording the death of a sister—or rather his last look at her before he left the house, the day before she died: “She was in great agony and speechless. My aunt was holding her head; and the expression of her countenance, which spoke the strong conflict within her, has haunted me all day, and at this moment overpowers me with tenderness.”

To the household affections cling, as long as to anything, the precious remembrances of household faces, long since disfigured, it may be, by the dishonours of the grave. Such a remembrance, for example, simple and touching, as Leigh Hunt records, in old age, of his gentle mother’s look, pensive and wistful, as she came to fetch her little boy from school. “Never shall I forget her face, as it used to appear to me coming up the cloisters, with that weary hang of the head on one side, and that melancholy smile.”

One of the best-read chapters in Southey’s most diffusely digressive “Doctor,” winds up with a look that comes home to the common heart. It is where Margaret still sits trembling and in silence, till her cousin Leonard takes her hand, presses it to his lips, and says in a low earnest voice, “dear, dear Mar-

garet!" Then we read that she "raised her eyes, and fixing them upon him with one of those looks the perfect remembrance of which can never be effaced from the heart to which they have been addressed, replied in a lower but not less earnest tone, 'dear Leonard!' and from that moment their lot was sealed for time and for eternity." Small wonder is there that for the delectation of "the general," to whom Daniel Dove's divagations are caviare, Southey's Love Story, so called, should have been conveyed bodily, in a commodious reprint, from the heterogeneous pages of the Doctor.

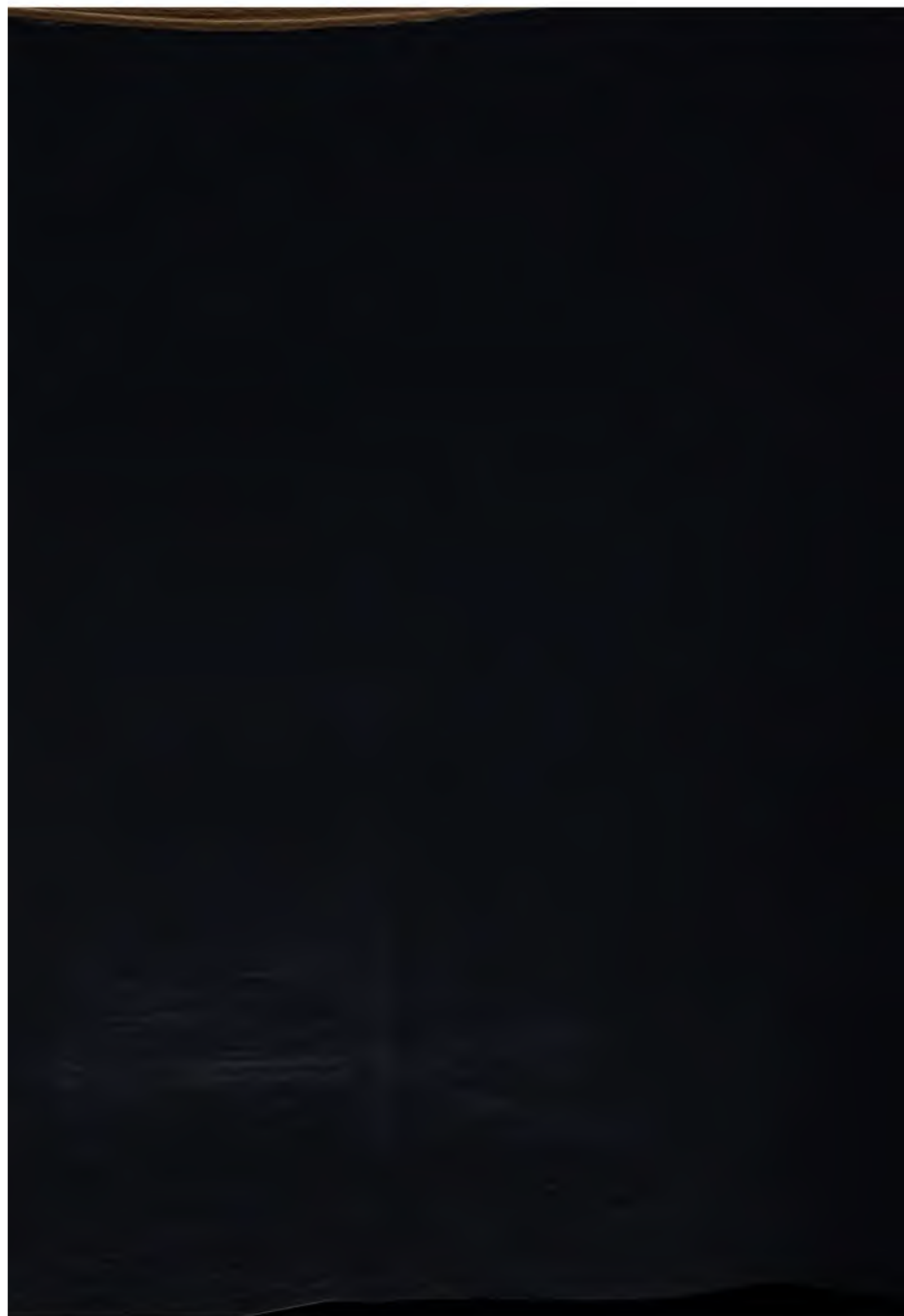
One of Mr. Procter's lyrics is devoted to an unforgettable face :

A year—an age shall fade away,
(Ages of pleasure and of pain),
And yet the face I see to-day
For ever will remain,—
In my heart and in my brain!
Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the cares that dim my eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel face!
But here it shall remain
For ever; and if joy or pain
Turn my troubled winter gaze
Back unto my hawthorn days,
There—among the hoarded past,
I shall see it to the last.

Precious in remembrance to the survivors is the

last look of the good man, dying—and dead. His active look, dying; his passive, dead. Of that distinguished philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, one of his dearest friends bears record, “While memory lasts, I can never forget his eager look of tenderness and affection, of love, joy, and peace, all combined, as he grasped my hand and kept firm hold of it for a long while, on my bidding him farewell,” in the chamber of death. And of his *dead* friend’s aspect, the same attached witness—it is Mr. J. J. Gurney—gives this description: “Such an expression of intellectual power and refinement, of love to God and man, I think I have never seen before in any human countenance.” Ineffaceable in the memory of the living, though so soon to be effaced from the visage of the Dead.

END OF VOL. I.



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